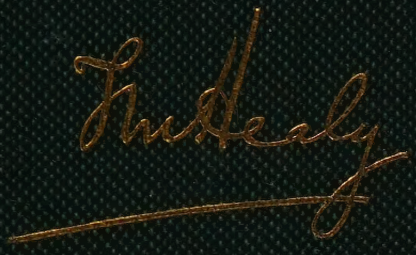
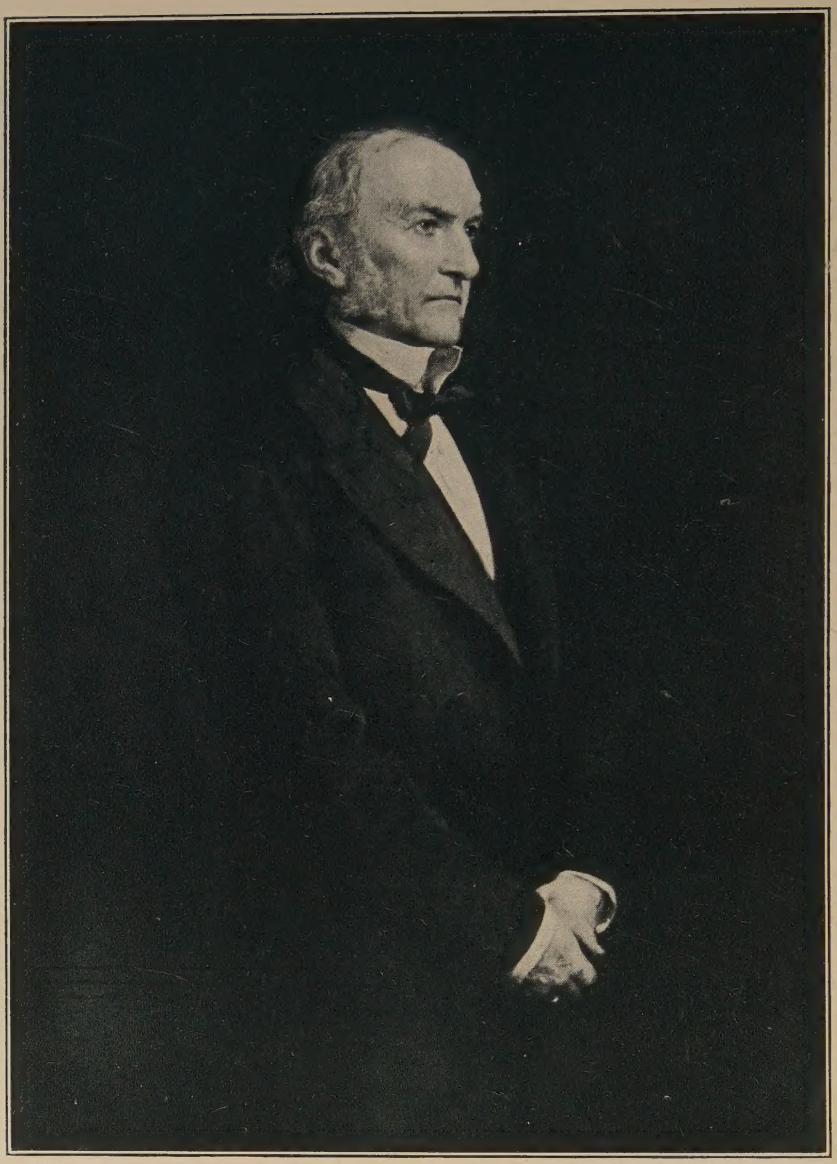


LETTERS and LEADERS
OF MY DAY
Volume II



MILLAIS.] [*National Portrait Gallery.*

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

LETTERS and LEADERS OF MY DAY

Volume II

By

T. M. HEALY, K.C.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
NEW YORK MCMXXIX

The Authorized American Edition
Published 1929 by
Frederick A. Stokes Company

Printed in the United States of America

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CHAPTER XXVII

Journalism and Litigation (1891)

ON the 7th March, 1891, the *National Press* appeared. Until then the Irish public was left at the mercy of the *Freeman*, with its raging propaganda for "the Chief."

I was asked to write the opening article for the first number of the new organ. Having spent time over it, I was vain enough to think it good stuff. About 1 a.m., as the paper was going to press, the foreman-printer brought word that the "galley" containing half the article had fallen out of the printer's hands and become "pie." I ordered its resetting from my "copy" or its "proof," but was told neither had been preserved. After this fairy-tale, I sat down to write a hurried and horrid substitute.

We suspected foul play, as the printer was brother to a writer on the *Freeman*; but I was assured that he was only nervous, though why both the "proof" and my manuscript should have disappeared was not explained. Sexton sat up all night to watch the first issue, and at dawn we walked home together blithe enough. To my brother I wrote:

DUBLIN,
7th March, 1891.

The staff being unorganized, and the foreman nervous, they could not get the "chases" locked up until 4.10 a.m., when the stereotyping began. In half an hour the last plate was finished, and sent to the machines. The stereotype staff did their work splendidly, as if they had been half a century in the place. At 4.50 a.m. the machines started, and our agony began again, as the first train left at six o'clock. The machines, though they had been tested for days and seen to, as far as Hoe's men could do in the time, began to tear the paper, and they had to be stopped. The trains, except the Great Southern, were served at nine o'clock, but there were not enough papers for the south trains. This mishap is not cleared up yet, as we left at 6 a.m., and when we returned this morning the men were gone.

62,000 copies have been sold, and if we could get the printers back we could have sold 100,000. The printers, however, were exhausted. They only left at noon, utterly done up. The staff should have been under training for a week before the publication. The carpenters and plumbers were only got out of the composing-room on the day of publication.

The Dublin people got all they wanted of the paper, which they bought

up eagerly. Eason, the publisher, was here from 4 a.m. this morning, so anxious was he about the distribution through his firm.

The starting of the *National Press* began the downfall of the *Freeman's Journal*, and heralded its ultimate extinction. The anti-Parnellites subscribed £37,000 to establish the new paper, and were determined that no longer should Ireland be dependent on the vagaries of Gray's organ.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
11th March, 1891.

Sexton comes in every night and works stubbornly. Our meeting on Tuesday was encouraging. Dundalk is solid, and I had a great reception there. Cavan is equally sound, because Biggar taught them the story of "Kitty."

Our Press arrangements are not those of genius. After a glut of advertisements for the first two or three days they are falling off. We have no staff to get them in. I thought we'd only have 20,000 a day, but our circulation is 34,000.

To my father I wrote:

DUBLIN,
12th March, 1891.

The blurred print you refer to will be remedied after a bit but at first the difficulties are extraordinary. We have to-day ordered new machines at a cost of £4,500, and will spare no expense, as we have plenty of capital. The *Freeman* special trains (one also to Belfast) will cost them £7,500 a year, or what would pay 10 per cent. on £75,500 capital. They cannot keep it up, and if they do, we will form a combine with the *Irish Times* and *Express*, to start a train of our own; but we cannot get to press in time for such a train until we get the new machines.

We shall in a few months, when we feel our way, give them some fun. But we came out before we were ready, and are really only experimenting.

My legal business is dead. But that spell will not take long to dissolve. No man or set of men ever put any man down, save himself. Our anxieties about the paper are, however, endless, and will be till we get the staff organized.

Our meetings last Sunday were splendid, and next Sunday's Newry meeting will be five times bigger than Parnell's. That man is gone politically, save for a small but active party, many of whom are honest, and all are determined. He will give a lot of trouble, but it will only last a year.

The Liberals are certain to come in and pass a Home Rule Bill, and although it won't be a happy country for me to live in, I am satisfied we have done the only possible thing, and I would, if it had to be done over again, be more summary with Parnell.

It is a pity so many people are fools.

A vacancy in Co. Sligo came after the *National Press* had been running a week, and I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
14th March, 1891.

If Davitt will help in Sligo as he did in Kilkenny, Parnell will be routed again, but we cannot expect Davitt to take the same course in what is our battle. Yet we shall win by a large majority.

In the Sligo election, Parnell's candidate, Alderman Dillon, was defeated. His supporters in the barony of Tirera made the welkin ring with shouts of "To hell with Home Rule!" Sexton came back from London, and in Sligo bravely faced mobs of stone-throwers, showing high courage.

I was then laid up in Cork, as my eyes were injured by a blow from a Parnellite. My brother went to Sligo, and afterwards told me of Sexton's gallant bearing.

When I got back from Cork to Dublin, the editor of the *National Press* came to me with a letter blazing with denunciations of Parnell, signed "Frank Hugh O'Donnell, ex-M.P. for Dungarvan." Knowing the writer, I said, "Wait a bit before printing, but pigeon-hole it." Three weeks later, there appeared in the *Freeman*, from the same pen, a magnificent defence and vindication of Parnell. Then I told our editor to print O'Donnell's letter without note or comment. It appeared in the *National Press* next day, and finished O'Donnell with both sides.

Afterwards a volume of reminiscences from O'Donnell appeared. Ireland's friend, Lord Eversley, quotes a passage from it in his *Gladstone and Ireland*. This passage narrates how Parnell, having to reply to ex-Secretary Forster in 1883, was rescued by O'Donnell from relying on the notes of "Sexton and Healy," by which he was cluttered up, and accepted instead the mintage of Frank Hugh although he was estranged from "the Chief." An *alibi* as regards myself is incontestable, for I was then in a Dublin jail.

Parnell in March, 1891, addressed a meeting in Cork where he challenged my brother to resign his seat and declared he would do the same to test the opinion of the constituency. Maurice agreed, and Parnell with sublime impudence revoked his challenge, declaring that Maurice should resign first. Although all Ireland laughed at this, Parnell calmly declared that Maurice had flinched "at the first touch of the steel."

In March, 1891, T. P. O'Connor returned from America, three months after the split. As I sat with Sexton in the House of Commons, he remarked, "Nothing surprised me more after my arrival, *while I was making up my mind which side I would take*, than the cheerfulness of you fellows!"

Sexton eyed me quizzically. For T.P. had been a signatory

to the manifesto, signed by Dillon, O'Brien, T. D. Sullivan, and Gill, urging the Party to depose Parnell. He landed at Southampton instead of Liverpool, lest his constituents in Scotland Ward Division would look for a deliverance. In his *Life of Parnell*, published in 1891 (page 206), he asserts that " never for one moment " did he waver in the stand he had taken against Parnell.

The *Freeman* grew desperate after the Parnellite defeats in Kilkenny and Sligo. It alleged that I had accepted blood-money from the Crown at the Maryborough trial of the Donegal prisoners in 1888 and had induced Canon MacFadden, P.P., with his parishioners accused of the murder of Inspector Martin, to plead guilty.

This was repeated several times. Parnell, at the Kilkenny election, had described me as a " scoundrel who betrayed prisoners to the Crown and deserted them when there was no more money in their purses to put in his filthy pockets." He employed also a claque to shout " What about Maryborough ? " wherever I appeared.

This and the persistency of the *Freeman* forced me to issue a writ for libel against that newspaper. As already stated, I was a junior of less than four years' standing at the Maryborough trial. Two seniors of large experience led for the defence. They decided, despite my opposition, to accept a proffer from the Crown that if the accused pleaded guilty to minor counts, light sentences would be imposed. The *Freeman* staff was aware of this. One of its editors, E. H. Ennis, a barrister, knew all the gossip of the law courts. Yet he kept on asserting that the " surrender " was my doing, and that I had been bribed by the Crown to betray the prisoners. I could not defend myself in the Press or on platforms at the expense of my seniors, who had sanctioned the compromise. They, not being attacked, remained silent. It would have been a delicate matter for them to divulge what went on at the consultation which the late Canon MacFadden attended.

These libels were devised to prejudice me with the anti-Parnellite. Minor officials in Government service were also behind them. When my writ issued I was warned that my signature acknowledging the " bribe " lay in the archives of Dublin Castle. The only ground for this was that, under the Crimes Act of 1887, prisoners removed from a local venue for trial were entitled to call on the Crown to defray their expenses. The solicitor for the accused, J. E. O'Doherty, M.P., vouched the costs of the trials (which lasted ten days) by producing to the Taxing Master the briefs of the three counsel, with their fees receipted under the Act of 1887. These had

been paid us by O'Doherty four months before the trial. In addition there were some small refreshers.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
26th April, 1891.

I laid my venue against the *Freeman* in Limerick. On looking up the cheque they hint at, I find it was paid me by our solicitor four months before the trial! Yet this is what I am supposed to have received "from the Crown" for getting the prisoners to plead guilty! Every one on our side is pleased at the lawsuit except myself!

I had a letter from Gladstone to-day about Harold Frederic's novel, in which he said that your late action in the House of Commons was "the cleanest piece of work he had ever known."

In June I wrote my father:

Lockwood came to me last week and said if I came to the English Bar he would get me a special Call without any bother, and every man on his side would work to get me business and that I would be certain of success. I told him I would not think of such a thing just now, and until my country turns her back on me, I won't turn my back on Ireland. Still, I thought it good of Lockwood, and it's always a comfort to think there are two strings to one's bow. The "boys," however, will hear of my string twanging at home for some time to come.

I would not be on the other side of this controversy for all Kitty's fortune! On that side I don't see much comfort, and the Liberal victories in England will make them sicker than strychnine. Parnell is a monomaniac. I pity the poor man often enough. I let him down so easy in the House on the grazing exclusion to the Land Bill on Thursday that he whispered to Sexton, "What have you done to Tim to-night that he's so polite to me?"

Sometimes he looks awfully haggard, but other times he looks like cast-iron. He scarcely ever sits in the House, and is utterly unfit for parliamentary work, except its intrigue and bargaining. His gang are all away, and the only visible sign of the "eighty-six" is some score men of ours.

The *National Press* is doing well. I am afraid the *Freeman* will come round—we are cutting in on it so.

Maurice will beat Parnell in Cork. I have not seen the fire-escape "toy," and don't know what it is.

We find William Murphy a true man—most serviceable, level-headed and able.

A third parliamentary vacancy befell in Co. Carlow in 1891. There Parnell started his strongest candidate, A. J. Kettle, a signatory of the "No Rent" manifesto in 1881.

Against him a local merchant, John Hammond, appeared. Parnell had now "married" Mrs. O'Shea in a registry office in London, though her husband was alive. This had no validity in Catholic eyes. Religion and not "law" is decisive for us as to the bond between woman and man. A hustings-tag from the divorce evidence became current in Carlow as to "Mr. Fox." For Parnell,

to disguise his olden meetings with Mrs. O'Shea, passed under that name. This helped to defeat his candidate.

I wrote my brother:

CARLOW,
30*th June*, 1891.

We are going to give Parnell a whaling; and I shall be surprised if he is not beaten by a bigger majority than in Kilkenny.

He has no following among the voters, who are with us, keen and intelligent. It is a luxury to fight here, after Kilkenny. You should hear John Roche, M.P., and MacDermott, M.P., on the contrast with Tirera. The only place Parnell could prevent us being heard is Hacketstown, a small village. In other towns the men are on our side.

I shall be here until Sunday, when you should turn up, as I shall have to leave for the Limerick trial. My voice is husky, and we want spouting power.

It is like "Sherman's march through Georgia," going through territory that we were told was "solid for the Chief." Despite Canon O'Neill's influence in Bagenalstown we had a tremendous meeting there yesterday.

Parnell can get no meeting without importations. He is looking white, and makes me feel sorry for him.

My action against the *Freeman* was to be heard in Limerick, whither I now betook myself.

The leading counsel for the *Freeman* was William McLoughlin, Q.C., a lawyer with the gift of being able at will to shed tears. He proclaimed himself, when he took silk, the son of a Derry "brogue-maker," and filled up the Crown form as to his father's occupation accordingly.

His speech against me in Limerick I had heard in Dublin in "breach of promise" cases a dozen times. Its burden was that a mother, hearing of an accident to her son, sobbed that the doctor told her "his Latin parts are coming out."

The jury found the libels false, but disagreed as to damages.

The Munster Bar entertained McLoughlin after the trial, and he replied brilliantly to the toast of his health, which I proposed.

His brother, under the pen-name of "Black Northern," wrote powerful verse. As a clerk to a Cork attorney, his gibes offended a Southerner, who challenged him to a duel. The Ulsterman accepted, but insisted on the right to choose weapons, and selected cavalry swords. So there was no encounter!

When I got home I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
9*th July*, 1891.

Like the fellow who had a fine dinner of potatoes and beef, "barring the beef," we had a triumph in Limerick. The *Freeman* felt utterly smashed and humiliated. As long as I have means, I will pursue this case until there is

a decision one way or the other. It was three o'clock in Limerick before we got the news from Carlow. I don't believe the jury knew it, for one of them asked the sheriff the result when he was giving them lunch, who told them as a joke that Kettle was in by two! We had a bad jury, and one of them declared the previous night that in no circumstances would he give me a penny. The wonder, therefore, is that they found against "fair comment," and held the publication was a libel.

A friend who met Harrington to-day says he is crushed, and does not conceal his depression, and thinks I am the only obstacle to peace, and that if Dillon was recognized as leader he could possibly "restrain" me, and let Parnell occupy an influential position as a private member. This is a wholesome frame of mind. They are still, however, getting up their Convention for the 23rd, which will be fun.

I am going to Wexford to-morrow for a meeting. I shall go to London on Sunday night, as I should like to try to improve the Long-Leaseholders Bill, which is very defective.

One of the counsel retained by the *Freeman* against me, Seymour Bushe, was famed for oratory and wit. But for a domestic tragedy, he would have become M.P. for T.C.D., and would have shone in the House of Commons, second only to Sheridan. Rivals nicknamed him "Say more bosh." He died unsunned and undeveloped.

One day in Dublin, at the Recorder's Court, I found Bushe labouring a case in front of mine. To fill in the vacuum, I took up the Bible on which witnesses were sworn, and got engrossed in the Book of Kings. When Bushe called his next witness, the "swearing-book" was missing. The Recorder (Falkiner) got cross, until Bushe, seeing me deep in the Old Testament, shouted, "Oh, my Lord, Mr. Healy has discovered a new work!"

Bushe, cycling in Surrey, came to an inn, and asked for a bottle of Guinness's "double X." "We don't keep it," said the barmaid. "Oh!" he laughed, "there are a hundred bottles behind you." She looked round surprised, and said, "Do you mean 'Guyness twenty'?" Bushe, in his Oxford accent, corrected, "In Ireland we call it 'Guinness's double X.'" Her disdain was overpowering, and uncorking a bottle, she sighed, "'Ow Hirish!"

He used to tell that when seeing off his stepson from Southampton for the Boer War, encumbered with golf clubs and polo kit, he asked why the boy burthened himself with such gear. "Oh, you know," said he, "there's nothing to do out there." Such was Army intelligence in 1899.

The only witness I knew to get the better of Bushe was a lunatic! Bushe was engaged to prove the insanity of John Doyle, a wealthy Dublin publican, who had been certified a lunatic for nourishing the delusion that a piece of wire disturbed his ear. I was retained to

get Doyle pronounced sane. Before going into court, I saw my client and asked him, "Have you wire in your ear?"

He replied, "I have."

"Well," I said, "if so, you'll remain in the asylum."

This startled Doyle, and he muttered, "No, I have no wire in my ear."

I then warned him, "You'll be cross-examined by Seymour Bushe, who will first ask you about the wire. What will you answer?" The poor man reluctantly promised, "I'll swear there's no wire in my ear."

Dr. Connolly Norman, whose views carried weight, was the lunacy expert against him. Bushe got his name wrong, and asked Doyle in cross-examination, "What did Dr. Norman Connolly say about you?" The quiet reply came, "Do you mean Dr. Connolly Norman?" This captured the jury.

Doyle denied there was a wire in his ear, and a verdict certifying his sanity was found. Yet so incurable are delusions that years later I was retained to resist a demand against Doyle by the late Dr. Keyes for £50 for removing wire from his ear.

When the case came before the Recorder, Sir F. Falkiner, the doctor produced a tiny phial from which he brought forth (swathed in cotton wool) a bit of spiral wire. No man's ear could have held it. However, the Recorder ordered me peremptorily, "Put your client in the box."

Doyle was thrust forward. The Recorder thundered, "Did that skilful surgeon take that wire out of your ear?" Falteringly Doyle confessed, "He did."

Quivering with indignation, the Recorder asked, "Then why do you refuse to pay for that splendid operation?" In a lucid interval the poor man stammered, "Because it wasn't there at all!"

Every one in court laughed, but the Recorder adjudged: "My jurisdiction only enables me to give the plaintiff a decree for £50, though I regret I cannot award a larger sum."

I wrote my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
21st July, 1891.

Knox, Flynn, Webb, Tanner, Jordan and myself were the only effectives out of the once great "Irish Party." Such a thing as to get the votes for the Lord-Lieutenant, the Chief Secretary and the Local Government Board in a sitting was never heard of before. However, it is something to have pledged Balfour to the introduction of a Local Government Bill for next year. He has included Section I of the Leaseholders Act in the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, and also the Labourers Act.

He is very conciliatory, and anxious to stand well with us. Madden

[A. G.] promised me yesterday he would yield about the "fifth" in the new Land Bill, and I enclose you the amendments I have put down, some of which he is certain to accept.

We are giving a dinner to-morrow night to Hammond at the Holborn Restaurant to celebrate the Carlow victory.

HOWTH,
September, 1891.

Justin McCarthy has met Parnell again, and signed cheques for all the solicitors who did the Ulster Revision of voters, except you. He is no match for Parnell when releasing Paris moneys.

He is to be here on Sunday, and I can't put it out of my head (although I have no grounds for saying so) that he is coming to see if terms can be patched up with Gray and the *Freeman*.

He is "close," and Sexton in the Boulogne business mentioned this peculiarity. Gray would have no objection to having men like Sexton on the board, and probably would welcome them if there was an amalgamation, but I will agree to nothing, unless to step aboard the piratical craft with a prize crew.

There is not room for two National daily papers, and one must kill the other ultimately. If they are both going to advocate the same policy the wiser thing would be, in the interest of the National Cause, as well as in financial interests, to come together.

If either paper beats the other, without amalgamation, a journalistic tyranny worse than before would be established, because then everyone would say that no rival could ever live, while meanwhile two papers open the door to all kinds of intrigues in connection with the Party. We have damned the *Freeman* as a force, and though we could ultimately smash it, it would take years to do so, and that would require the expenditure of twice our capital.

It is harder for a Limited Company, which is open to criticism and discussion by shareholders, to succeed than for a paper worked by a single capitalist or a small syndicate, which has to account to nobody.

We have made a distinct hit. Everybody reads us now, and we have reduced the *Freeman* to pulp. Still, I am not averse from terms of accommodation, for the sake of saving and making money for the shareholders.

I cannot say anything has been proposed directly, except that Gray said to Dickson that we must amalgamate.

I have had an interesting correspondence with Isaac Pitman, which I will send you.

I have written a great deal for the *National Press*. Wednesday's number had five columns from me—all of which I dictated. The paper is better than the *Freeman*, which is little more interesting than a grocer's circular.

The Grays have qualified Phil Callan to attend their meeting on Monday, and Parnell paid £600 to qualify recently, so he may attend also.

Parnell's premature death a few months later placed his opponents at a great disadvantage with the sentimental part of the electorate.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Parnell dies at Brighton (1891)

PARNELL'S campaign against the Party lasted ten months. His marriage repelled his followers, some of whom had believed him guiltless. Tales of desertion constantly reached the ex-leader. The last and saddest letter he got before his death was from James O'Kelly, M.P., announcing that he could no longer stand by him. Henry Campbell told me this.

Parnell died on Tuesday, 6th October, 1891, at Brighton, ten months after his deposition. He had spoken at Creggs, Co. Roscommon, on the 27th September, on the previous Sunday week. He devoted his last address to an attack on Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, who had tried to save him from himself.

We were all sad when he passed away. Yet in Grattan's phrase, " the unbribed intellect of Ireland was against him."

Parnell feared Fridays, and dreaded Octobers. His personality has been often limned. The mischief he wrought after the Split cannot dim admiration for his powers. During the debates in Room 15 he tried twice to be a patriot, and promised to reconsider his position. Then he retreated to Brighton, and returned to Westminster after a night there, adamant in his determination to hold fast. A steely gaze shone from his eyes, but till the last day of the debates, when rough epithets were hurtling, one could always (as the French say) " discern the gentleman at a league." His old skill, energy, unscrupulousness and resource reburned in his frame. Genius shone like the upcast flame from an expiring candle.

In conflict with his Party he achieved his earlier stature, and displayed an astuteness, resolution and courage greater than he had ever shown against the British.

His funeral was a great affair. The crowd looked so resolute that Sir Garnet Wolseley (the Irish Commander-in-Chief) declared it was " the only crowd he was ever afraid of."

The emotion caused by Parnell's death was deep. The invention that his last words were, " Give my love to my colleagues and the Irish people," was mere " propaganda." Irish-Americans subscribed to erect a statue in Dublin to him.

He had long before his death ceased to be an effective force, and during the debates on his deposition every expedient was exhausted by opponents to retain him as a figure-head.

Handsome, dignified, and emotionless, he never unduly pressed his view against that of his colleagues. I travelled with him in America, and afterwards worked beside him in Parliament for ten years. Nothing in his personal dealings savoured of arrogance.

His range of knowledge—outside engineering and, perhaps, astronomy—was small. He knew no history, and no theology. He confided to me, as we walked after a late sitting past the Seven Dials, in 1878, that his religious views trended towards those of an uncle who was a "Plymouth Brother." Ignorant as I was of the tenets of that creed, I asked him to enlighten me, but he could not do so. He said *Paley's Evidences of Christianity* upset his faith.

His superstitions were ingrained. These he derived from his mother. T. D. Sullivan told me that when he, as Lord Mayor, escorted that lady to Harcourt Street railway station, Dublin, to catch a train for Rathdrum, she, seeing the number of the carriage was 39, sprang out, crying, "I won't go in this!"

"What's wrong, Mrs. Parnell?" Mr. Sullivan asked.

"The number! It's unlucky."

T.D. protested he never heard that 39 was unlucky. She pontificated, "Thirteen or any multiple of it." There was no other first-class carriage on the train, so she travelled third-class.

Logarithms would be needed to defeat the "13" spell.

Until shortly before the Galway election of 1886 my relations with Parnell were friendly.

On the birth of my first child, he called at the office of *United Ireland* to ask William O'Brien how my writings were paid for. Being told £2 a week, he blazed out, "That's not enough! It should be doubled." Parnell had been presented with a cheque for £40,000 the day before.

O'Brien, who worked on starvation pay, and took the risks of jail besides, as "bonus," thought my "wad" stout enough. Yet he obediently and cheerily cashed out to me an extra pound a week.

After Parnell's death, a reporter of the *Freeman* published a story that during the Kilkenny election I confided to him my intention to "drive Parnell to his grave, or to a lunatic asylum." I did not contradict the lie, and of this he publicly complained. A bomb was laid and exploded in the office of the *National Press* soon after the funeral.

I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
29th October, 1891.

The dynamite outrage on the *National Press* makes me regret the temper the attempt displays.

Naturally, I feel sorry that people should exhibit political misjudgment, but they have been deceived, and I am unable to feel bitterness towards the dupes.

If they got a chance it would go hard with me, but "threatened men live long." I have had a policeman near my house for a long time—a testimonial to the sagacity of Dublin patriotism!

I never return home late at night alone. In a few months feeling will abate, and we must live through it, or die in it, as the case may be, according to arrangements.

I have nothing to reproach myself with in politics, either since or before this crisis, and while appreciating the situation, I am not perturbed. If the Cork election goes well, as I believe it will, that must let out a lot of inflammation.

Davitt made this unexpected comment on the bomb explosion:

BALLYBRACK,
28th October, 1891.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

I am very glad you were not harmed by the Boland bomb. In my opinion it was this Dublin edition of Red Jim MacDermott who planned, if he did not carry out, the devilish design.

Yours very truly,
MICHAEL DAVITT.

Secret Service funds were responsible for the outrage.

Boland had previously come to the office of the *National Press* on a Sunday night with P. N. Fitzgerald to threaten me with revolvers after a meeting which Parnell addressed in the Phœnix Park. When Boland died, friends asked me to persuade the late Archbishop of Dublin to place his sons in an orphanage. This was done, and the late Harry Boland, killed at Skerries in 1922, may have been one of them.

The *Freeman* treated the explosion jestingly and said it was due to an escape of gas, but I was not afterwards allowed by the police to go home at night without a cohort of protectors. The escort caused some inconvenience, but I consoled myself with a story which Sam Hussey, late agent of Lord Kenmare, related.

Going on a Sunday to church in Kerry with some English friends, Sam complained to the serjeant that his *posse* kept too close, as they could hear the conversation. The serjeant's reply was, "Oh, sir, it's easy for you to complain, but if you were shot I'd be disrated."

No hint of Parnell's illness had been allowed to leak out, and the news of his death caused a world-wide shock. The *Freeman* immediately turned round and changed its tone, but the fierce spirit it had aroused in Ireland could not be abated by a commercial "conversion."

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
31*st October*, 1891.

Young Gray has been telling the priests that he is coming round on "conscientious grounds." Sexton got a promise that the *Freeman* would be less blackguardly from to-day. Yet its evening sheet has two bits of abuse.

Sexton did his best in a weak way for us, but if he had strongly stood by us, and said we would not consent at any price to what was proposed, we should have carried our point.

Munroe's Paris Bank has refused without a legal decision to let us have the money, and I shall have to return to France shortly.

To quell my father's fears I wrote:

DUBLIN,
14*th November*, 1891.

There is no need to be apprehensive about me. If lying and threats could harm me I should be decomposed long since. My will is made, and life is not so pleasant that I hold it dearly. At the same time I run no risks needlessly, and don't intend to run any. A police inspector called on Wednesday to know what the Force could do for my comfort! I have always spoken well in Parliament (as they deserved) of the D.M.P., and they are well inclined, and watch my house *day and night*. Also T.D.S.'s, O'Brien's and Dillon's. It is, as we used to say long ago, "the fun of Cork" to see us so carefully protected. I never go home at night by myself, but even when with others at 2 or 3 a.m. we have a squad of police at our heels all the way. I have given up going in to the *Press* office at night, and remain in the bosom of my family. In a few months the thing will pass away, as all scares pass away, and it may be that those who have informed the police of our danger are merely "stuffing" them to earn the Saxon shilling. Erina [my wife] is not uneasy. Someone hissed her the other day in O'Connell Street, of which she was quite proud.

My chief anxiety is the effect of outrages on English electors, but the victory in Devon to-day raises my spirits. If Dorset goes right our minds may be easy. T.D.S. is working away there. For myself, I never had an uneasy feeling or a reproach of mind that I acted otherwise than rightly. I would not be on the other side for the amount of the National Debt.

I may have to go to Paris soon, as Munroe won't pay without a legal decision, and we must commence a suit.

In spite of the undiscerning attitude of the Dublin populace, we had strong friends everywhere throughout the country. I informed Maurice:

DUBLIN,
18*th November*, 1891.

I have a letter from the Bishop of Kilmore [Cavan], blaming whoever allowed the *Freeman* to get the publication of the lists of subscriptions for

the Pope, and saying he would be no party to the collection if this was again tolerated.

We had a battle-royal in the Committee of the Party on Friday, and had reluctantly to accept a compromise whereby the *Freeman* should get the heads of the subscription, and that the details should be published in the *National Press*. Dillon and O'Brien will yet kill the *National Press*, although they declare that if they could be convinced that this would be the result of their proceedings they would not take the *Freeman* side.

The majority of the Party are not disposed to elect Dillon chairman, so McCarthy will not be disturbed.

A police-inspector called on me last week and warned me I was in danger of attack. Boland (one of Jenkinson's spies) has returned from New York, and attacked Davitt yesterday.

He is a brother of the Dubliner who wrote me and visited the *National Press* with P. N. Fitzgerald to threaten me with a revolver. Parnell sent him (after his Phœnix Park meeting) to try to intimidate me.

A few weeks after Parnell's death I went to Paris to block Mrs. O'Shea's claim to the funds there. John Barry and Reynolds (M.P.'s) came with me.

To my wife I wrote:

HOTEL BINDA, PARIS,
29th November, 1891.

I spent yesterday with Munroe's lawyers, morning and evening, and Munroe would apparently like us to have his counsel as ours. I suspect something in this idea. To-day I breakfasted with the Raffalovitchs, and they say that, having made inquiries, they think that the house is a respectable one, and that there is no fear of the funds with them. I will to-morrow instruct the lawyers whom the Raffalovitchs recommend, and if I can get settled with them, and they can launch the process on Tuesday, I would not remain here. It is tiresome all these interviews without result, except the improvement of my French. I am now able to understand everything that is said in the conversations, and follow them without difficulty, and if I had a week of this kind I could give orders like Napoleon. I have seen little of Barry and Reynolds, and to-morrow at 9.30 a.m. I must be out to see my new avocat. I may later be able to lecture on French jurisprudence!

The Raffalovitchs are of opinion that it would be better to compromise matters with the Parnellites. The old man said that, if we had to give them £5,000, it would be better than a suit in the French courts, and that in no case could we get the money sooner than in two or three years if the business was formally contested.

I doubt that Kitty will find funds for this purpose, although she has instructed a lawyer here, and I saw a further letter from her to Munroe.

Mrs. O'Shea's book on Parnell, published in 1914, alleges no grounds for her claim to the Paris funds. After her death, letters to her from Gladstone were offered to the *Evening Standard* for a thousand pounds, but the offer was declined. She visited Gladstone occasionally, and there was no concealment of the fact. Her book contains a telegram to her from Captain O'Shea of the 2nd March,

1885 : " If you see Gladstone to-day," etc. (page 205) ; and another of the 1st May, 1885 : " If you had not been to see Mr. G. to-day " (page 209), etc. When Gladstone wrote her from Hawarden, the envelopes were not in his writing (lest the local postmaster should know from whom they came), whereas those from London were addressed by himself.

I wonder whether, if I had not taken trouble to prevent the lady annexing the money, harm to Ireland would have arisen. What became of it has not been made known in the thirty-five years which have flown. Others garnered where they had not sown, but it all went, I doubt not, towards legitimate political or agrarian purposes under John Dillon's direction.

CHAPTER XXIX

Newspaper Rivalry (1891–2)

WHEN proposals came from the Gray family (chief owners of the *Freeman*) for an amalgamation with the *National Press*, we grudgingly accepted them. The merger had to be sanctioned by the shareholders of each company, and scenes at the meetings were continuous. One gathering was so crowded that the floor of a room in the Imperial Hotel, Dublin, gave way, and we had to resort to the Ancient Concert Rooms. A triangular fight—with incidentals—is described in letters to my brother:

DUBLIN,
6th December, 1891.

I understand Dillon's idea is to amalgamate the papers, with a board including William O'Brien. Both papers cannot live, and ours would require more capital to carry on. We cannot get the advertisements that the *Freeman* has, and without them cannot prosper. After a while the *Freeman* would die, but we should have to live and spend until then. I am, therefore, disposed to accept terms which I outlined to Dillon.

We don't intend, however, to make any further move towards compromise, leaving it to them to do so. My libel action is a dose of poison to the *Freeman*. O'Brien told Chance when he was released from jail that it should be settled by an apology. They would be willing to pay me £500 and costs, but I will not take it. God knows they have done me more injury financially.

Dillon called on Harrington the day Parnell died in the vain hope of persuading him and his friends to rejoin the party. He at the same time commenced an intensive campaign to gain control of the *Freeman*, in which he hadn't a shilling invested (nor in the *National Press*). He had the power of making mischief for us with Parnell's late followers, and therefore had to be handled tenderly.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
11th December, 1891.

Dillon wrote asking me to call on him last night, and I did so. He thought the *Freeman* should not be driven to desperation, and therefore into hostility, open or secret, to the Party. This is a position natural enough to a man of his temperament, and O'Brien is still stronger for the *Freeman*. Dillon is opposed to having two papers and cannot see what would be lost, except on

the mere question of nomenclature, if we got the control of the *Freeman* with our staff and a majority of the directors.

Apart from the sentimental aspect, there is much to be said for this view. I should prefer if we could support the line you recommend, but how can we ? Dillon had no mandate from Gray to make proposals, and would not do anything which would give Gray a grip on the situation. I therefore told him, with great reluctance, that I would not in principle oppose the idea.

From a commercial point of view the name of the *Freeman's Journal* is one to be preserved, because it has an advertising connection ; but when we put a prize crew aboard and hoist our flag at the peak, and append our additions to its title, I hardly see that there is much to be objected against amalgamation. All the people want is a paper.

DUBLIN,
12th January, 1892.

The Parnellites can give trouble and cause expenditure in many places, and will succeed probably in electing a dozen members. Buying them off and sparing the country distraction and disorder would be cheaper, not to speak of the scandal to be spared. This is working mischief amongst the electorate in Great Britain. They would then be bound to accept the best Home Rule Bill we could secure. If one was passed in spite of them without reunion, it would make subsequent friction and discontent inevitable, while a settlement would be a blow to the secret societies and the Tories. I am, therefore, disposed to favour some compromise. Of course, there are a number of our fellows who would oppose this, but these are not the men who would have either the burden or the odium of the fight. This may make their judgment more impartial on the necessity for a conflict to the death, but their voices could not compel me to take up a line of battle for the benefit of their opinions.

The attitude of Dillon and O'Brien towards the *National Press* is also an element. They did not consult us about their treaty with Gray, nor care how it affected our interests. I saw Dillon on Friday and suggestions passed on which he is to give me a reply to-morrow, but if the Parnellites are anxious for our co-operation it might change things.

The obstacle in Dillon's way in his negotiations with the *Freeman* was its libel that I had taken money from the Government to betray Canon McFadden and other clients. Feelers for settlement with me were thrown out, and to my father I wrote :

DUBLIN,
31st January, 1892.

John Roche, Q.C. [*Freeman* Director], proposed yesterday through MacDermott, Q.C., to settle my action against the *Freeman* by arbitration. My counsel have recommended me to accept this, and though I am not in love with the idea, still the worry of a second trial, the risk of an enemy on the jury, and the chances of an early Dissolution about March, have induced me to agree to the proposal. If you entertain a feeling that this would be a mistake, from the way the public would look at it, I would not do so. A second disagreement would be unpleasant, and the thing will be stale enough at a second trial, although the injury done me will be for myself always fresh, and no money or apology can remove it.

The negotiations dragged along for weeks, and as one of the directors of the *National Press* was an African magnate, John Morrogh, of the De Beers diamond mines, who lived in Cork, I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
12th February, 1892.

I don't know whether Morrogh told you anything of our meeting on Saturday with Dillon, but I wish you would see him and communicate the following:

It was agreed that a scheme should be proposed to Gray, and Barry met him at Dillon's on Sunday. He demurred strongly, but in the end consented. It consists in Mrs. Gray selling, and our buying, the whole of her ordinary shares, whereupon three of the *Freeman* directors should resign, and three of ours be co-opted in their room, prior to which the *Freeman* Board should pass a resolution to buy the *National Press* for the sum we paid Gray's mother, and we then would pay our shareholders with the *Freeman* stock acquired from her.

As to the question between us of price, Barry, Dickson, Murphy and myself on Monday met Gray at Dickson's, and he demanded £42,000 as his mother's price for her 9,000 ordinary shares. We refused, and he came here yesterday with an offer of £40,000. To make a long story short, it was agreed to give part, which she accepts, i.e., £36,000.

Sexton, Murphy and I are to be first co-opted on the *Freeman* Board.

We thought this arrangement ended the tangle, but there is no end to human jealousy and vanity. I again reported to my brother:

DUBLIN,
6th March, 1892.

I have promised to speak at Manchester on Tuesday, the 15th.

Yesterday Dickson produced a letter from Justin McCarthy stating that Dillon had brought before the Parliamentary Committee the publication in the *National Press* of Canon Doyle's letter. It was addressed to a Co. Wexford Convention, and published also in the *Independent*. For all we knew it would be in every other paper. We have reported several abusive speeches against our men, and it seems strange we should be expected to suppress matter affecting a particular member.

We learn from Archbishop Walsh that Gray and Captain O'Conor had been with him. They read His Grace the letter they addressed to McCarthy showing that Dillon and O'Brien are at the bottom of the breaking off, on the grounds that O'Brien is omitted from the Board. The Archbishop arranged for William Murphy to meet Gray and O'Conor to-day. I declined to go, as they hoped to squeeze us into accepting a minority on the new Board. His Grace has sent for me to see him to-night at 9.30.

DUBLIN,
11th March, 1892.

The Archbishop sent for us to-night, and said Dillon is strong in his own favour, and insists that the country will not be satisfied or reassured unless he has control of the joint paper! He says Dillon is suffering from hallucination as to his position.

His Grace said the £700 damages awarded me by Walker was posted by the *Freeman* to me to-night!

I made it a condition of the amalgamation that I should be given the brief held by the *Freeman's* Counsel at the Limerick trial against me, as it had been dictated by Parnell to a *Freeman* reporter at the house of Dr. Kenny, M.P. To McLoughlin, Q.C., who cross-examined me, I afterwards said: "I congratulate you on your discernment." "How so?" he inquired. "Well," I told him, "I have seen the brief you held against me in Limerick, and you did not ask any question which Parnell's malice suggested." He smiled, and I added, "Had you done so I should have floored you every time."

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
5 *a.m., Saturday, 12th March,* 1892.

Gray and Captain O'Conor have surrendered. We were summoned to meet them at midnight at the Archbishop's, where His Grace, in their presence, read out a formal and, for them, a humiliating withdrawal. The business will, therefore, go through on the lines of the memorandum signed three weeks ago—the only thing they gained by delay being expenditure and embarrassment.

Dublin thirty-six years ago had five morning papers. Now it has two.

However bitter political feuds then were, it is pleasant to recall that softer airs sometimes pervaded their publications, even where British politicians were concerned. When Lord Cadogan was Viceroy (1895–1902) their present Majesties, as Duke and Duchess of York, visited Ireland. During dinner at the Viceregal Lodge a telegram was handed to Lord Cadogan. He asked permission to read it, and this being granted, got leave to quit the table. Going out he signalled to the Attorney-General (now Lord Atkinson) to come and consult with him.

In another room he showed Atkinson the telegram, saying, "I must resign, I can't stay here any longer." The Attorney-General, scanning the message, stemmed his emotion. It conveyed that a London paper (then in its purple days) had printed a paragraph concerning one of the Viceroy's relatives.

"I see no reason for your resigning," said Atkinson. "Yes, I must," Cadogan replied. "Every paper in Dublin will have it in the morning, and so will every rag on my own estates in England. I cannot remain here."

"Well," was the response, "better wait until the morning, and say nothing to-night to their Royal Highnesses."

The Lord-Lieutenant reluctantly accepted this counsel. Of the five daily papers then printed in Dublin, two were Conservative (the *Irish Times* and *Express*), three represented various shades of national opinion (the *Independent*, *Freeman*, and *Nation*). The last three were hostile to the Government. Next morning Lord Cadogan sent out early for all these journals. He examined them feverishly, but not one of them contained a hint of the alleged scandal. Throwing down the last sheet, he exclaimed to his Countess, "This is a nation of gentlemen!" Yet a Coercion Act was in force, and reprisals are not unknown in politics. Still, he did not resign. On 24th October, 1902, Lord Cadogan, on taking up residence at Culford, Suffolk, addressing his tenants, said "he would always gratefully remember his years in Ireland, for he believed so generous, kind, and warm-hearted people could not be found elsewhere."

To return to the events which absorbed us—the amalgamation of the rival newspapers—I continued to write frequently to my brother:

DUBLIN,
21st March, 1892.

An interview with Gray shows that only dire necessity compelled them to stable horses with us. Gray refused to co-opt us as directors until our paper was stopped. I told him point-blank I would break the arrangement on that. Then he yielded, and said he would co-opt, if we fixed a day for the stoppage. I said Saturday, as we have called a meeting of our shareholders for Thursday. While not daring to throw away the chance of saving their property from wreck, they feel the humiliation. . . .

DUBLIN,
23rd March, 1892.

The Directors were to have met at 2.30 p.m. to sign the document of amalgamation. At 2 p.m. a message came that we were wanted at the Archbishop's, and we went up.

Gray and O'Conor arrived, and wanted an additional 5 per cent. on the Debentures if they didn't get cash. They complain like schoolboys to the Archbishop, who acts well and firmly. They don't know where they are, or what the documents amount to.

The Lord only knows what they will start next. Our idea is to get co-opted on Friday on the *Freeman*, and stop publication of the *National Press* on Saturday.

DUBLIN,
27th March, 1892.

Mrs. O'Conor's lawyer wanted everything ripped up and changes made. This "sinks into the infinite azure of the past" as compared with a Dillon incident. William Murphy opposed my offer of the joint *Freeman* chairmanship to Dillon. If we had not been so anxious to be generous to men whom it is impossible to satisfy, the right thing would be to give Morrogh the chair. We should then have someone to represent the Southern shareholders, and from a business point of view, such an arrangement is preferable.

DUBLIN,
31*st March*, 1892.

Last night Murphy, who says he "would not have gone through the last two days again for any consideration," agreed, lest the former agreements should be informal, to sign a fresh agreement which gives the *National Press* Debentures direct, another pledge, at the personal risk of himself, myself, Dickson, Morrogh and Barry, to Mrs. O'Conor to acquire her shares. Gray did not approve, but his mother and the stepfather were anxious to carry out the bargain.

The transfer of shares to the Archbishop was in Clay's keeping. He acted splendidly. Meredith (Q.C.), as counsel for the Grays, insisted on the bargain being stuck to, but at eleven this morning we were still in uncertainty. For further assurance we brought down the Archbishop (via Chance on a car) lest the transaction should be declared illegal.

DUBLIN,
April, 1892.

Murphy has been suffering agonies. The supposed infirmity in the first agreement was that, while we had power to sell for shares, we had no power to sell for shares which might in a given contingency not reach us, as the *Freeman* shareholders might refuse to sanction the arrangement. We are thus under a serious financial burden, but anything rather than a hitch.

Mrs. O'Conor now demanded the personal guarantee of responsible members of the *National Press* Board to buy her shares in case there should be a failure to convert them into debentures to the value of £36,000. It was a risk, as we knew the Parnellite shareholders were threatening Chancery proceedings. However, five of us signed this guarantee.

Alderman Kernan, a large holder of *Freeman* shares, now took proceedings to upset the amalgamation, and I wrote:

DUBLIN,
5*th May*, 1892.

In Kernan's action the Master of the Rolls has decided that we were not validly co-opted on the *Freeman* Board. Accordingly, we propose to call the shareholders together for two purposes; first, to approve of the agreements; and, second, to elect directors.

DUBLIN,
6*th May*, 1892.

Captain O'Conor only wants to get his money and live peaceably with mankind. To-day he had a long sitting with the Archbishop, and was determined not to allow Gray to influence him. His refusal to act with Gray saved annoyance.

A General Election was now at hand, and amidst the legal difficulties as to the *Freeman*, we had a dissolution to face, embarrassed by divided counsels amongst the leaders of our Party. While I was in Longford I was selected by a Convention in North Louth for the vacancy there. This was done without my

knowledge or consent, and I had no fancy for such a fight as I knew Phil Callan would make. My victory there exposed me to many subsequent heavy contests. I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
19th May, 1892.

The country is doing splendidly. I must fight North Louth. We had a fine display in Kilkenny, and there is no doubt there.

I have a bet with Dillon of £10 that the Parnellites will not get eight seats. He said they would win twelve, and haply they may win nine.

We are pushed for men for Roscommon North, and West Clare, but everywhere else is provided for.

If we had money we should be all right. Curran, of Australia, is lending £5,000, but we want £10,000.

I refused to attend the conferences about the *Freeman*, and told Murphy I would agree to anything he accepted.

Davitt is acting as chief pacificator in the *Freeman* racket. The account of the scene at the Federation meeting in the Rotunda gives no idea of what took place. The people cheered my name for nearly five minutes, and hissed Dillon's.

Father Behan crossed the street to tell me that whatever we agreed on, they would fire out our opponents as soon as the shareholders got the shares into their hands.

Captain O'Conor behaved well. He said to Murphy that he would act with us as far as possible in the board room. Mrs. O'Connor also spoke graciously.

American-Irishmen then intervened, to try to heal the split caused by the Parnellites, and I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
4th June, 1892.

P. A. Collins is disgusted with Redmond, but Harrington inclines to be reasonable. Redmond believes he will carry fifteen seats. Harrington doesn't share this hope.

Dillon has gone to the Bradford Convention of the English Liberal League to-day.

Davitt is getting me to run Diamond for North Monaghan, to T.P.'s disgust. McCarthy has recommended Florence O'Driscoll for South Monaghan. I am trying to get the Monaghan people to take both.

Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, had written me for the names of two candidates; and Davitt pressed me to recommend Diamond as one. In the Committee of Selection he knew that Dillon and O'Brien would object; so, when both were absent, Diamond was proposed. My acquiescence in this device further estranged for the time two other powerful colleagues. Davitt also pressed for a printer named Austin; and I thought him entitled to have his friends elected.

DUBLIN,
22nd June, 1892.

I don't like standing for North Louth, and have not seen anyone who was at the Convention there.

We had a splendid Convention in Longford, and I mean to stand again there. I will bring before the Selection Committee what you say about concentrating on the boroughs, but every man has so much to attend to that there will be little concentration. It will be every man for himself.

DUBLIN,
25th June, 1892.

I did not see T.D.'s speech about the "onset" on me. It was organized carefully, but I was not struck. I need not bother you about North Longford, where all the people are with me.

I am not hopeful about T.D.'s seat in Dublin. He has lots of friends, but little organization, and the mob is ferocious. . . .

Elsewhere, except in Waterford, the Parnellites will be smashed, and this is enough to console us for Dublin.

Funds are needed, as the Evicted Tenants have been given all we had.

You need not be nervous about me. Since the row the other night, the police are lurking in my rear! It is an amusing country.

DUBLIN,
28th June, 1892.

Archbishop Croke is in Queenstown, and I wish you would see William O'Brien and get him to ask His Grace for the £600 or £700 that he has for contests, or in the alternative to join us in signing a guarantee to a bank for £500 apiece. . . .

I am almost in despair. If Dr. Croke's £600 or £700 be given this would be a great help. I shall have a hard fight in Louth, as the Parnellites have united with Callan, and he will poll all the Tories. Dundalk's "anti-Parnellism" was pro-Callanism. My first meeting there is on Sunday. They subscribed £60 in Dundalk to-day for the fight, but if Callan works by rowdyism it will be the nastiest fight in Ireland.

There is no prospect in Dublin for T. D. Sullivan. The blackguardism in the Press is bad. I never saw anything worse than the attack on myself on Thursday night. My life would not have been worth a moment's purchase if they could have got a few yards nearer me. The driver of our car was in league with them.

One ruffian stopped the horse, but our men struck out, and the car rolled over the fellow. You are having a lively time, too.

Thomas Curran, an hotel-keeper in Sydney (New South Wales), came to our rescue by lending £10,000 without security. Although he was repaid, his generosity deserves remembrance. He was a man by no means sentimentally moulded. When I learnt to know him I thought him of the type least likely to make a sacrifice. We put his son (then a law student in London) up for the City of Kilkenny, and himself for Sligo, and both were elected. I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
29th June, 1892.

It is essential that we carry young Curran, if only in gratitude to his father, whose first £5,000 reached us to-day. This is an enormous ease to our minds. To-night a cable arrived from Eugene Kelly addressed either to Dr. Croke or Justin McCarthy, promising £5,000 more on Saturday. You might, therefore, call and inform Dr. Croke of this, and say nothing about the proposed guarantee, which will be now unnecessary. We should be glad to accept His Grace's promise of an advance from the local fund he has for the Tipperary contests.

Allowing for defeat in North Fermanagh and West Belfast, Derry City will be the pivot of the Ulster Home Rule majority. A number of Scotch and English shipwrights have been paid off there owing to the failure of a local shipyard, and they are leaving for home. I hope this will make McCarthy's seat safe. South Dublin and Stephen's Green will go to the Tories.

I had arranged to be in Galway to-day, but was obliged to alter this and attend Crossmaglen Fair, which takes in Louth, Armagh, and South Monaghan. We had a glorious meeting. I drove from Dundalk. Callan was at the station, but he had none of his threatened rowdies, and we drove through the town without a groan, and had a wonderful reception.

We have organized a meeting for Sunday against Callan, who has been uttering threats. Yesterday, passing in the train to Rostrevor, he told the reporter then with me all the fearful things that would happen. Carlingford, which was against him in 1885, is now Parnellite, and, therefore, Callanite.

During the North Louth contest we learnt of the defeat of Sexton and of McCarthy in Belfast and Derry. I gave my seat in Longford to McCarthy; but, as O'Brien had a double return, I complained to Maurice of the failure to find a seat for Sexton, who had been beaten in West Belfast.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, DUNDALK,
8th July, 1892.

I am surprised I didn't hear from you why Sexton was not put up for O'Brien's second seat. I wired you yesterday as to this. Now, when we have three defeated men to provide for, it is all the more regrettable Sexton was not nominated. I wired Justin McCarthy to-night that I would have him put up for my seat in Longford on Monday, and he replied thanking me and accepting; so I will go up to Dublin on Sunday night, and next day to Granard for McCarthy's nomination.

I shall beat Callan here by a thousand votes. It is evident Gladstone is not going to sweep the decks, but I think it is equally certain that the Tories will not have a majority. If what is occurring now had happened in '85 it would have suited us to a T. I got a slight crack of a stick on the knee to-day in the town of Louth, where Callan beat up rowdies at the fair this morning. I was on a car driving away, but I jumped off and ran after the ruffian and knocked him down with a big stick I am carrying. Only that the police interfered, however, I should have been smashed to bits by others of the gang, who came to his rescue. I lost my spectacles in the row, but I had ample value for them. Except a bruise on the finger, I escaped scatheless.

It is sad to think of T.D.S. being defeated in Dublin after his life of public service.

As Sexton has lost West Belfast, William Murphy wired Father O'Leary to nominate him instead of Barry for South Cork, if Barry would consent.

Ultimately the candidate selected for West Kerry, George MacSwiney, withdrew in Sexton's favour, thanks to the pressure of John Hooper, M.P., his former employer on the *Cork Herald*. MacSwiney, who spent several days with Sexton in the constituency, brought back word to Hooper that Sexton's dislike of me was due to my praise of his speeches—which he thought insincere flattery! This proof of Sexton's modesty surprised me, as he invariably spoke well and deserved any praise I could shower on him —at least until then.

The Tories, after being in power since 1886, lost the General Election of 1892. They remained, however, in office to meet Parliament.

Before the House assembled I wrote my brother:

HOWTH,
August, 1892.

I received a letter yesterday from Justin McCarthy asking me was I aware of the "movement" to have Dillon again proposed as chairman on Thursday when the Party meets. He is anxious that there should be no scandal in front of the new members by such an incident.

I don't credit the idea that Dillon will again attempt a move, but his vanity is so colossal that it is impossible to forecast what he would do. Sexton, being now more "in" with them, leaves McCarthy in the dark as to what is in progress. Davitt is in Sexton's confidence, but I have no idea as to his thoughts on the chairmanship.

It is important that we should try to get something like a sensible "Committee" of the Party elected. You would be unwise to stay away, and I shall go by the mail on Wednesday night to London. . . .

We shall get a Home Rule Bill which will have first place, but are also to have Registration of Voters; "one man, one vote," and a Budget altering the incidence of Income Tax and Death Duties, and taxing ground rents. Harcourt is very hot on an advanced Radical programme, including a Labourers Bill and Parish Councils.

CHAPTER XXX

Second Home Rule Bill (1892–5)

ON 12th August, 1892, the Tory Government was ousted on a vote of "No Confidence" moved by Asquith, then a young M.P. Gladstone became Prime Minister. The strength of the Parnellites had been reduced to nine, and my bet with Dillon that they would not get eight seats he won.

The Liberal majority was precarious, and during the formation of the new Government, in order to avoid the intrigues inseparable from the creation of an Executive dependent on Irish votes, I went to Norway with my brother.

We returned in September, when a note from Morley, the new Chief Secretary, reached me:

Confidential.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHŒNIX PARK,
13th September, 1892.

MY DEAR HEALY,—

I learn with some consternation from a common English friend who met you at dinner on Saturday Byles], that you think of treating this place and its tenant as if we were a scheduled area under a pleuro-pneumonia Act. Pray don't make up your mind to do this. I won't begin to argue the matter because such a resolution as this must come from points of view that argument does not reach.

To be quite frank. I have sometimes thought that you don't like me, and I'm heartily sorry for it, as my own feeling to you is the exact opposite, though I have not always liked everything you have done.

Anyhow, personal considerations ought not to count in such a business as that which both you and I have before us. So I do really hope that you will not refuse me the advantage of consultation with you, and pretty frequent, too. Unless I have opportunity of exchanging views freely with you and the other leaders, how can I carry on? Cato and Brutus were all very well, but that is a long while ago.

I hope and believe you won't misunderstand my motive in writing to you. Whatever happens I shall stick to the helm (until I'm swept into the sea)—but it will be rather a shame if my messmates stand by with hands in pocket.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN MORLEY.

I replied:

HOWTH,
14.9.'92.

MY DEAR MORLEY,—

I am very sorry if I ever caused you to suppose that I felt towards you anything except a high regard. There is nothing personal towards the present holder of your office affecting the view I take as to the attitude best befitting us in regard to the Chief Secretary. If there were I could recall (perhaps more than any Irish member) relations of personal kindliness with yourself. "I was sick and you visited me."

Moreover, more than others I can sympathize with you in the persecution by Joe Cowen (though, he too, was ill-requited locally), and to no one did your recent triumph give keener pleasure, personally and politically, than to me.

So far, then, as non-political elements may enter into judgment, they are all upon your side. But it is precisely because of this, and because personal relations of a friendly kind tend to blunt or destroy the power or the will to criticize, that I conceive for the present it is our duty to hold aloof.

If in my own case I were to assume that there would be no relaxation of fibre, I believe our interviews would end either in your being angry with me or my being angry with you. *Imprimis* Dublin (being Parnellite) is the citadel of difficulty at present, and Lord Aberdeen is not even offered the Viceroyalty, while the first thing the new incumbent does after being sworn in is to advertise the public of the Doncaster entertainments to the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Londonderry. I never spoke to Lord Aberdeen in my life, but I know he could win Dublin workpeople. Yet to fill a purely ceremonial office the Government send over a gentleman [Lord Houghton, now Lord Crewe] who can do nothing but attract Tories and courtly people—all of whom detest the Liberal administration and whose attendance at his levees counts as much for Home Rule as the grouse they shot on the 12th August.

Starting with what I regard as a cardinal error of policy, I argue from it a great deal. If there was not sufficient "touch" to appoint the right Viceroy, what can be expected in administrative details? You are surrounded with difficulties legal and personal. Your official advisers consist of the amiable Orangemen who coached Mr. Balfour and did his work with love. Your law officers would shudder at any "revolutionary" suggestion. You are one in a Cabinet of seventeen, all of whom are charged with zeal for their own special interests and bound to push them forward, regarding the Irish "banshee" as a spectre to be exorcised from Downing Street. I, therefore, consider it my duty to scan with a watchful eye every move (or stagnation) of the Executive, ready, though far from eager, to comment publicly upon its errors.

I do not conceive that the suggestion of prior advice or consultation is a possible one. What previous council would show that Father Humphreys was to have been imprisoned yesterday, or that towards the purification of the magistracy Lord Westmeath was about being gazetted D.L. for Galway? These are incidents flowing from the poisoned sources within your power to dry up, or neutralize, and the only advice I could give is that unless executive action is applied, scandal will be constant.

It is very bold of me to make these remarks, and to a man harassed, groping, and, I know, passionately anxious to do what is right, they must seem ungracious and unsympathetic. You have besides the reply you made

in 1886 when I remarked on the fact that the sole appointment of your regime was given to a Unionist (FitzGerald), that you were engaged on the task of trying to enable us to manage our own affairs, which should silence all minor criticism. I, however, regard these things as weapons or vantage ground for use in the struggle, while I am satisfied your advisers want to be "respectable," to do nothing to "shock" what they are pleased to call "public opinion," and to keep to the old cankered routine.

I hope I have said nothing to impose a reply upon you, and, in closing, may I wish you heartily good luck?

Truly yours,
T. M. Healy.

Morley answered:

Chief Secretary's Lodge,
Phœnix Park,
Sunday, 18th September, 1892.

My dear Healy,—

I am very glad to have your letter: some of it I have read with very lively pleasure, and some of it with perplexity.

I'd give a good deal to have all your brilliant gifts actively and undisguisedly on my side, and I believe that I shall have them when any real pinch comes. Anyhow, there is nothing for me but to go ahead as intrepidly as I can. I am chained to the oar, whatever other folk may do, be, or say.

I fancy I can find a pretty convenient means of gathering your views from time to time, though it will be a poor substitute for personal meetings, where face answereth to face.

We've no more to do with making Lord Westmeath D.L. for Galway than you have. The Lieutenant of the County sends up the name to the Lord-Lieutenant, and there is no instance of its being refused by the Lord-Lieutenant since 1863, and on that occasion a name was only refused because the man was already D.L. for the next county.

As for the Viceroyalty, I knew quite well what I was doing, and I'll tell you the whole case whenever you like; only, it cannot properly be written. I should do just the same if it were to occur again.

The whole interest of you *all* lies in making me as strong as ever you can. If I sink, a good many other things sink with me. 'Tis true, I'm only "one in seventeen," as you say, but there are cases where one man holds sixteen in the hollow of his hand. You're too acute a Parliamenteer and Cabineteer not to know that.

Well, good-bye, and thank you for friendly words.

Yours as you use me,
J.M.

I may justify my reply by stating that colleagues of mine were then spreading the story that I had all enginery perfected to inaugurate (or revive) the corrupt regime of Sadleir and Keogh, having got control of the *Freeman*!

Until the Split of December, 1890, my relations with the *Freeman* were friendly. This appears from a letter to my father on Christmas Eve, 1888:

DUBLIN.

Young Gray was at my house last night, and asked me to write regularly for the *Freeman* to try to redeem its character, for if they don't do something it will cease to have any influence. I promised to see him on Thursday, but don't like putting my neck into the dog-collar again.

This is all my Christmas intelligence, unless you didn't hear that I "dined lately with Gladstone and Lord Spencer" and that Trevelyan "invited me to his place in the country"! Should not liars draw the line somewhere!

The *Freeman*, just before the Dissolution of 1892, atoned for its "blood-money" falsehoods, and asked me, as appears from my letters of January and March, 1892, to refer the question of damages to ex-Lord Chancellor Walker. I consented, and he awarded me £700 with costs.

The late E. H. Ennis, who wrote the libels, having got a job from the incoming Liberal Government, wrote me:

Private.

20th September, 1892.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

Will you do me the favour of granting me a private interview, whenever you like, for the purpose of offering you the humblest apology in my power for the injury I tried to do you?

I have sent in my resignation to the *Freeman*, and I was waiting until I had taken that step before writing you this note. I am thus in a position to approach you with greater freedom from any charge of merely self-interest.

I can only rely upon the friendship of better days long past for your favourable consideration of this note.

Yours very faithfully,

E. H. ENNIS.

He was made Registrar of the Court of Appeal by Lord Chancellor Walker, and afterwards became Assistant Under-Secretary for Ireland under Morley. I replied to his appeal that there was no need to meet him, as I forgave him and bore him no ill-will. Yet I recalled that in 1887, when *The Times* levelled at Parnell the Pigott forgeries, its editor believed them to be true, and they did not endanger his life.

The *Freeman* concoctions were published by a staff which knew them to be false. The editor, Byrne, avowed publicly in 1893 that he was opposed to their being printed, but was overborne.

Byrne died almost shoeless and shirtless, but Ennis died a notable servant of the Crown. He claimed to have prevented Lord Ashbourne, who left office as Lord Chancellor in 1892, from taking from the Four Courts a chair which had been occupied by Lord Norbury when he sentenced Robert Emmet to death in 1803.

The question of criticism by the Irish Press of the new Govern-

ment became acute in 1892 between leading members of the Party. I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
2nd October, 1892.

There is a deadlock between us and the Executive as to magistrates. Asquith, when in Dublin, frightened Morley and Walker [Lord Chancellor]. It seems that in the history of England only one man was appointed a J.P. over the head of the County Lieutenant, and that was the solicitor to Lord Cairns. Morley has written Walker that it would outrage English opinion if a number of magisterial appointments were made, and we have appointed a Committee of protest to meet him when he returns.

Dillon saw Morley constantly, and through him views filtered to us as to what was the orthodox line for Irish members to take towards the Government.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
10th October, 1892.

Until yesterday I refused to see Morley, but Asquith having called on me here when I was not in, I wrote asking him to dine, whereupon Morley sent a line asking might he call—to which I was obliged to say yes. Still, I desire to hold aloof as much as possible from people connected with the Government, as one never could tell into what such an intimacy might lead.

I have had rows with Dillon in the *Freeman* office over the line the paper should take about the Liberal administration. I think we should be "civil and strange" if they are to be kept up to the scratch. God knows, it's hard enough to get them to do anything. I did expect to see the Gweedore prisoners released by now, but there is a want of courage among Morley's advisers.

As to the so-called "dynamiters," except Egan, none of them has any chance of release, and if we lose the election to-day the "quakers" will get the upper hand. They say they cannot dismiss "Removables" under the Act of Parliament. . . .

DUBLIN,
20th October, 1892.

The subject of our interviews with Morley, and our relations generally with the Executive, is not a simple one. Walker invited me to dinner on Monday to meet Morley, and I am most reluctant to go, but don't like refusing, on account of what you say.

I cannot get over the feeling that they are the same "Castle" lot as of yore, and that we should have nothing to do with them.

Morley means well, but I fear he may not do well, fettered as he is, and, therefore, I am sure we shall only be listening to his excuses.

I hear the Cabinet are to settle the Home Rule Bill shortly, and after that will not meet until before the assembling of Parliament.

After the Elections of 1892 the Redmondites lodged election petitions in North and South Meath against Davitt and Fulham, charging intimidation in a Pastoral of the Bishop, Dr. Nulty—a

prelate of the old school. His youth was spent in famine days, and his description in 1871 of evictions he had witnessed became a classic. He was a fearless shepherd of his flock. Yet his Pastoral lost us the petitions. A mob had insulted him, shrieking under his windows "Blind Tom," and he wrote under exasperation. So ferocious was Parnellite feeling that the petitioners got the parish priest at Summerhill (Father Fay) sent to jail for contempt of court because of comments on the case.

The petitions were heard in November, 1892. Davitt's return for North Meath was set aside on the ground of "undue influence," by reason of the Pastoral, as Dr. Nulty was held to be his "agent." I was junior counsel for Davitt, and felt from the animus shown by witnesses against the clergy that many of their stories were untrue. They savoured of the tales on which (in the reign of Charles II) Archbishop Oliver Plunket was convicted in London. Thus, a labourer alleged that because he was a Parnellite a priest whom he named had refused his wife the last rites of the Church on her death-bed. The impugned ecclesiastic proved that he knew nothing of the labourer's politics, but that when he came with the Viaticum to his wife a fierce mastiff rushed at him from under her bed. She lay in a cabin of only one room, and the clergyman begged the husband to get the dog away, as he was afraid that, if it attacked him, the Blessed Sacrament might fall from his hand. The man refused, and the priest told him he could not remain unless the brute was put out. The husband, however, declined to remove the dog, and, presumably, the wife died without the Sacrament.

Another witness, covered with sores, the most hideous object of filth and disease I ever saw, swore that a priest "thumped" him because he was a Parnellite. (One would prefer to rub skirts with a leper.) The clergyman, a benign old man, was put in the witness box by us, and the judges instantly accepted his assurance that the story was false.

At last came a witness whom we were unable to discredit, for he knew his tale could not be gainsaid. He swore to something alleged to have been said in the Confessional. The priest, being approached by our solicitor, merely smiled, and we had to let it go at that, knowing that the *sigillum* was never broken.

A lady of good standing, and in good faith, assured the Court that the sins she confessed on the Saturday, were denounced by her priest in his sermon on Sunday.

Four centuries earlier a theologian combated this delusion. Sins are common to all humanity, and have to be reproved, even

though elections are pending. Yet penitents, like patients, think their own scruples and ailments specially "peculiar."

The petitions succeeded, but we carried both seats afterwards.

Dr. Nulty asked me to visit him at Mullingar to receive his thanks for acting without a fee. He told me stories from which interest has not since faded. One was of the Vatican Council, which proclaimed Papal Infallibility in 1870.

The Irish bishops then were a main strength to Pio Nono, and were regarded by Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State, as his Pretorian Guard. Dr. Nulty recounted: "We got very tired of Rome in July. It was so hot. The French bishops were obstructing, and we felt our separation from our flocks. To be away so long overburthened our vicars at home. One day Darbois, Archbishop of Paris, got into the Tribune and made an appeal against the definition of Infallibility on the ground of 'expediency.'

"He asked the Council was it wise to make a pronouncement unpalatable to Napoleon III, who honoured the Church, gave a military salute to every bishop, and showed respect for religion. Why should they throw a brand of discord into France without urgent necessity?

"Many were impressed by this, until a little swarthy Mexican prelate sprang into the Tribune, hardly waiting to be called.

"With flaming eyes and impassioned gesture his tanned face contorted with emotion, and his Spanish blood boiling over, he thundered: 'I am no Imperial favourite. No Royal carriage awaits my orders. My diocese extends over thousands of square miles, stony, arid, scorpion-stricken and serpent-ridden. Amidst heats and desolation I trudge on foot and in solitude to preach the Gospel of Christ to Christian and heathen. I carry neither scrip nor purse.

"'No salute of soldiery or greetings of emperors solace my loneliness. Yet I dare to claim that my wayfaring approaches nearer to the traditions of the Apostles than the courses of my Lord Archbishop of Paris.'

"Cheers shook the Council, and then a curt final phrase came: 'My Lords, I pronounce for Infallibility.'"

Dr. Nulty thought this the turning-point of the contest. Archbishop Darbois (soon to be a martyr at the hands of the Communists) was so moved that he humbly asked leave to return to the Tribune. Leave was granted, and he craved pardon. Six months later Darbois and his priests were shot without trial in Paris.

Dr. Nulty thought that if the French bishops could have fore-

seen that war with Germany would break out, they would have obstructed more determinedly the promulgation of Infallibility.

He and his brethren grew tired of Roman hotels and foreign fare. They sent a protest to Cardinal Antonelli against delay, and threatened to go home unless the French were held in check. Most of them were old, and some of their dioceses were in disarray. Italian diet and Roman heats distempered their stomachs. Antonelli regarded them as a mainstay, and felt that if they left a powerful buttress would be gone.

Clashes between the Gael and the Italian were delightfully sketched. Antonelli asked, "Can nothing be done to soothe the discomforts of Your Lordships' exile from your native land?" "Nothing," they said. The Cardinal's face fell. Then an Ulster prelate interposed. "Speaking for myself," he said, "we distaste your wines. We are old, and your climate is terrible in summer. Besides, we lack the vintage of our own country."

"What is the Irish wine?" inquired Antonelli. The Ulster humorist replied, "The best grower is John Jameson, Dublin."

"Good," agreed His Eminence. "My secretary will telegraph." "As he left," said Dr. Nulty, "we burst out laughing, and sent the Secretary a message that it was a jest.

"Of course," Dr. Nulty added, "we had no more notion of leaving Rome, or flouting Pio Nono than the Old Guard had of deserting Napoleon. Some of us were feeble, and Italian wine sat heavy on our hearts, but we would stay till Judgment Day rather than forsake the Pope. We were only funning with Antonelli."

He said the influence of the Pope (Pius IX) on the assembly was *nil*. His Holiness presented theses for consideration, but the Council turned several down. With a vast gesture Dr. Nulty said, "We tore them into flitters!" Pio Nono, he insisted, was no factor in the decision. He told me that during the Council the German prelates criticized the Cardinal and Congregation which presided over their country's affairs in Rome, and blamed them for delay in authorizing the issue of a catechism. The culprits were summoned to explain, and when they appeared were given a "dressing" by the Germans. "With Italian subtlety," said Dr. Nulty, "the Cardinal concerned placated them by a dexterous confession of delay and a promise of amendment." This led him to enlarge on the wisdom of the Italians.

He entertained me also with stories of Irish impatience at the long Masses of the Orientals when their turn came to open the proceedings of the Council. Each bishop had in private offered his own Mass beforehand, but when they met at the Vatican they

were irritated by the Greeks' thumbings and fumblings to find the right Collects, Epistles or Gospels which the Roman ritual had long settled.

Our bishops thought it intolerable that the Council should be delayed by this searching for rubrics. "So," said Dr. Nulty, "we walked the corridors as a protest, as we wished to get on with the work for the whole Church, without being hindered by Greek liturgies."

Thus in Mullingar broke out flashes of the controversies which separate Rome from Constantinople.

When Dr. Nulty was consecrated bishop he visited his native place to see his mother. She would not receive him, however, because (in the midst of the plague which followed the famine) he remitted Lenten fasts. He sent for her to ask an explanation, and she came reluctantly, but ordered him not to come near her until he justified his remissions.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "dare you excuse your flock from God's holy fasts?"

"Well, mother," he answered, "there's hunger and pestilence all round." "Yes," she agreed, "but the friars of 'Multy' say you are wrong."

"Now," he asked, "don't you think I've as good judgment as the friars of Multyfarnham?"

Snapping her fingers at him, she retorted, "Not at all, boy. How could you, at your age!"

It was long before peace was made between him and this relic of penal days.

Dr. Nulty told me that some of the bishops in the famine of 1846–7, when the prohibition against eating meat on Friday was withdrawn, felt doubtful that their flocks would, when better times came, be brought back to the ancient abstinence. The case of the Spaniards after the wars against the Moors was cited in apprehension. "But," said the old man, "we found no difficulty in restoring Friday abstinence."

CHAPTER XXXI

The Home Rule Struggle (1893)

MY absence from Dublin at the Meath petitions for three weeks lost me the control of the *Freeman*. This is touched on in the following letters to my brother:

KIRKCALDY,
5th January, 1893.

We had a good meeting in Newcastle-on-Tyne. I called on Joe Cowen, M.P., and had a long friendly conversation with him. His chief writer on Irish topics is a young fellow called Garvin, who is clever, but a bitter Parnellite. He is correspondent for *United Ireland*, in which you may have noticed able attacks on us.

In the middle of the negotiations with the Liberal Cabinet as to the Home Rule Bill—which the Redmondites were certain to denounce as inadequate—Dillon tried to get control of the *Freeman* by driving Murphy and myself off the board. With this object he was continually visiting Archbishop Walsh, who was naturally anxious for peace with Redmond's party as well as for a satisfactory measure of Home Rule. I felt that if Dillon captured the *Freeman* any weakness in the Home Rule Bill would be condoned, and that, as the Redmondites now distrusted him more than myself, the hope of his conciliating them was a delusion.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
13th January, 1893.

Dillon, abetted by Sexton, has been trying to drive me and Murphy off the *Freeman* Board. The plea is that a commerical board is needed. They have been interviewing the Archbishop of Dublin, and carried a resolution to consult Alderman Kernan in my absence. Sexton has recently been a regular attendant at the board. They on Monday saw the Archbishop for the third time.

I said I would not agree to any reconstruction of the board until I knew who were to be our successors. I proposed that, to obviate scandal in the middle of the Home Rule crisis, we should agree to work on quietly with the board as it is, and avoid topics except business at the annual meeting. Dillon, however, that day carried a vote condemning the editor for publishing the list of Mrs. O'Shea's creditors, which Sexton said caused "a pang" to thousands of families.

Young Gray is with me for the suggestion to have no row at the annual meeting. Sexton agreed also, and so did every one but Dillon, who refused to bind himself, or even to be absent from the meeting, although he has no money in the concern. It being after 10 p.m. I left, having during the course of the evening spoken of my feelings towards Dillon, which he said threatened a vendetta against him.

After I left, Dillon proposed Sexton as Chairman of the Company, without notice. Murphy protested, and put on his coat to follow me, whereupon Sexton said he was not going to remain either. Mooney, who has been acting firmly, says Dillon got frightened, but Gray, who was in the chair by rotation, insisted that he should put the motion. This was done, and so the matter stands. I believe there is a majority of the Party " anti-bounder " and I mean to test this.

Sexton wrote to ask me to call on him to-day about the financial memorandum he is drafting for the Cabinet on behalf of the Party. I did so, and complimented him highly upon it. I believe every question on the Home Rule Bill has been settled except finance, and I can't say how far our contentions on this will be yielded. That we should make our claims vital to the existence of the measure, Sexton agrees. He has been seeing the Treasury officials, and believes they mean to swindle us, as if we were green.

I am sorry to have trouble with Sexton about the *Freeman*, for originally I would gladly have accepted him as Chairman, though not as an ally of the " bounders." My supposed interference with the paper, as you may inagine, is *nil*. Sexton is competent to encounter the Treasury on the financial question.

DUBLIN,
20th January, 1893.

There is no reason to be discouraged, as you suppose, because Dillon and O'Brien have made a fissure in the Party. It ran smoothly until they were released from jail. The *Freeman* business culminated on Tuesday in a resolution by Dillon to publish the election of Sexton to the Chair. I said I would, side by side with that statement, reveal the circumstances under which the trick was accomplished. I told Sexton that " the receiver was as bad as the thief," and in the end they funked the publication. They then suggested a meeting privately called of the shareholders of over £50, which I pointed out was a franchise selected to exclude the *National Press* proprietors, and therefore we would attend no such meeting, but would probably convene a counter-gathering.

In the middle of this Captain O'Conor made a suggestion which had previously been broached to him by Murphy, that we should all place our resignations in the hands of the Archbishop, leaving His Grace to reconstitute the board. I agreed, and in turn so did every one. Dr. Walsh is therefore master of the situation, and I have no doubt he will leave myself, Gray and Dillon off the new board. He sent yesterday for Henry Gill, ex-M.P., who declined to join the board, and I have no idea where His Grace is casting his lines, as I have no communication from him or knowledge of his intentions. I fear he is advising exclusively with Sexton and Alderman Kernan, who is alarmed for his property. I don't think the solution a good one, and regard it as scarcely tolerable, but the strain was getting unbearable, and our financial weakness was such that we could not rally the shareholders enthusiastically. . .

DUBLIN,
25th January, 1893.

The Archbishop [of Dublin] wrote me on Monday saying he found it impossible to do anything to construct the *Freeman* Board, as all his efforts had failed, and he therefore washed his hands of it. Sexton then asked us to meet to-morrow to see if we could agree to anything among ourselves, but there is no prospect of this. I will not make up my mind what course to take until we see how we succeed as to the Parliamentary Committee.

Such was the plight into which the National organ had been landed, with a fierce opposition journal published by the Redmondites containing daily misrepresentations of our attitude and denouncing us as "Whigs" and "traitors." The saddest part of the intrigue lay in the fact that we were now at odds with Gladstone as to the finance of the proposed Home Rule Bill—which ultimately turned out to be unsatisfactory. I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
27th January, 1893.

The Archbishop yesterday, in reply to an unauthorized communication from Sexton, wrote a further letter asking for a month to patch up the *Freeman* Board, and we are now squabbling over Dillon's having visited His Grace meanwhile. Murphy was to see His Grace to-day before we meet this afternoon and learn what transpired.

At a meeting of the Parliamentary Committee yesterday Sexton reported an unsatisfactory proposition about finance from Gladstone, which we unanimously rejected. There are besides awkwardnesses arising as to the police. The Government also want the Land Purchase Commission to be an Imperial Body. Sexton is splendidly equipped for them on finance, and Morley is in our favour. The Committee of the Cabinet is with us in everything except finance, but I fear Harcourt is fighting against us. Rosebery is helping us, and so is Asquith, but neither of them is on the Committee. I think things will be right except finance. How that will be I don't know. Gladstone is worried over our obduracy, but we will not accept any scheme such as he suggests.

DUBLIN,
January, 1893.

Before the *Freeman* meeting yesterday Murphy went to see the Archbishop, and found him quite friendly, and he explained that Dillon's visit was for the purpose of asking him to continue the negotiations without regard to his views previously expressed. We therefore reauthorized the Archbishop to rearrange the board, and extended the time for another month. I don't think much will come of it. The Archbishop saw Kernan and got him to urge H. J. Gill to consent to act, but he refused.

In the end the Archbishop was told by some of his visitors that if William Murphy and I were left on the *Freeman* Board, or given influence on it, a reign of "Keogh and Sadleir" would be inaugurated under a Home Rule administration—as we had nothing but

corruption and selfishness in view. His Grace, therefore, moulded a board to include a majority of Dillon's supporters.

Shareholders' meetings of ratification were commingled with fun. At one of them David Sheehy, M.P., a partisan of Dillon, described John Barry's view as a "*dernier entendre*"! He corrected it when laughed at by saying he meant a "*double ressort*"! These blunders became a political shibboleth.

That evening the proprietor of the Ship Hotel, Stephen Cunningham, who had won over our garrison in *United Ireland* against Parnell in December, 1890, waggishly rose to address the shareholders. Affecting great solemnity, he declared:

"All my life's fortune is invested in the *Freeman's Journal*. Yet I have now to leave for the G.P.O. to see a man about a dog. Before I go may I avail of my acquaintance with the French language to make a last and almost dying declaration. It is to say how profoundly I was affected by Mr. Healy's statement that he would 'sell his shirt' to pay off Mrs. Gray and the *Freeman* owners. I cannot bid you good-bye without expressing the hope that he may never be obliged to sever himself from his '*dernier entendre*'!"

Dillon's plans to oust us from the board led to the *Daily Nation* being started, which Murphy largely financed.

In April, 1893, Gladstone, aged eighty-three, introduced the Home Rule Bill. After its second reading when walking next day, Saturday, through Whitehall on my way to the Library of the Commons, I saw a carriage and pair emerge from Downing Street. It held an old couple who were trying to talk to each other, their necks bent cross-wise, for each wished to reach the "good ear" by which the other heard. They had sacrificed convenience to etiquette in their places in the carriage.

The pair were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Their attempt to converse with one another was touching, and I felt this the more, being deaf in one ear myself. I sent Mrs. Gladstone a note that evening, expecting no reply, but she answered:

10 Downing Street,
Whitehall,
23rd April, 1893.

Dear Mr. Healy,—

Let me thank you with all my heart for a letter which lifts one up high. There are times in our life when such words come to do special good. As anxiety and joy alternate they require more than usual wise balance. Your touching words touch the right chord, as you recall for our comfort the great heart of Ireland *praying on many altars*. Who then ought to be faint-hearted?

My husband read your letter and was much moved. No trouble and no

pains will he spare for Ireland's great cause! Misunderstandings will vanish more and more as he continues to fight in a just and glorious cause. I cannot help mentioning our loved and precious niece, Lady Frederick Cavendish—the tears of hope and comfort your letter brought.

Believe me, dear Mr. Healy,
Yours truly,
CATHERINE GLADSTONE.

Lady Frederick Cavendish was the widow of the Chief Secretary, murdered on the 6th May, 1882, in the Phœnix Park, Dublin. She died in 1925.

In the debates on the Home Rule Bill the breakdown of Lord Randolph Churchill could not be hidden. As he rose to oppose it the House hushed, prepared to hang on his words, but he hardly uttered a sentence before he became unintelligible. Members fled into the Lobby. To check the outrush I cried, "Order! Order!" and Randolph turned to me, saying, "I thank the honourable gentleman." The incident is recorded only in the *Shipping Gazette*, edited by a Welsh M.P. named Jones.

A few weeks later, as I was sitting next William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg (the Orange leader), Randolph sprang up to move that my words "be taken down." Johnston protested that I had not opened my mouth. Mr. Speaker skilfully passed over the calamity.

Sir Henry Lucy told me that Randolph came that evening to a dinner party, where both were guests, and proclaimed, "I have just got Healy suspended!"

A note reached me from the stricken man next day:

50 GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.,
2nd May, 1893.

MY DEAR SIR,—

On reading the parliamentary reports this morning, on reflection over all the circumstances in connection with the accusation I made against you last evening in the House, I write to you to inform you that I am convinced my ears quite deceived me, and that I was wrong in making the charge that you had used the words which I attributed to you. Perhaps I ought to have said this last night, but there was so much excitement in the House, and I was so puzzled about the whole matter, that I wanted to think it all over.

The delay, however, will not, I think, cause you to doubt the sincerity with which I now write to you to offer you a very full expression of regret for what I said against you, and a complete withdrawal by me of the charges.

Trusting you will accept this in the spirit in which it is written.

I am,
Yours very faithfully,
RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL.

T. M. Healy, Esq., M.P.

P.S.—Of course you will make what use of this letter as seems good to you.

I replied that I would not dream of publishing his apology, glad as I was to get it.

He answered:

50 Grosvenor Square, W.,
13th May, 1893.

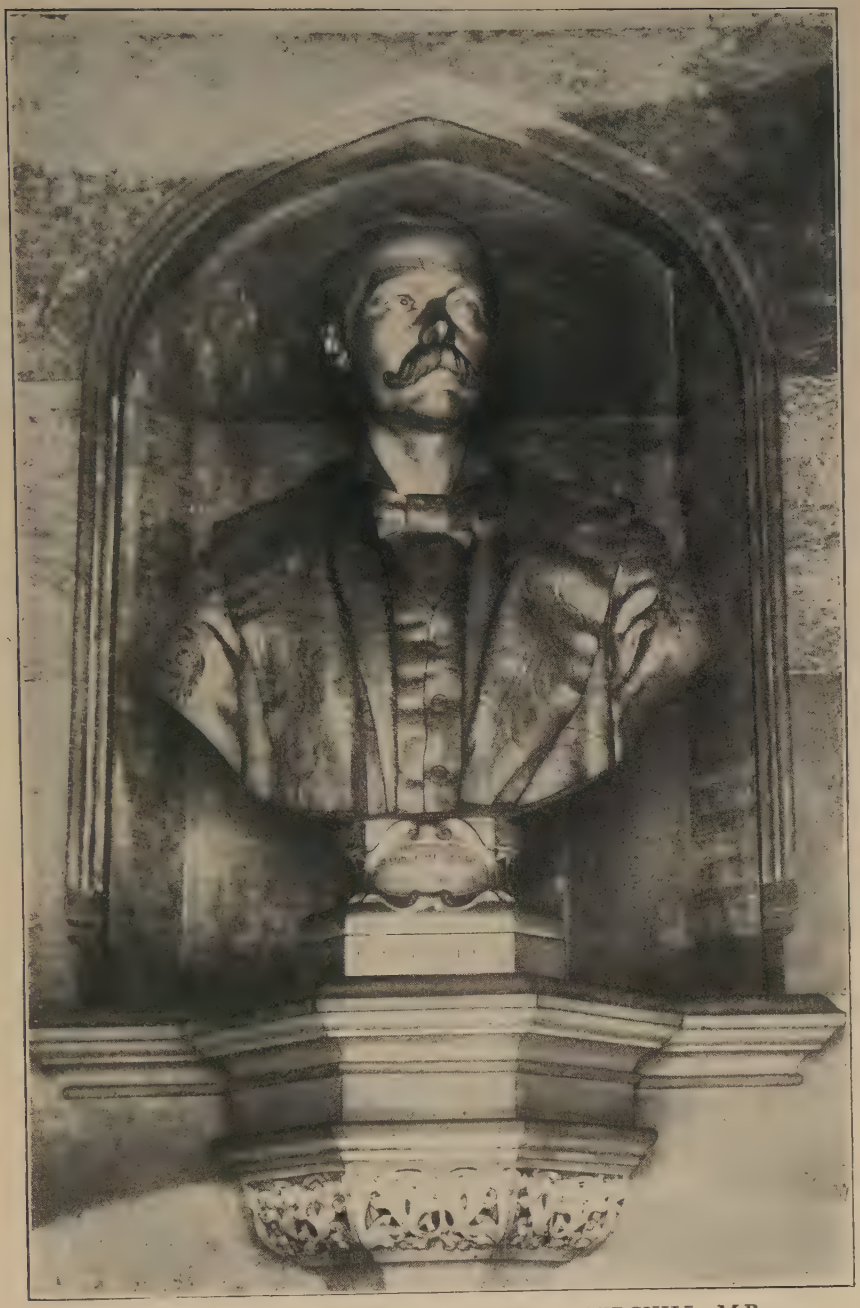
Dear Mr. Healy,—
I am extremely obliged to you for your amiable letter.
Yours very truly,
Randolph S. Churchill.

During the Home Rule debates Gladstone invited me to dine at Downing Street. It was embarrassing, but I could not refuse. At dinner I noted with pleasure that he sipped his wine like a youth, and enjoyed the meal. When he took coffee some undissolved sugar remained in the cup, and he spooned and ate it with childlike enjoyment. This relish of life gave me cheer. Lord Acton was the only other guest that I remember.

During dinner I asked Gladstone if he had seen much of Daniel O'Connell. "Well," he mused, "I once served on an election petition with him as to a Windsor contest." He was precise in calling Dan "Mr." O'Connell, and I recalled that in a speech of 1881, when moving a grant for a statue to Disraeli, he spoke of Pitt (who had been dead nearly eighty years) as "Mr. Pitt." The House did not catch the "mistered" name, and cried, "Who?" So Gladstone solemnly repeated, "Mr. Pitt." He spoke to me of "Mr." O'Connell in 1893, and with a boyish smile told that the landlady of a Windsor hotel, accused of "treating" voters, was required to give evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. Instead of attending she sent a doctor's certificate assigning illness as an excuse. "Her testimony was vital," Gladstone said, "and Mr. O'Connell, in his rotund voice, declared, 'If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, let Mahomet go to the mountain!' So a four-in-hand was ordered, and," Gladstone said, "we drove to Windsor, and I spent a most pleasant day with Mr. O'Connell, and enjoyed the drive with him on the box-seat."

He made no comment on O'Connell's character, nor recalled any other of his sayings nor discussed his policy.

I talked to him about the Turks and tried to defend them as a religious people, however mistaken. He bristled. "Well," said I, "take their prayer carpets and the fact that the Muezzin ascends the tower for prayer every day at noon." Sharply he answered, "I got one of them to ascend at 10 o'clock for five piastres!" We then spoke of the obstinacy of the Sultan in 1881 in obstructing the Treaty of Berlin as regards Montenegro. Gladstone and Tennyson were partisans of Montenegro because of its century-old



LORD RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, M.P.
(Bust in the House of Commons.)

resistance to the Turks. The British fleet had concentrated at Besika Bay, and I asked Gladstone what he would have done if the Sultan had proved obdurate. "Sir," said he, with a flashing glance, "I should have seized Smyrna!" After a pause he added, "Yet never was I so thankful as when, on a Sunday afternoon, I saw Granville smilingly approaching Downing Street by the private entrance with the news that the Turks had yielded."

In 1893, on the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill, there arose a bout of fisticuffs without precedent in the annals of the Mother of Parliaments. It is described in Hansard of the 27th July, 1893. As I stood in the gangway at the height of the scrum my brother quoted lines from Kipling's "Belts":

> The English were too drunk to know;
> The Irish didn't care.

Nobody was drunk (except with fury), and the cause of the uproar requires hindsight to understand.

The Closure rule was in operation, and it mechanicaliy ended debate at 10 p.m. Chamberlain was speaking at that moment upon an amendment hostile to the Bill moved by one of the Redmondites.

He compared Gladstone to Herod, and as he concluded, T. P. O'Connor shouted, "Judas! Judas! Judas!" A Tory moved that these words be "taken down" just as the division began. The Chairman had not heard the words, and the Opposition refused to clear the House (i.e., enter the division lobbies) unless the Chair took action.

A device of ex-Chancellor Ritchie's had been adopted to save a few-seconds in the lobbies. Each party then, instead of leaving by opposite doors, passed out beyond the Speaker's Chair in commingled streams. Sir J. W. Logan, a Liberal, blocked by the throng, seated himself on the front Opposition Bench to allow the block to clear.

Deeming this an intrusion, Hayes Fisher, ex-secretary to Mr. Balfour, thrust him off. Logan, so buffeted, turned on Fisher with his elbow. Then they got to grips, and a fight became general. The scene was due to a misunderstanding between individuals, and was stopped by hisses from the Strangers' Gallery. The hisses voiced the opinion of onlookers, and was the only admonition by "strangers" ever known to affect the House.

The Speaker was sent for, and after some exchanges T.P. apologized. Thirty years later he explained in the Press that he didn't mean to insult Chamberlain!

I must have been depicted by the American Press as a prominent

combatant, for next day I got a cablegram from the Mayor and Corporation of Alexandria, La. (Louisiana), declaring that the city had voted me a silk hat to replace one battered by my prowess against the Tories. The message asked for the measurement of my head by return cable. My headgear, however, was unharmed, but at the cost of several silk hats I cabled thanks, and received an elegant " topper " (alas ! too small) in a handsome case. In gratitude to the Mayor and Corporation of Alexandria, La., I crushed it on my head, and for the next twenty years wore it until my resignation from the House in October, 1918.

During the fight a strange omen appeared in the Commons. A rail of the second bench below the gangway loosened in the turmoil, stood upright—like a dead arm thrusting itself from a corpse in *rigor mortis*.

An attempted onset on me by Harry Foster was baffled, and we afterwards became friends. Irish members then used to study personal history affecting opponents, so that we could thrust a spear into weak places in their armour. I had been told that Foster was one of a group which floated " Warner's Safe Cure," a genuine medicament, and that the shares were " over-sold " on the Stock Exchange. Jobbers could therefore not escape a " squeeze," and paid large sums to " get out." There was nothing wrong in this, as everything took place in accordance with the rules of the Stock Exchange. The " bears " were cornered, and this led only to amusement. When Foster entered the House of Commons he asked Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Minister for War, as to the prevalence of " glanders " amongst horses in a cavalry barracks, and received a reply which he deemed unsatisfactory. He pressed the necessity of applying a remedy, and the Minister blurted out, " We have tried every possible remedy without success."

I inquired, " Has the right hon. gentleman tried ' Warner's Safe Cure ' ? "

Sir Harry, naturally, after this wished to get back " a bit of his own." He failed, and we soon were reconciled.

During the debates of 1893, Michael Davitt, then a new Member of the House, met with an interruption from Mr. Brookfield (brother of the actor), who objected to his speaking from notes. Davitt's loss of an arm caused an awkward manipulation of his notes, and this doubtless led to the charge that he was reading his speech —contrary to the practice of Parliament. Mr. Speaker was reluctant to interfere with a maiden speech, delivered under difficulties, yet he had to rule in Brookfield's favour, but his manner was kindly and his judgment suave. On subsequent days Brookfield rose several

times, but did not "catch his eye." Irish Members were much gratified, and Dr. Tanner determined to take further vengeance on him.

One night, when Brookfield had risen frequently, but in vain, Tanner sent him an imaginary letter from Mr. Speaker in terms such as these:

9 *p.m.*

DEAR MR. BROOKFIELD,—

I regret very much that in spite of the number of times you have risen, you have failed to catch my eye. I write this to assure you that when next you get up I shall certainly call you.

Sincerely yours,
ARTHUR PEEL.

Tanner got this delivered by one of the Speaker's attendants, and Brookfield swelled importantly. He went to his place at once, and when the previous orator finished, rose confident that he would be "taken." The Speaker, however, called on quite a different person, and Brookfield remained on his legs challenging possession. Sternly Mr. Speaker called him to order, and bade him resume his seat. The jeers of the Irish Members, who had mustered for the comedy, were galling. He muttered an indignant protest, and sat down. Then he went round to the Chair to complain. "You promised, sir, to call on me," he protested.

"What!" quoth Mr. Peel. "The Chair does not bargain with Members."

"But I have it from you in writing."

"Never, sir."

"But here's your letter."

"My letter!" replied the Speaker. "I wrote you no letter."

"Look at that," said Brookfield, producing the document.

"A forgery, sir!" was the reply. "I care not who is involved in it. Retire to your place!"

The Irish Members could hardly retain their convulsions. That day they talked no more.

The Redmondites gave all the trouble they could during the session. Nine in number, they voted against Gladstone's nominee for Speaker when Mr. Peel resigned, and supported the Tory.

The third reading of the Home Rule Bill was only carried by a majority of thirty-eight. Redmond likened the measure to a "toad, ugly and venomous, yet wearing a precious jewel in its head," although knowing that the House of Lords would reject it.

After the third reading my brother and I sat up all night at the lodgings of Chance and O'Driscoll to catch the morning mail

at Euston. We had not been home for two months. Maurice, to while away the time, argued with O'Driscoll (a Protestant) on religion. After some hours Chance interjected, "If you persist in your logic you will destroy his invincible ignorance—his only hope of salvation!"

Our attendance in the House of Commons, because of the narrowness of the majority for Home Rule, was so continuous that my brother, when applied to by the Income Tax authorities for his profits, returned them as *nil*. The officials disbelieved this, and sent inspectors to examine his books.

After inquiries for many days they went away, acknowledging that his return was correct. To swell the Lords' division lists a few insane aristocrats were enlarged from asylums, and piloted through the lobbies by noble "keepers."

When Parliament adjourned in 1893, after the Lords' rejection of Home Rule, the Redmondites started an agitation, as to evictions on the estate of Lord de Freyne. His agent, Blakeney, was accused of burning houses to expedite evictions. The Government, however, only arrested the tenants' supporters and sent them for trial, but refused to prosecute Blakeney.

I wrote Morley:

1 Mountjoy Square,
Dublin,
Saturday, 11.11.'93.

Dear Mr. Morley,—

I am not aware if any member of our Party has thought it a duty to it or to you to represent privately on these calamitous de Freyne prosecutions.

Until the Crown case had concluded on the first summons I thought it fair to assume that some weighty evidence would develop which would justify the action taken.

I have, however, come to the conclusion that you have been led into a pitfall by some officials of the R.I.C., or your law advisers, and as apparently you are to recommence a second batch of summonses on Tuesday, I implore you for your own sake, and for ours, to give the matter further consideration.

First as to procedure, I am not familiar with prosecutors' law, but I thought that having got the defendants returned for trial already, the Attorney-General could send up an indictment on any further charges at Assizes, and although technically the course being taken is fairer to the prisoners, and is the right one, surely good policy and common sense dictate the winding up of this woeful exhibition as speedily as can be. A conviction before a jury you never can get, and in any case, the only result of the proceedings must be either a *nolle prosequi*, or a disagreement, or acquittal (unless you pack a jury also) with a foundation beautifully laid by your own trowel for the Tory case for a Coercion Act.

Next, would you take into view, not merely the Irish prejudice, but the English law against burning people's houses? The old West-Cork Act

(1828), it is true, is repealed, but when your own unreformed Parliament made it a felony punishable with death to burn down an empty dwelling in our country, and by the Repealing Act, imposed penal servitude for life for burning down one that was inhabited, it behoved you to walk warily over hot embers. The evicted allege that Blakeney fired the thatch while a girl (or person) was inside, and the Government, which pounces to prosecute in the de Freyne interest, is going to leave the arraignment of Blakeney in the hands of a private prosecutor!

How is it the police can always get information to warrant proceedings against the tenants and their friends, but never against landlords or agents? An echo from the Ponsonby clearances might, however, have served as "bold advertisement" for Blakeney to the most purblind of your advisers.

As for the stab which these proceedings have given us, and the help they have lent to the Parnellites, I pass that sadly by—it is doubtless no affair of yours. I didn't, however, believe that without a hint to anyone you would, with so light a tread, have taken this leap in the dark.

Where it will lead you to, if the Parnellites press their advantage, God only knows. You have delivered yourself and us into the hands of our enemies.

Yours truly,
T. M. Healy.

I cannot trace a reply from Morley, but believe he parried forcibly. The Redmondites failed to take advantage of the situation, and a drawn battle fizzled out. The estate was afterwards sold to the tenants.

A letter to my brother dealing with other topics runs:

House of Commons,
13th December, 1893.

. . . I read about Larminie's book in *United Ireland*, and Douglas Hyde mentions in one of his books that Larminie possessed this collection. O'Neill Russell brought Hyde to my house last Friday, and we had a pleasant evening. Russell is opposed to phonetic spelling, but says he has so much respect for us he would not gainsay anything we said! Then he laid his head on the table and laughed boisterously and at his ease, over your representation of the "Our Father" in Irish spelling of the English words. He thinks that since Shakespeare this is the greatest thing ever done. He forgives you the outrage on the "ollavs," principally, I think, because this mockery of yours offended MacSweeney of the Royal Irish Academy, who, he maintains, cannot read either ancient or modern Irish! I think Russell the most delightful human animal I have ever known: his honesty, sincerity, enthusiasm and genuine love for Ireland and Celtic things, in a man of his years and Protestant training, are marvellous. He is just as much embittered against Scotch Gaelic spelling as he was when I heard him thundering against it in 1878, with Butt in the chair, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. He has evidently never forgiven Parnell for his want of interest in that lecture.

Hyde, another Protestant, is a nice modest fellow—a student without any dogmatism, and quite unlike what I expected. I told him you and I would be glad to contribute to help his publications, but all he asked was that we would get his stuff regularly into the *Weekly Freeman*—for which he is

not paid. It's heartbreaking to think men like him are neglected, and their work undervalued. Russell said, when I spoke about your proposed text-book, that Hyde would be glad to correct it for you, and Hyde quietly assented. He seems to have no strong opinion on the phonetic question. Russell now and then would assail his pronunciation of Irish, as I heard him assail the proprietor of Cowell's public-house in Holborn on that subject fifteen years ago. I have seldom spent a pleasanter evening than I did with these men. Russell is to eat his Christmas dinner with me. Hyde is returning to Roscommon.

The *Weekly Freeman* says they only have enough Irish type to print O'Growney's proposed lessons, and must exclude Hyde's stuff. I am pressing for space for Hyde, who has some analysis or disquisition on the old poetry which he says is the result of four years' study, and which he is anxious about. He told me he picked up Irish from an old gamekeeper, who had only a few words of English, with whom he used to go sporting as a boy.

I wish you would make some attempt at your Irish text-book. Hyde says Larminie's phonetics were acquired from Sweet, and that he knows they are accurate, because he read for him things that Larminie did not understand, but which he had noted so accurately that Hyde understood it. I would willingly give £50 to help any publication in which these men are interested, relying on Providence to be able to earn it.

In February, 1894, when Gladstone was about to resign, Morley used to come to my house in Mountjoy Square to tell me what was going on.

He was a pleasant man to meet, but sensitive to criticism. Opposed to Harcourt becoming Prime Minister, he did not favour Rosebery, and evidently fancied himself, if he could get Irish help. We, however, abstained from participation in the intrigue, and Morley's opposition to Harcourt created the Rosebery premiership. Harcourt's speech on Gladstone's retirement showed deep emotion, and the House of Commons felt that a great light had gone out.

Lord Rosebery's Government began in February, 1894, and ended in July, 1895. It was unfruitful for Ireland. The "predominant partner" watchword in his first speech helped the Redmondites. One thoughtful thing he did for England was to pay honour to the inventor of phonography by knighting Isaac Pitman. A note to me from Sir Isaac sets forth:

BATH,
25th June, 1894.

From Isaac Pitman.

MY DEAR HEALY,—

The last month has been a *pleasant* one to me, because of the elevation of phonography and spelling reform in the public mind, and a very *trying* one because I have been unable to keep abreast of my daily work, chiefly as to letters.

I thank you and all the members of the House of Commons who assisted in strengthening Lord Rosebery's desire to do honour to the phonetic move-

ment. The Countess, his late beloved wife, was a very fair writer of phonography, having taken lessons of a gentleman in some Government office (I forget his name). But the calls of the society in which Lord Rosebery moves prevented her from giving sufficient time to writing shorthand to do it with speed.

I and my wife take a rest, and a *great* enjoyment at the Handel Festival. We shall come back to the "Metropole" each evening.

I have printed a card as an acknowledgment of the congratulations of my friends, and will try to remember and post you one from the Metropole. Please give these tracts to the shorthand members of the House.

Farewell.

Pitman was one of the greatest men of the Victorian era. He revolutionized and methodized shorthand. To teach longhand phonetically he cast founts of type adapted to Roman letters which enlarged the alphabet by a dozen extra signs.

Rejecting c, q, and x, he provided a letter for every sound in English. He printed children's lesson books in the new notation, which shortened by years the time now thrown away by the young in learning to read in the old style.

Like many a genius, he carried his theories too far. In advocating reform of the "Three R's" (reading, writing, and reckoning) he invaded the accepted numeral system. To "ten" he gave the power of twelve, and devised two new figures of the value of the present "ten" and "eleven."

An unselfish man, Pitman sacrificed profit to logic in his publications. When he made changes in his shorthand system he scrapped everything already printed to advance his ideals.

In 1875 a Japanese deputation to Europe, sent to acquire Western knowledge, visited him at Bath. Its members favoured a scheme to adopt English as the Japanese tongue with phonetic spelling and a reformed grammar. Thereunder "good, better, best" would have been straightened into "good, gooder, goodest," and everything irregular was to be regularized. They took from Pitman founts of his new type. His paper, however, pathetically recorded that their vessel of hope foundered in sight of Japanese shores.

When I was twenty, I paid a visit of homage to Bath. In 1877 I revised Pitman's *Shorthand Teacher*—his first elementary book. Most of my "outlines" and proposals were accepted by him and embodied in a new edition.

When he was knighted (the Copyright Act had not then been amended) I advised Sir Isaac to promote a private Bill to lengthen the period of his copyright in order to preserve his system from innovators or pirates after his death, telling him the House of Commons was sympathetic. He replied that there was no urgency,

as he was only eighty, and intended to live to a hundred or thereabouts. A year or two afterwards he died.

Pitman was a vegetarian, a total abstainer, an anti-tobacconist, a Swedenborgian, and anti-vaccinationist. He was a correspondent of Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, and friendly to the Irish cause. I took shorthand lessons in 1872 in Manchester from his brother Henry—a charming and handsome personality. Another brother, Benn, published changes in Isaac's sytem in America which its inventor resented.

Esteem for Pitman will grow amongst thinkers of future generations. German youth (thanks to a phonetically-spelt tongue) learn to read in three months, and can thus devote the rest of their school years to purposeful use. English-speaking children, after three years at school, fail to read correctly a printed page.

Objections to the reform of English and Gaelic spelling on etymological grounds infest both islands. After fifty years' consideration, although linotype, the typewriter, and the Morse code have standardized what is dubbed "orthography," I feel that these inventions supply no answer to the truth that children taught phonetically acquire the power to read the old notation years sooner than they otherwise would.

The effect of phonetic change on the French in Canada and the Dutch in South Africa needs no stressing. I once proposed to debate the waste of school years in the House of Commons, but Pitman feared the "reform" if advocated by an Irish Nationalist might be prejudiced.

President Roosevelt rushed the question in America and caused official documents to be printed phonetically. This was not the way to bring about reform. His principles were sound, but reform must begin in schools as a labour-saving device.

In 1906, when the New York Press visited him at Oyster Bay, their yacht's sail was daubed with the satire, "Pres Bot"!

In the three years of the Gladstone-Rosebery administration, when a majority of forty was seldom mustered, the Redmondites boasted continually that, although only nine strong, they could reduce the majority to twenty. A cant phrase of theirs was, that each vote "counted two on a division." This was prettily availed of by Richard Adams, Q.C., at the Cork Assizes in 1893 in a libel action in which he appeared for Redmond's paper against Alderman Condon, M.P., Mayor of Clonmel. The Mayor's speech in returning thanks after presiding at a municipal poll was reported with the insertion of "hiccough" after each sentence—a disgraceful innuendo. At the trial Condon, a big, genial, likeable fellow, never

given to excess, owned that from 8 a.m., when the poll opened, till its close at 8 p.m., he had partaken of four glasses of whisky, mostly at lunch and dinner time.

Adams, gloating over this admission, affected horror, and apostrophized the jury, "Four glasses, gentlemen! Eight half-glasses—counting sixteen on a division in his stomach!"

Adams jested endlessly, but with a spice of malice. Told that a prominent ex-M.P., who accepted a municipal office in Dublin, would become henceforth "an extinct volcano," he said, "No, an extinct fusee!"

Of a colleague on whose orthodoxy he cast doubt he cried, "That man got baptism and vaccination on the same day, and neither 'took.'"

When acting as Barrister to revise the voters' lists in Dublin, his delight was to pillory any friends who appeared as claimants. He affected not to know them. The chief reporter of the *Freeman*, a wonderful old man named McWeeney, came up, and Adams pretended to disbelieve everything he swore.

"Who are you, sir?" said he sternly. "Are you of age?" (McWeeney was over sixty.) He answered, "Oh, yes, yes." Richard said, "Well, tradition is that in 1798 you were flogged in the Riding School by Major Sirr. You have no other qualifications for the franchise, but having suffered for your country your vote is allowed." When adjourning for lunch, he turned to my brother, saying, "Mr. Healy, could you lend the Court a bob?"

I used to drop into his house at midnight occasionally. Once his wife, hearing a hum of conversation, called down, "Who's there, Richard? Why don't you come up?"

He replied, "A civil engineer, my dear, is with me. We are holding a consultation in a building case for to-morrow." I protested, lest she might appear. "Oh, what matter," he laughed, "my wife has caught me out in whole regiments of lies!"

She wished to go with him to London in 1892, after the Liberals came in, but he said it could not be, as he was going to stay at "Morley's Hotel." There, he told her, ladies were not admitted. To this she replied, "Well, let's go to another hotel." "My dear," he protested, "do you think I could forsake John Morley's hotel?" The hotel had no connection with Morley, but Morley had become Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Dick wished to convey that his promotion might be imperilled if he did not stay at his supposed hotel.

That Christmas, when his wife aroused him for last Mass, he refused to get up, as it was wintry and he had a cold. She rigor-

ously threw open the windows and pulled off the bedclothes. Quizzically came his reproach, " Woman ! I never interfere with your religion, why should you interfere with mine ? " (Both were Catholics.)

Wilkinson, of the *Manchester Guardian*, said of Mrs. Adams that her Cork accent was so pretty he could listen to it all day long.

They lived in Mountjoy Square, where the residents pay a frontage-rent entitling them to entry to the gardens on which their houses look out—the money being spent solely on flowers and shrubs. The Chairman of the Square Committee, Baron Dowse, a famous wit, wrote Adams for payment of the Square tax. Dick had been a colleague of William O'Brien, M.P., on the *Freeman* in former years, but cherished no love for him. O'Brien was in prison, and had suffered indignity for refusing to wear convict clothes. So Adams replied to Dowse :

DEAR BARON,—

How can you expect me to pay this iniquitous British Square tax while that pure-souled patriot, William O'Brien, languishes in Tullamore Jail ?

Adams was no admirer of the Chief Justice, Lord O'Brien. He refused some " motion " of his, and Adams returned to the Law Library kindling with indignation. Juniors gathered round to hear his quips like bees seeking honey. Thrusting one leg on a chair, Adams soliloquized.

" The new Oxford dictionary will, it is said, contain 120,000 words. This is a great advance on Webster or Sheridan, and still more on Dr. Johnson, whose compilations hardly contain 30,000 words." No smile lit his face as he proceeded : " Shakespeare uses hardly more than 15,000 words, the Bible somewhat less. The vocabulary of the most educated speakers in England does not exceed 10,000 words. The Irish peasant probably commands 4,000 words ; the English labourer not a thousand. The Kaffir in an African kraal has a mastery of 500 words ; Lobengula probably 600. The most degraded Australian aborigine has only 100 words —the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland fifty words ! "

This sally was, of course, conveyed to the Chief Justice, but Dick did not care. He followed Lord O'Brien to Homburg when King Edward was there. On his return a delighted auditory learned that His Majesty received the Irish Chief Justice with his accustomed bonhomie. Adams added this invention, that when Lord O'Brien left the presence, the King turned to an aide-de-camp, saying, " O'Brien, O'Brien, who is he ? Was not there something about his breeches ? "

Only Dick could have fashioned that double-edged barb.

After he was made County Court Judge of Limerick he told me that a suitor, against whom he had decided, met him on a country road, when Adams said, "If you knew I was coming this way, I suppose you would have had me pelted with rotten eggs?"

The reply (in the Anglo-Irish idiom) came, "There's not a hen in Ireland would lay an egg to be flung at your Honour!"

In 1895 a vacancy in the Irish bench befell, on the death of Judge Monroe of the Landed Estates Court. He was ill nearly twelve months, but his friends would not allow him to resign until the Tories came back to office, in order to keep out the Liberal Attorney-General (McDermott).

Taxing-Master Coffey, originally a pillar of Whiggery, and registration agent for the Irish Liberal Party, had found salvation in Unionism. His son-in-law, the late William Kenny, Q.C., M.P., was naturally ambitious of the judgeship. John Ross, afterwards Sir John Ross (last of the Irish Chancellors), was given the appointment, and Master Coffey expressed his indignation to Adams. "Oh," Dick replied, "how could the Government appoint your son-in-law to the Landed Estates Court?" "Why not?" grumbled Coffey. "The landlords would never tolerate it," laughed Adams. "Nonsense," said Coffey. "Well," Dick replied, "do you think the Irish gentry would allow their estates to be turned into a 'coffee plantation'?"

William Kenny, on reaching the Bench, made an excellent Judge, and was scrupulously fair. At first he could not get rid of his Bar dislikes. Who can? Thomas O'Shaughnessy, afterwards Judge, who held a brief in nearly every case at *Nisi Prius*, in an action in which we were opposed, found that Kenny was "down" on both of us. As, however, O'Shaughnessy was appearing for Coastguards, who were Crown servants, the Judge charged in his favour and secured him a verdict.

O'Shaughnessy was not conciliated, and next day he and I were together before the late Judge Madden for a firm of undertakers with an Italian name. Determined to "get some of his own back" against Kenny, he descanted on the antiquity of his clients as carriage proprietors and "jobmasters," and told the jury that he was old enough to remember a scurrilous paragraph in the *Evening Mail* wherein an announcement appeared that his clients had been appointed "jobmasters to the Castle." To this, he said, with affected horror, the *Mail* appended the footnote, "What will become of Master Coffey?"

Judge Madden rolled in his chair at the drollery.

Kenny's " edge " against me was more than justifiable. Politics ran high in 1892 when he was elected to Parliament. The incoming Liberal Government had released prisoners connected with the murder of Inspector Martin in Donegal, and Kenny questioned Morley as to the grounds for this clemency. Morley pompously told the House, " I released them after consultation with the Lord High Chancellor of England and the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland." Kenny aptly inquired, " But did the right hon. gentleman act on settled practice by consulting the learned judge who tried the prisoners, Mr. Justice Gibson ? "

Morley coloured, and showed that he felt " caught out." Seeing his confusion I interposed to create a diversion, and asked, " Has the right hon. gentleman also failed to consult another legal luminary, Master Coffey ? "

Kenny turned white, and in the gusts of laughter that followed, the Speaker called on the next question, and Kenny's interrogatory was never answered. We were " out for scalps " in those days.

When I got back to the Four Courts later on, Walker, Lord Chancellor, passing through the colonnades in the dusk, squeezed my hand but said nothing.

Judge Kenny was an ornament to the Bench and always strove to be impartial. A jury over which he presided in Cork disagreed on the trial of an American ex-soldier named Cadogan for the murder in Bantry of a land agent named Bird. There was a doubt, yet the Crown prosecutors, George Wright, a Tory (afterwards Judge), and R. Barry (afterwards Liberal Lord Chancellor), joined in framing a telegram to the Attorney-General in London (now Lord Atkinson) : " Disagreement, after putrid charge by Kenny."

Before the message was sent off " putrid " was changed to " weak." At the next Assizes Cadogan was convicted before another judge, and hanged.

Sir John Ross tells that in Ireland it required " no ability to act as a judge, but great ability to get appointed to a judgeship ! "

A barrister from India, suffering from sunstroke, pestered the Dublin tribunals in those days, and a doctor was brought to listen to his mouthings so that he might be certified insane. A Bar jest became current that the doctor agreed to certify two of the judges to be " cracked," but was not so certain as to the barrister.

A Lord Chancellor of England before the Treaty of 1921 declared to me that he told the Prime Minister the recruitment of the Irish Bench was " a disgrace to the Empire." Here I must go back.

In 1894 the Liberals brought in an Evicted Tenants Bill, which was fought hotly by the Opposition. Chamberlain, on the 27th

July, 1894, reproached me, saying, "The hon. and learned member for Louth, who seems to direct the proceedings—he directs the Government, and he would like very much to direct us."

Mr. Healy: "The day is gone by, when I used to."

Mr. Chamberlain: "I can remember the time when the hon. and learned gentleman was in very different relations, and when he was a suppliant for favours, but I do not think that this is relevant to the amendment."

It then struck me that in '82, the night before the introduction of the Land Bill drafted in Kilmainham, Captain O'Shea came and pressed me to see Chamberlain. I consented; and this incident was all that Mr. Chamberlain, twelve years later, could furnish in justification of his phrase, "a suppliant for favours." I left the Chamber to address him this letter:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
27th July, 1894.

SIR,—

You have just stated across the House that you could name the day when I was "a suppliant for favours." I shall thank you to name the day and the favours, and shall publish this letter and your reply, as it would not be in order in the debate now proceeding to discuss the question.

He replied:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 27th, '94.

SIR,—

In reply to your enquiry, I have to say that I was thinking of the time when you asked for an interview through Captain O'Shea. I think you referred to this interview yourself the other night, otherwise I should have considered it as confidential.

Yours faithfully,
J. CHAMBERLAIN.

I answered:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
27th July, 1894.

SIR,—

I never asked for an interview with you through Captain O'Shea or anyone else. Captain O'Shea came to me one night, and pressed me to see you, the day before the Land Bill drafted in Kilmainham was introduced. I consented, but I am not aware how this is being "a suppliant for favours."

I consider your remark meant that I asked you, or the then Government, for something generally coming under the denomination of "favours"—substantially so-called. If you withdraw that meaning to the phrase, in the House, I shall be content to let the matter rest there, as you regard my having met you in '82 as confidential.

Chamberlain replied:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 27, '94.

SIR,—

In answer to your statement, I can only say that I was told that you had asked for the interview. As, however, it is evident that you have misunderstood my meaning, I need not say more in reference to this matter.

You will bear in mind that you spoke in the House of "the day when I directed you."

In contrast to this, I spoke of "the day when you asked for favours," but did not intend to suggest favours the acceptance of which would be in any way dishonourable.

If you think that my words are likely to be misconstrued, I should be pleased to make this explanation either in the House or by letter for publication.

Yours faithfully,
J. CHAMBERLAIN.

I answered:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
27*th July*, 1894.

SIR,—

My remark, of which you complain, no doubt deserved a retort, but the charge of being "a suppliant for favours" is a direct insult, not a mere "retort."

You admit it is entirely groundless, and I should therefore be glad to end the matter, if you would take either of the courses you indicate, and thank you for suggesting that the interpretation suggested should be removed.

If he had reflected for a moment he would have recalled that the Kilmainham business was a device of Parnell, chiefly moved by the wish to get back to Mrs. O'Shea at once. So Chamberlain asked leave to make a "personal explanation," and said that he did not intend to impute to me that I would have accepted favours which it would be dishonourable to receive, and concluded: "I will only add that although he and myself have been bitterly opposed to each other, I never thought of attributing to him anything of a dishonourable character." He was evidently misled by Captain O'Shea in 1882 into supposing that I sought the interview which then took place. O'Shea assured me Chamberlain wished to see me, and that Parnell (in Kilmainham) desired me to go to him. In 1894 he was discussing an amendment which proposed to exclude from the Evicted Tenants Bill refugees who had gone abroad. Hansard reports my reply, which drew praise from Chamberlain, Morley, and Balfour. I said:

"I invite the Committee to pause in dealing with the question of absenteeism. That is a large question and affects landlords as well as tenants. . . . A man can now be conveyed from Queenstown to New York for 38*s*. This is a recent reduction of the rate. Years ago the fare to Boston was £3, and it was a constant thing

throughout Co. Donegal for large squads of poor men to cross the Atlantic after the harvest to earn enough to pay their rent, and return.

"What was the case with the evicted Olphert tenants? They lived in miserable shielings, places where no humane Englishman would put his dogs. I have seen a woman and three children issue from a den not two yards square, into which the rain dripped through the sods that formed the rough roof. The House is dealing with matters which touched the very heart-strings of the Irish people. The question of exile as well as of eviction is involved in those cases. Yet the right hon. member for Birmingham has nothing but gibes about 'Tammany Hall' and the 'City Marshalship of Dublin.' I invite English gentlemen to consider this matter carefully. Long ago because your fathers had suits of mail and muskets, and our fathers had only skians and saffron shirts, you are now the landlords and we the tenants.

"The English had no better title to Ireland than that they were better armed some hundreds of years ago than we were. The men who had been cleared out of their farms had gone to the only country which gave them 'food and freedom and blessing,' as John Bright said. To-day Birmingham casts back the blessings of John Bright; and when Parliament for the first time offered to Irishmen decent consideration and a decent tribunal, the Member for West Birmingham would shut out the exiles whom their laws had driven from their native soil."

A Select Committee to consider amendments to the Land Acts was then sitting, and I later on wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
9th August, 1894.

Morley asked me to sketch the Land Report for him, and I got as far as enclosed, which he got printed, and gave me to-night after the third reading of the Evicted Tenants Bill. Look it over and return it with any suggestions you may have, correcting it fearlessly. Hack it any way you like, but I must have it by Friday, as it must be circulated on Monday.

LONDON,
12th August, 1894.

I have adopted your suggestion about the Land Report. I have also given the parliamentary history of the "Healy Clause," which Morley thinks valuable.

Last night I was at Morley's house from 6 till 11 p.m., and he adopted everything I proposed. . . .

The Report is the worst blow the landlords have got since 1881, and they are sure to scream. As a *bonne bouche* for Ulster I have recommended that the "Ulster custom" should be deemed to apply to every tenancy in that Province until the contrary is proved!

CHAPTER XXXII

Rosebery Government Defeated

ON the 14th August, 1894, the Lords rejected the Evicted Tenants Bill by 249 votes to 30. The Redmondites gave no help during the struggle, and flew the "Jolly Roger."

An incident followed, to explain which it is necessary to go back a few years. In 1891, while the Tories were in office, I persuaded the Irish Attorney-General, Madden, when sitting on a Committee on Statute Law Reform, that we should be advised by an Irish lawyer as to repeals. Reformers of English statutes, like the late George Howell, a Labour M.P., were prepared to repeal Magna Charta as "spent," disregarding historic interests. It was on this Select Committee I first met Mr. Asquith and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, then young men. A proposal to repeal an Act making the salary of the Lord Chief Justice of England a first charge on the Consolidated Fund aroused Asquith's demur. He inquired why, if the Judge had an existing right, it should be extinguished? So the repeal was abandoned.

Next year the Attorney-General appointed an Irish barrister for revision work. A son of a late judge, Mr. Lawson, in 1892, repealed as obsolete the "New Rules of Charles I," which conferred on tradesmen or artificers inhabiting Galway the parliamentary franchise on taking "the necessary oath as freemen."

Parnellite tradesmen in hundreds claimed votes under the "new rules" in 1893, and the Revising Barrister, unaware of the repeal, admitted them to the franchise. Their votes would have swamped the Nationalists, and an appeal was lodged, as the "necessary oath" was a mystery and had not been taken. The Court in Dublin occupied itself for a week discussing the question what the "necessary oath" was. I argued that it must be an oath which in that epoch no Catholic "tradesman or artificer" could take, and the decision went against the claimants.

Lawson, who had caused the repeal, was the Court reporter in Voters' Registration cases, but sat mute as to the repeal, while days were taken up in argument. Afterwards, seeing his mistake, he in 1894 introduced into the Statute Law Revision Bill a clause

to repeal his own "repeal." The Liberals had meanwhile come into office, and my watchful brother lit on his proposal. The seat for Galway was at stake, as our majority was gone if the new "freemen" were admitted.

By coaxing Morley, he persuaded the English Attorney-General, Rigby, to jettison Lawson's clause, yet Rigby fumed at our objecting to a "routine Bill." So disturbed was he by our expostulations that, during the debates on the Home Rule Bill on a point about "rivers above bridge," he dropped his pipe from his pocket amidst the laughter of the House. Still, we got him round, and Lawson's clause was omitted.

Rigby was a deeply read lawyer, and to him was due the declaration that a right of way across the Thames at Marlow by ferry exists.

A college at Oxford had sold part of its estate on the river to the Soap King, Hudson, who refused to maintain the ferry. Viscount Devonport challenged the stoppage, and the Lord Chancellor (Halsbury) specially sat in the Court of Appeal to decide the question. His colleagues were Henn Collins and A. L. Smith, who, being doubtful, agreed to consult Lord Justice Rigby, an old Thames oarsman. He advised them to maintain the right of way. The Law Reports have no record of this decision.

As to Morley's Select Committee, I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
15th August, 1894.

The Galway seat is safe. . . .

On the Land Report the McDermott cut down our recommendation, so that it is not as good as it should be. However, the disappearance of the Tories from the Committee will enable us to amend it. Morley imported something ridiculous into the "Town Parks" paragraph. I struck it out on his proof, only to find that he had not made the correction in that and other instances.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
17th August, 1894.

At the Land Committee to-day Sexton proposed putting "occupation right" in the forefront. It reminded me of the boy in the fable who strove to grasp all the nuts in the jar.

Rosebery's speech on Tuesday disgusted me. Insincerity, predominant partner, etc. Sexton, when I mentioned this, thought it a very good speech.

O'Brien, back from Armagh, says what is wanted is a thorough-going English agitation against the Lords. Only for our vote to-night I don't think the Government would do anything against the Lords, but we have quickened the pace. We were near beating them.

I am pressed by Barry and others to go to the Wexford meeting on Sunday week.

Last night Rigby struck out the Lawson section from the Statute Law Revision Bill.

Arnold Forster came gushing to me a few days ago about a speech I made on the Evicted Tenants Bill, and praised it as if he were an advanced Nationalist!

Morley told me that Colonel Saunderson's wife (daughter of Lord Ventry) said to him her heart warmed when she heard me speak about Ireland.

What odd people we have against us!

Mrs. Saunderson survived her husband. Her son, in January, 1926, brought her remains from England for burial in Cavan, within the Irish Free State.

On Morley's Committee Carson made the only mistake in his career. Morley had the assistance of Sir Robert Reid, the English Solicitor-General, who was friendly to us. Reid had been one of the counsel for the traversers before *The Times* Forgery Commission, and usually recommended Morley to accept proposals favourable to the tenants. Carson, according to my recollection (without reference to records), felt so outraged that he withdrew from the Committee and took with him the entire Conservative representation. He calculated that the House of Lords would reject any Bill based on Morley's proposals. Events, however, did not work out as he expected. The report was unanimously framed, and when the Conservatives came in the following year it became the basis of a Tory measure of land reform. Gerald Balfour piloted it and the House of Lords could not reject it. Thus the main recommendations of Morley's committee became law. Carson, who was not then in office, opposed the subsequent Tory measure without avail.

In 1895, the last year of Lord Rosebery's administration, I piloted to second reading an Irish Municipal Franchise Bill which applied the borough suffrage of England to Ireland.

Frank Lockwood was then Solicitor-General. A dashing and gallant figure, tall and ruddy, with wit and power of advocacy, as well as good looks to advance him, he sketched continually on scraps of paper with a marvellous pencil. Being a Yorkshireman he united the best qualities of the Irish and the Scotch.

His friendship for Ireland was constant. My Franchise Bill was sent to a Grand Committee, and Lockwood came to me on the morning the Committee was to meet, saying that Lord Rosebery requested him to watch its passage on behalf of the Government.

"Of course," he said, "you will accept amendments such as those of Kenny, Ross, and Barton?" (Three Tory M.P.'s who afterwards became judges.) I explained that if the Bill could go through Grand Committee without amendment the Report stage would be dispensed with, and it would secure the first Wednesday after

Whitsuntide for third reading, so that its passage would be assured.

Lockwood opened his eyes. A quotation of mine captured him, "Don't you remember that Henri Murger declared in *La Vie de Bohéme*, 'the first duty of wine is to be red'? Well, the first duty of my Bill is to be read a third time." "Ah," said Frank, "I see, 'not an inch of our territory, not a stone of our fortresses,'" recalling Jules Favre to Bismarck in 1871. There were three misprints in the Bill which opponents could have fastened on to engraft amendments and kill the measure, but they never hit them.

So it got through Committee, and was set down for Third Reading. I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
2nd June, 1895.

The Tories are making efforts against my Franchise Bill by recommittal. A ferment has been stirred up against it by John Ross. Morley is weak, and there is no saying what he will do. The Duke of Norfolk has promised help in the Lords, but there they are certain to slaughter it by unacceptable amendments.

Morley's conduct about our "County Council Bill" was extraordinary. Dr. Fox complained that he could get no draft from the Party Committee, and begged me to draw the Bill. Having no time to draft three hundred clauses, and hoping we could get Morley to assent to railroad it through Grand Committee (as we did the Franchise Bill), and send it to the Lords, I selected the method embodied in the Bill sent you. It was shown to Sexton by Dr. Fox before the Wednesday on which it was to be debated. Sexton showed it to Dillon. Neither made any objection. Accordingly the Bill was printed and issued. I heard no more of it until Tuesday, when Curran told me the Liberal Whip remarked to him that Morley would be very glad if the "Derby" race adjournment was voted for by our men. I thought this strange, and sent a message to Morley.

Evidently he had been seen by T. W. Russell and Balfour, and chaffed by them, and got scared about accepting the Bill. Later, Justin informed me that the Government would not vote for it. He did not say why, nor did I know, so I requested him to come with me to Morley. He declined, and I asked him to call a meeting of the Party, saying I would never again support the Government if they flouted us. Knox arrived then, and I requested him to see Morley with me.

Tom Ellis and Shaw Lefevre were with Morley, whose door was open. Ellis left and Morley motioned to Shaw Lefevre to excuse him a moment while he spoke to "these gentlemen." I said: "Is it true, Mr. Morley, that you will not support our Bill to-morrow?" "Quite true. I certainly shall not support such a Bill." "Is that your determination?" said I.

"Decidedly," said he, drawing himself up in his grandest style. "Then," said I, turning on my heel, "you cannot expect us to support your Party." "Very good," said he, as we left the room.

Harcourt was in the passage and stopped us, seeing something was up, and we told him that we would not further support the Government if they

persisted in this intention. I got out a requisition and presented it to Justin asking for a meeting of the Party, and he ordered one for 9 p.m. Meanwhile Harcourt sent for me and said Morley was leaving for Newcastle, but that Shaw Lefevre would represent him, and that the Government would vote for the Bill, while declining to accept the method of reference to the Lord-Lieutenant.

I said that was satisfactory, but that this was not the message delivered to us. When the Party met at 9 p.m. I stated what had occurred.

About 11 p.m. a division came, and the gentlemen in Room 15 trooped down, having been sitting, as Knox informed me, debating a resolution to withdraw the Bill on the ground that it was "unsatisfactory."

This point had been started by the "bounders" in my absence, enraged at the triumph I had over Morley. I went back and heard Blake make a strange speech, winding up with a declaration that the Bill was a "gross attempt to palm off a measure which would have been rejected with indignation if proposed by Balfour." I got up and tore the flesh off his bones, and frightened the "bounders."

Thereupon T.P. proposed an amendment to the resolution withdrawing the Bill, to the effect that it would be proceeded with, but that every member was at liberty to criticize its details. Our followers voted against this, but I and others declined to vote, with the result that it was carried by two votes!

Next day the debate on the second reading showed their folly. I had left the room with the feeling that their incompetence made the condition of the Party hopeless. Amidst this despondency Arthur O'Connor came to me and said the occasion was the greatest triumph I ever had. As he is a man who never paid me a compliment, I suppose I scored.

One of their objections, forsooth, was that the powers of "Presentment Sessions" were to be abolished.

Three years later, although the "portmanteau" drafting of Fox's County Council Bill was hurried, it served to guide Tory Ministers in the enactment of the Irish Local Government Act, 1898. That measure transferred Grand Jury administration to Councils elected by the people. The insight of Gerald Balfour discerned that a Bill which the Liberals and their Irish allies viewed askance could never pass if loaded with innumerable clauses. It, therefore, authorized the Viceroy to apply or adapt by Order in Council statutes already passed for England. But for this device endless opportunities for cavil and obstruction would have been afforded.

I got the Municipal Franchise Bill through the Commons, but Arthur Balfour on the Third Reading humorously asked if we claimed "verbal inspiration" for it! The Lords passed the second reading, but threatened amendments.

About this time Oscar Wilde's first trial took place. The jury disagreed, and I begged Lockwood not to put him "on his country" again. "Ah," he sighed, "I would not but for the abominable rumours against——" I did not know Wilde, but in

1869 was a patient of his father, Sir William, a marvellous surgeon at eye and ear work in Dublin. He removed a squint from the eye of a British Princess in the 'sixties, when no one else would attempt the operation.

An archæologist of note, he published a book entitled *Lough Corrib: Its Shores and Islands, with Notices of Lough Mask.* His wife Ireland venerated. She was a Miss Elgee of Wexford before marriage, and in 1848 contributed to the *Nation* (conducted by Gavan Duffy) fiery articles and poems. The *Nation* was suppressed by Lord Clarendon, then Viceroy, because of an article of hers, *Jacta alea est* (The die is cast). T. D. Sullivan, in 1871, when about to republish it in the *Irish Penny Readings*, sent her a proof for correction. She returned it unread, with a note saying, "I cannot tread the ashes of that once glowing past."

Lady Wilde used to hold a *salon* in Belgravia, where in broad daylight blinds were drawn, shutters closed, candles lit, and she sat enthroned in artificial splendour to receive her guests.

I asked Lockwood not to prosecute her son again because I wished the mother should be spared further agony. My appeal was in vain, and Wilde was convicted at the second trial. Two of his plays were running in London when he was sentenced. The author's name was withdrawn from the placards.

When Lord Russell died, Lockwood came to me to mourn. The two lawyers were linked by many ties. Russell was Lockwood's leader at *The Times* Commission, and had sat at The Hague Tribunal before which Lockwood argued in the dispute with Venezuela. There the British claim depended on the capture of Guiana from the Dutch, but the Venezuelans maintained that the disputed area was originally Spanish, and could not have accrued to Britain by conquest from Holland.

Lord Salisbury had issued an ultimatum to Venezuela which provoked the United States to intervene. A tribunal to compose the dispute was arranged, and the Venezuelan Government employed as counsel at The Hague Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States, whose fee, I think, was £20,000. England was represented by Sir Frank Lockwood, Sir Robert Reid (afterwards Lord Loreburn), and Sir Richard Webster, ex-Attorney-General (subsequently Lord Alverstone).

The territory was ill-defined by maps, and Benjamin Harrison, to get evidence, went to Spain to visit the Jesuit monasteries. There he came on letters from the Carib coast (claimed by England) which were sent by Spanish missionaries to their Mother-house. The Caribs were a ferocious tribe, and Harrison produced to the

Tribunal copies of these letters which created intense interest. Lockwood told me they were couched in strains like this :

REVEREND FATHER,—

We grieve to tell you that Padre —— when attempting to minister to the Caribs yesterday, was deprived of his legs and arms, and has only a few hours to live. Send us at once another priest to take his place.

Your brother in J.C.

Letter after letter of the same import was read by Harrison with dramatic skill. Each showed that the Carib soil was not colonized by Dutch Protestants, but by Spanish Catholics.

As he reached the last despatch depicting the tortured martyrdom of a priest, he fastened his gaze on Russell, murmuring in a broken voice a thrilling but simple peroration : " Thus unflinchingly the soldiers of the Cross went forward on their mission, regardless of suffering, mutilation, or death. Were they Spanish Catholics or Dutch Calvinists ? " Lockwood said to me : " I saw tears streaming down Russell's cheeks, and felt that England's claim to a territory depending on a Dutch pedigree was no more."

Thirty years later an Irish administrator of what is indisputably British Guiana (Sir Joseph Nunan) was commended by the Colonial Office (1925) for suggesting the importation of Hindus to colonize its empty expanses.

Russell, however, was not always open to reason. A colleague of ours, P. A. Chance, an earnest parliamentarian, interested himself, while Russell was Attorney-General, in the Behring Sea Fisheries Bill, and objected to one of its clauses on the ground of an error in latitude or longitude. Russell replied testily, pouring scorn on the ignorance of a Dublin solicitor.

Sir Richard Webster, ex-Attorney-General, sat listening, and rose to say that Chance was right, and Russell wrong, adding that it was not possible the Bill should go through with such a blot. Russell then accepted Chance's amendment.

One dull Wednesday (then a private members' day) Russell came into the news-room of the House of Commons, occupied only by myself and an old Tory member. He tore down from the racks newspaper after newspaper, and then fiercely exclaimed, " Damn it ! Isn't there anything here to tell me what has won the Cambridgeshire ? "

He once won the Oaks with a mare which was not entered in his name, and Labouchere said the bookmakers paid him by deducting his more ancient liabilities from his bets. According to Labby, on the day of Russell's triumph over Pigott he went

to a betting house which was raided by the police and only escaped by climbing down the rainspout.

A snap division on "cordite" brought down the Rosebery Government in June, 1895, and installed Lord Salisbury as Premier. Gerald Balfour became Chief Secretary for Ireland in succession to Morley.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
4th June, 1895.

I telegraphed J. E. O'Doherty yesterday to ask would he take the Bill with a £4 franchise, and he replied, "Take what you can get." Therefore, as the Bill is largely one which concerns Derry, and as the £4 franchise would be harmless in Sligo, Limerick, Cork, Dublin, Drogheda, Wexford, Clonmel, I think it better, for the sake of getting the machinery of revision, that it should be passed. We shall have to take whatever the Lords offer us.

Ulster priests have been pressing the Cardinal to become a kind of umpire between the "bounders" and ourselves. Canon Coyne has gone to Carlingford to see His Eminence, and ask him would he assemble his episcopal colleagues. William Murphy opposes anything of the kind. Yet we have few candidates, and have been caught at a great disadvantage by the suddenness of the Dissolution. Murphy says they will "knife" you in Cork, and that you are a fool to stand there.

The Irish "leaders" then connived at the shelving of the Franchise Bill by the Lords, though a threat to block the business of the incoming Ministry before the elections would have saved it. Instead of threatening, they promised to give Government business a free passage in the Commons, and the writs were soon out for the General Election. This was done to prevent my having the credit of making the Irish Municipal Franchise the same as that of England.

During the elections M.P.'s sharing my opinions were opposed and several were ousted. The cause of difference between us and the "leaders" was that, in private councils, we resisted the policy acquiesced in by the majority of the Party after Mr. Gladstone's resignation. I resented Lord Rosebery's speech on becoming Prime Minister (12th March, 1894) with its pallid allusions to Home Rule and the enunciation of the doctrine of the "predominant partner." Besides, Sir William Harcourt's Budget increased taxation on Irish products, and imposed death duties which clapped another half-million a year on Ireland without any political gain accruing beyond the gift of small jobs to the relatives of some M.P.'s.

As the Party perished in 1918, other things which helped to destroy it may be glanced at. To explain the uprise of the Sinn Fein movement, it should be stated that the Party treasurer, the

late J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P., Secretary to the Parliamentary Committee, issued a circular on the 22nd August, 1894, appealing to the Rosebery administration for subscriptions to maintain Irish members.

A protest against my supposed acquiescence in this reached me from B. Molloy, M.P., and in the *Freeman* of Monday, 3rd September, 1894, I published a disclaimer:

The *Freeman* wrote:

> Mr. Gladstone's money is as welcome and as lucky in the National Treasury as Mr. Cecil Rhodes's.

J. F. X. O'Brien three times publicly denied that he issued the circular. This misled Messrs. Dillon, William O'Brien and Davitt into confirmations of his denials. Wm. O'Brien, indeed, scouted the possibility that any of his colleagues "had behind his back been guilty of such incredible baseness." Yet the "baseness" had taken place.

Previous to this, Sexton had moved in the House of Commons "that it was a gross and scandalous breach of privilege" to allege that the Irish Party received money from the Liberals. Gladstone was then Prime Minister, and Sexton declared, "Neither to the Government of this country, nor to any rich partisan, has any member of this Party ever been indebted for one penny, *nor ever will be.*"

On the 10th September, 1894, J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P., telegraphed from Dover to the *Freeman*:

> Notwithstanding clear explanation in last Thursday's *Freeman* of origin of circular under heading "Mr. Gladstone's Cheque," Mr. T. D. Sullivan, in Friday's issue, includes "two or three of our members" among those who have "done the mischief." Though circular was issued in my name neither I nor any other member of our Party had anything to do with drafting, signing or distributing it. Mr. Sullivan's statement, therefore, is entirely unfounded.

Yet after a statement so emphatic he next wrote to the *Freeman* humbly confessing that he not only signed it, but corrected the draft, or proof. To cloak this disaster, Justin McCarthy was prevailed on to summon his colleagues to meet in Dublin on 12th November, 1894, and they by majority declared that the circular was "the blunder of a clerk." It was further resolved that no M.P. should contradict this taradiddle, or even discuss it.

Prior to the "incredible baseness" of the circular, a still more incredible transaction took place. On the 19th June, 1894, the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., who had been Liberal leader in Canada, was instructed by the Committee of the Party (in my

absence and without my knowledge) to write to the Ulster adviser of the Rosebery Government, T. A. Dickson, M.P., P.C., agreeing to make over four Northern seats to the Liberals, although in N. Tyrone and Fermanagh a Nationalist majority existed. Blake's letter set forth:

> We are unable this year to recommend to the executive a subvention towards the registration expenses in North Tyrone, South Tyrone, North Derry and South Derry, in which Divisions, it is understood that Liberal Home Rulers (not members of the Irish Nationalist Party) shall be candidates.
>
> It is understood that a large amount of the preliminary work of registration was borne by the branches of the Home Rule Federation last year, and that the remainder was done under arrangements made, and funds provided by your good offices. The Committee, being unable to recommend funds for this purpose, requested me to see Mr. Ellis [Liberal Whip] to explain the situation to him, and I pointed out the importance to the Liberals, as well as to ourselves, of their fighting the four seats, and the appropriateness of his making provision for the payment of, say, £200 in addition to any other provision contemplated in this regard, so as to fill up the deficit occasioned by our inability to contribute any money to registration work in these Divisions.
>
> I saw Mr. Ellis accordingly, and stated the case to him. He expressed his goodwill and his anxiety to meet, as far as possible, our view, and promised to consider the matter fully, and he asked me when writing to you to say that he would be glad to hear from you fully as to the registration expenses in these four Divisions, and that he would await your letter before further consultation. May I, therefore, express the hope that you will write to me without delay?
>
> If the suggested arrangement is carried out, then, apart from the voluntary work to be done by the local branches, the expense of the register in these four Divisions will be borne by the Liberals, and the Divisions, of course, would be treated as Liberal Home Rule, but not "Nationalist" Divisions—the Nationalists doing all in their power to second the efforts of the Liberals to secure the seats.
>
> Any Committee or organization for the management of affairs in these Divisions would naturally be formed locally under the inspiration of yourself and the leading local Liberals, with due regard to the interest of keeping all elements united.

This arrangement was kept secret from me, although I was a member of the Committee, while Dickson was not. In 1885, Parnell had reproached me for not contesting North Tyrone. I therefore more keenly resented the trading away of the seat behind my back to people who deserved little from us.

At the N. Tyrone Convention in Omagh in 1895 I objected to the seat being allotted to a Liberal placeman. This was dubbed by the *Freeman* "The Omagh scandal."

A satirical comment in Arthur Griffith's paper appeared:

THE PLACE-HUNTERS' PARADISE.

We have searched back the records of Irish constituencies for fifty years—exclusive of Trinity College—and we find there is none to equal North Tyrone as a place-hunters' paradise. Every candidate who contested that constituency, successfully or unsuccessfully, for twenty-five years past has been rewarded with a place by the British Government. . . .

No constituency in Ireland—save Trinity College—holds or has ever held such a record as North Tyrone. To sit for North Tyrone is equivalent to an income of at least £3,000 a year. It is the greatest stronghold of the Castle in Ireland—the Place-hunters' Paradise—the one place in Ireland where 3,000 voters calling themselves Nationalists vote unanimously as the Castle directs.

Such comments were fatal to the Parliamentary movement. Yet the persecution of M.P.'s of my opinion became more savage. At the General Election I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
7th June, 1895.

Attacks excuse us from restraint. Your letter should go out to-morrow and make plain that you and your friends have been spoken of as "self-seeking liars." State that you have never had a shilling from the Party even for travelling expenses, and have no intention of supporting insults without cause. Dillon is going to Tyrone to-morrow to oust Mat Kenny, and I am, at Kenny's request, attending there. I am going to Monaghan on Monday, and Dundalk on Tuesday.

DUBLIN,
8th June, 1895.

I have just returned from Omagh, where Dillon presided over the Tyrone Convention. The priests were on "retreat," and a lot of bogus branches from South Tyrone and Mid Tyrone were assembled to oust Mat Kenny.

Reynolds would not go on, and they adopted a decent man instead of Kenny, whom I met last night, and whom they never saw, named Murnaghan, on the recommendation of Father Rock, the County delegate. They didn't even pass a vote of thanks to the outgoing members. I read Blake's letter and Dillon was livid with rage, and hadn't a word to reply. He is organizing South Monaghan against O'Driscoll, where they are holding a convention to-morrow at Carrickmacross. All intelligent men are with us, but the Bounders have all the place-expectants, and it is hopeless to make headway against them.

Dillon proceeded from Tyrone to Carrickmacross (Co. Monaghan), where his delegates at a hand-picked "Convention" succeeded in ousting another member opposed to his claims to leadership. In my constituency, North Louth, I was confronted by a Parnellite candidate, encouraged by the division in our ranks.

In Britain the Liberals were beaten, and the Tories secured 150 majority. When too late, Mr. Dillon complained of Lord Rosebery's policy.

The gift of North Tyrone to the Liberal Solicitor-General, *plus* the appeals for subscriptions to the Rosebery administration, rankled deeply in Irish hearts, yet T. P. O'Connor, M.P., on the 15th October, 1895, directed a meeting of his Executive of the Irish National League of Great Britain to be summoned in London to expel me from that body. On his motion, I was unanimously thrust forth. Two months earlier (August, 1895) I was elected by the Irish Party by ballot a member of its Committee at the head of the poll. The vendetta, however, continued.

On the 13th November, 1895, I was expelled by forty-eight votes to forty-two from the Irish Federation. T. P. O'Connor, who seldom visited Dublin, came over to aid in my decapitation. On the following day a meeting of the Irish Party assembled, and despite its vote in August I was removed from the Parliamentary Committee by a majority of six. Only four Irish newspapers approved of this. Twenty condemned it. Neither Sexton nor William O'Brien took part in the "purification." The "Committee" never met afterwards, and T. P. O'Connor and Dillon were thus placed in control of Irish "policy."

I now was made an outlaw. In March, 1894, I had been driven from the Board of the *Freeman*, and by the new eradication was "fired out" of the councils of the two organizations in Great Britain and Ireland controlling national policy, and from the Committee of the Party.

A count in the indictment against me was that I had supported William Murphy's candidature in S. Kerry in September, 1895. Murphy stood on the invitation of the priests of the Cahirciveen deanery, when the "Party" refused to hold a convention in the constituency to "select" a candidate. Finding Murphy in the field, T. P. O'Connor sent over a London ally named Farrell, for whom he drew up a manifesto, signed by Justin McCarthy, which secured his return.

Murphy had given years of parliamentary service to Ireland, and at the Split in 1890 helped to found the *National Press*. Opposition to him, however, was machined, and he was beaten. His opponent Farrell, decked with parliamentary laurels, was convicted in a London Police Court for selling diseased Dutch pork, unfit for human food, in the Metropolitan Meat Market in October, 1896.

A majority of the Executive of the Irish Federation demanded a National Convention. This was opposed by Mr. Dillon, but was carried by eleven votes to three. The Secretary of the Organization, David Sheehy, M.P., refused to act on the resolution; yet on the day of my expulsion it was decided to hold a "Convention

of the Irish Race" so as to dilute native opinion by importations from abroad.

T. P. O'Connor declared that an Irish Convention would be merely a "Donnybrook Fair." These manœuvres were a prelude to the enforced retirement of Justin McCarthy, who was prevailed on to resign the Chairmanship of the Party before Parliament met.

After the General Election of 1895 an Oil question was raised in the House by Jasper Tully. Though I helped him I had as little knowledge of "Flashpoint" as himself. The Parnellites had won an election in Roscommon and, to celebrate their victory, set fire to a barrel of paraffin, which exploded and killed many. This was hushed up, but Tully, to damp the spirits of opponents, ruefully described the tragedy in the House of Commons.

He explained his purpose to me beforehand, and I endorsed his criticisms with a demand for a Select Committee to inquire into the nature of the oil palmed off on Connaught villages by Pennsylvanian millionaires.

To our amazement Henry Mathews, Home Secretary, acknowledged the seriousness of the case, and agreed to appoint a Select Committee. Next day Reuter announced that the New York Press chorused alarm. The debate in the Commons took place on a Friday night, and on Saturday I received a long cablegram, which must have cost a fabulous sum, from the Standard Oil Company, signed "O'Day of New York," explaining that a cargo of paraffin below flashpoint had been exported to Ireland by mistake, and vowing that if this were overlooked there never again should be a recurrence.

I passed this on to Tully, and requested him that, as he would be a member of the Select Committee, no needless injury should be done to the products he assailed. Tully acted tactfully, and there were no further complaints.

Jesse Collings became Under-Secretary to the Home Office in 1896, when questions as to the flashpoint of oil were frequent. The London *Echo* used to display splash headings, such as "Death in the lamp," to help, as he thought, Eastern oil.

Controversy prevailed as to whether it was the "lamp" or the "oil" that led to explosions. Jesse Collings sat for Birmingham —a "lamp" constituency—and on a Wednesday the problem was debated. All M.P.'s arriving at the Post Office of the House were handed a registered letter from Rothschild's Paris firm. This was in the Baku interest, for oil even then was a live issue.

Jesse Collings got a mauling from his own side for his maladroit handling of the Lamps Bill. Having regard to his former friendship for Ireland, I rose to make a diversion in his favour. I knew, in view of Birmingham's interests in lamps, that he dared not prescribe a different type, and that the Baku oil owners' agitation was bottomed on interested motives.

To my mind, it was a struggle between Baku and Pennsylvania. So I began by saying that I had received, on entering the House, a registered letter from Rothschild's of Paris, and that my hand trembled as I opened it, fearing my "overdraft" was in danger. Every one knew I had no account at Rothschild's, and this caused merriment.

Members soon realized that the debate was a conflict between the Baku owners and the Standard Oil Company, and that Collings, an incorruptible Minister, was being baited in a conflict between rival interests. He won, and an American paper reported that my intervention saved him, although "Mr. Healy's integrity is above suspicion."

Whether this was a hit at the Standard Oil Co., or myself, must be left to the reader's sagacity.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Changed Tory Policy towards Ireland (1896–9)

IN 1896, Gerald Balfour, the new Chief Secretary, brought in a Land Bill based on the Report of the "Morley" Committee the year before.

In a retrospect of half a century I hold this Englishman to have been the ablest, most zealous, most unselfish, most painstaking, and best equipped administrator that Ireland ever had under English rule.

Without racial, religious or territorial prejudice, he entered devotedly on his work. In brilliance he could not compare with his brother Arthur. Yet, where close acquaintance with detail was needed in understanding legal and local problems, he outshone him. Gerald Balfour's mastery of the Land Acts and of the decisions thereunder was so exact as to astonish every lawyer. When his Bill became law the late Judge Meredith (then a leading landlords' counsel) said to me, "You've stopped every earth" —meaning that we had staunched the leaks in Gladstone's legislation of 1881, by which owners could hinder tenants from fixing fair rents.

Yet Gerald's Bill trundled slowly through the Commons, being assailed by Dillon and the *Freeman* at every stage. Instead of showing recognition of the efforts of a Tory statesman (who had to face mutineers like the now Lord Carson) the "friends" of the Irish tenants threw every obstacle in his way. Its author risked unpopularity with his own Party, and Irish landlords cursed him. Whenever Carson attacked, Dillon abetted. In the Committee stage, for which only two days were promised, a week's chatter (without any amendment being carried to improve the tenants' case) perplexed friendly Conservatives.

Arthur Balfour, the leader of the House, in despair asked me to come to his room one night, saying, "I'm afraid we cannot give any more time to the Land Bill, and that it must be dropped. The Improvements Clause has occupied two days, and on 'Report' it will take at least as long." I told him bluntly, "Set down your Bill to-morrow for Report and transpose the Improvements

Clause from last to first. Its opponents cannot then repeat their used-up arguments."

In amazement he asked, "Can the last clause of a Bill be made first, without the leave of the House?" "Certainly," I said. "The printer will do it for you." He smilingly confessed, "I never knew that."

So it was done, and the Bill passed the Report and third reading stages next day.

In the House of Lords Irish peers fell on it; although the Bill was piloted by the late Lord Lansdowne and the late Duke of Devonshire. A comic vein fissured the gloom. The late Lord Cloncurry proposed the exclusion of "grazing tenants" under £100 valuation from fair rents where they held leases which excluded them from the benefit of the Land Act of 1870.

Lord Lansdowne, with exquisite courtesy and a perfect affectation of ignorance that the noble Lord had any interest in the "amendment," answered that after consultation with the Duke of Devonshire (who sat beside him, hands in pockets, with down-drooped head), neither of them could understand the proposal, although both had some knowledge of Land Law intricacies. "Well," replied Cloncurry, "I'll go down to my noble friends and explain it to them."

So he left his seat and took up a place behind the Government Bench to pour his "points" into the ears of Marquess and Duke. Both listened to him with admirable phlegm. Occasionally their eyes strayed to the squat figure of Lord Halsbury on the Woolsack, engaged in putting the ensuing clauses.

For the Lord Chancellor, ignoring the intermezzo, had galloped through Clauses far ahead of Clause V in which Cloncurry was interested. After some time Cloncurry (convinced of his triumph over the understandings of Lord Lansdowne and the Duke, climbed back to his own place, as if the clock had meanwhile stood still. Addressing the Woolsack, he announced, "I think I have now made myself clear to my noble friends in charge of the measure."

"Order! Order!" quoth Lord Halsbury. "The Fifth Clause on which the noble Lord moved his amendment has been carried, and we are now at Clause XXVIII!" Joshua's miracle had not halted the House of Lords.

Cloncurry was an amiable man. If he had been properly handled there would have been no trouble on his estate. His sister, the Hon. Emily Lawless, wrote exquisite verse, which will live for ever in Irish hearts.

A "town parks" provision of the Bill declared that a tenant

should not be forbidden to fix a "fair rent" unless the population of the town exceeded 2,000. This aroused the fiercest resentment of the Ulster peers. So the Government summoned spirits from the vasty deep to support an alternative proposal, and Bishops mustered to Westminster. I heard the rustling of their lawn sleeves as I waited at the Lords' Bar. When the cry came for a division, "Clear the Bar," I went out to await the result.

Before the figures were cast up, the son of the Irish Viceroy (Lord Cadogan) fell on my neck, shouting, "We've won! We've won! We've won!"

I did not know who he was, and had been unconscious theretofore of the advantage of co-operation between Church and State.

Still, this proof of sympathy by the Tories for Irish tenants was welcome. It showed me that had Dillon not been so bound up with the Whigs much could have been gained for Ireland.

Next night the Lords' amendments were sent back to the Commons, and I was invited to meet the Balfours in a room behind the Speaker's Chair. There I was asked for a dissertation on the results of the Lords' amendments. As I discoursed, I heard remarks like these: "Jerry, I would here stand on my Tory leg." When I made suggestions that by altered drafting new clauses could be framed to help the tenants, I heard: "Now, Jerry, stand on your Irish leg. It can be managed."

The Lords' amendments to the Bill were considered by the Commons on 12th August, 1896. Wednesday sittings then began at noon, and ended at 5.30 p.m. Lord Inchiquin had inserted in the Bill a clause that no reduction should be made in the rent of any tenant by reason of his mere "right of occupation."

This was provoked by a proposal of Sexton in the Select Committee a year earlier. I suggested to the Balfours as a compromise that if the "fair rent" had been already fixed no further or additional deduction should be made in the second "fifteen years' term" by reason of the "mere right of occupation." Balfour late at night accepted this, yet Dillon next day denounced the suggestion.

Dillon's acquaintance with the Land Acts, or the decisions thereunder, was not profound. His speech, however, lasted long enough to give time to Sir Edward Carson to arrive from the Law Courts at 1 p.m.

Carson broke forth fiercely against Balfour's amendment. Dillon, seeing the mischief he had wrought, became sorrowful, but the debate is not recorded in the *Freeman* or in Hansard. Balfour had to yield to Carson's onslaught and omit the words he

proposed. To lessen the harm of Lord Inchiquin's insertion, Lord Lansdowne, when the Bill went back to the Upper House, prevailed on Lord Inchiquin to allow his "amendment" to be struck out and permit a proviso to be substituted that in assessing a "fair rent" no reduction should be made, except such as should be specified and accounted for, in a schedule in accordance with the provisions of the Land Acts.

I felt grateful to Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Balfours, for trying to save the tenants from Dillon's folly, which lost them tens of thousands of pounds.

The *Freeman*, having suppressed the critical part of the debate (14th August, 1896), made this comment:

"A certain unquestionably valuable amendment on the question of 'occupation right' had been proposed by the Government. Mr. Dillon gave it a quiet and courteous acceptance. Mr. Healy, in his eagerness to attack him, made the utterly groundless charge that he objected to a valuable amendment. The landlords were thereby encouraged in their attack on the amendment, which was thereupon abandoned by the Government."

The "unquestionably valuable amendment" was mine. At that epoch if I carried anything in the Bill to help the tenants the *Freeman* inserted or omitted the word "not," so as to make it appear that I was acting adversely to their interests. In one case I corrected a slander of this sort, and the editor excused it in a footnote to my letter by saying there had been a fire on the premises that night!

Twenty years later, in the December number (1924) of *Studies*, a stalwart Republican critic of mine, Mr. Arthur Clery, B.L., wrote: "It was the only paper in the three kingdoms which, when an English member asked how many horses were sent to Africa during the Boer War, omitted Healy's interjection, 'And how many asses?'"

The opponents of the policy of trying to secure benefits (however small) for Ireland were men of leisure who could attend Parliament constantly. My brother and I had to work for our living, and were at the call of private clients, whose interests could not be always forsaken. Members then were not paid.

In 1896 Dillon superseded Justin McCarthy as Chairman of the Irish Party. This, together with Dillon's control of the *Freeman*, led to a revolt amongst Nationalists who were not his admirers. They resolved to start a daily paper, for William Murphy was determined to get even with Dillon for his expulsion from the *Freeman* board and his defeat in South Kerry. Thanks to Murphy,

the *Nation* was maintained for over three years until the reunion of the Redmondites with the Irish Party was accomplished.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
11th February, 1897.

I haven't begun to interest myself in the new paper [the *Daily Nation*]. I slaved so hard at the *National Press* that (like being in love once) I can't get up a second enthusiasm, but all the others are earnest and determined.

The story that Dillon is to resign in Redmond's favour I shall believe when it happens. Dillon is not, where his personal affairs are affected, an ass, for he gives them all his thoughts.

Never has parliamentary action sunk so low, or life in the House been so unpleasant. Dan MacAleese, M.P., remarked to me that "Dillon and his gang weren't fit to feed guts to bears," and the way they throw away every chance of scoring something for Ireland would drive you crazy.

Davitt is an honest man, but doesn't know the ropes. To Blake the House won't listen. T.P. could give them all an outfit of brains. What the upshot of it will be I can't guess. If the "Bubonic Plague" reaches these shores it may settle a good deal, and surely when King David preferred pestilence to war and famine, there may have been "bounders" in Judea with whom he had to reckon. Lord save us all! I should not jest on such subjects!

I was then speaking frequently in Britain, and the next letter I wrote my brother was short:—

DUBLIN,
4th June, 1897.

The riot at my meeting in Glasgow was got up from London, but we completely cowed them, and they are greatly discredited. At Coatbridge we "fired" the scrumsters out without ceremony, but they were too strong for that at Glasgow.

In 1897 the Tory Cabinet promised in the next session to establish a democratic system of Local Government in Ireland, such as had been enacted ten years before in Britain. Until then Grand Juries, consisting of twenty-three persons of over £50 valuation, selected by the sheriff (the latter being chosen or "pricked" by the Judges of Assize), controlled the rates and the local expenditure not dealt with by Poor Law boards.

"County cess" was borne only by the tenants, and they also paid half the poor rate. Gerald Balfour set up County Councils elected on a wide suffrage to take their place. This was a revolution and would have been rejected by the House of Lords had not the landlords been relieved from paying their half of the poor rate. Balfour provided an Imperial contribution to make up for this.

The origin of the reform sprang from the granting to Great Britain in 1897 of an Agricultural Grant, which then was refused

to Ireland. Vesey Knox, K.C., member for Derry (first elected for Cavan in 1890 in the room of Biggar), protested against this injustice by motion in the Commons.

The Tory Government, however, maintained that the Irish farmers had no right to share in the agricultural grant; but *The Times* attacked this inconsistency, and its powerful aid heartened us, and weakened the Cabinet's resolve to exclude Ireland from benefit.

During the debate which Knox initiated, I sought Gerald Balfour and proposed a "way out" to secure Irish farmers an "equivalent grant," while annexing to it the abolition of Grand Juries and their replacement by popularly chosen Councils.

The Wheedlepat
This graceful and cultured Creature has a very skillful way of getting on the right side of people. They thought at first it was a fish out of water but that was quite wrong. It looks awful solemn and poetick but that is wrong too. It is very kind and goes into every shanty and cracks jokes and pats the pig. It has got a most delightful bill coming which works like magick. It lives on shammrocks and shamrocks with a few batons sometimes for relish.

Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of *Punch*, 5th March, 1898.

Lord Randolph Churchill had in 1886 promised Ireland "similarity and spontaneity" of treatment with Britain. Yet our country was excluded from English Local Government reform in 1888, and Churchill's pledge remained unhonoured for a decade. So I suggested to Gerald Balfour a plan to reconcile the rating interests of owners and tenants.

The landlords (powerfully garrisoned at Westminster) were afraid that if County Councils were established they might be made liable for new imposts. To allay their apprehension I prevailed on him, on Mr. Arthur Balfour and Sir M. H. Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, after many interviews, to make the Irish agricultural grant proportionate to that for Great Britain, by freeing the landlords from paying half poor rate on their tenants' holdings.

Thus the abolition of Grand Juries came about.

To illustrate the effect on owners, the case of Trinity College, Dublin, may be cited. Its estates were derived from the confiscation of the monasteries, and by this plan secured relief to the extent of £1,000 a year from poor rate theretofore paid on its tenants' holdings. Other landlords got proportionate exemptions, but the tenants in no wise lost, thanks to the Imperial subvention.

The "agricultural grant" was now shared between landlord

and tenant, and so County Councils came into being. With the disappearance of the Grand Juries, the last bulwark of landlordism went down under a manna-fall of bank-notes.

The problem of machinery to enact the reform of Grand Juries was a thorny one. The House of Commons could not be got to devote time to apply to Ireland the hundreds of clauses contained in the English Local Government Act of 1888. They would have been debated *ad nauseam* by "hostiles" in both camps, and by dilatory drivel the Bill would have been slain.

I, therefore, made the suggestion that the Lord-Lieutenant

By kind permission of the *Westminster Gazette*, 22nd March, 1898.]

"COME ALONG, MR. GERALD; I'LL MAKE IT AISY FOR YEZ."

should be enabled by Order in Council to declare any clause of the English Act of 1888 applicable to Ireland, and also to empower him by like order to mould the Grand Jury Acts to modern needs.

No one could object to a transfer of beneficent legislation from England to Ireland by a time-saving device, and the ministerial draftsman declared the idea a godsend.

Gerald Balfour was so earnest for Irish tenants that when I persuaded Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to surrender to the Dublin Corporation and its townships the levy on pawnbrokers (£100 Irish, exacted for police purposes in the Metropolitan area) he urged that the sum must be pooled into the Agricultural Grant.

"No," I answered, as we walked through the Lobby, "and

if you try to annex urban money, I shall go back and tell Beach to keep it for the police."

Then he gave way, and about £4,000 a year was gleaned for Dublin ratepayers from these old Crown duties.

The transfer of the pawnbrokers' levy met with the hostility of John Mallon, the great detective. He alarmed the pawnbrokers by telling them there could no longer exist the confidence which prevailed between them and Dublin Castle if the police were deprived of such a nest-egg.

When I arrived in Dublin after what I conceived to be a triumph, a delegate from the pawnbrokers met me at the North Wall and begged me to give back my "winners" to the Treasury, as otherwise both his class and the police would suffer.

I understood Mallon's fears, but stuck to the concession which Beach made. A tradition of the relations between the Dublin pawnbrokers and the police was that, in 1866, when Habeas Corpus was suspended (by an Act which went through both Houses at Westminster in twenty-four hours), no pawnbrokers' assistants were arrested, although chin-deep in the Fenian conspiracy. They were useful to the police as thief-catchers, and Mallon thought it needful to retain that allegiance.

The Timm
This prickly biting little Animal is about the cleverest of them. He turns his back round to the others so you can see he hasn't got hardly any tail behind him. He has a [illegible] nasty sting though all the same that will give you fits if you irritate him - it will make you wish you were at some quiet seaside place. He used to belong to a party of seventy, but he has turned the other sixty-nine out into the cold

Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of *Punch* 5th March, 1898.

A vote of thanks to me for securing the tax to aid the Dublin Corporation was proposed in that body, but was objected to by a Councillor employed on the *Freeman*, named Nannetti, unsuccessfully.

After the Local Government Act of 1898 passed, a Liberal Whip (since a peer) told me that the Home Rule position had been undermined. Tories, equally extreme, alleged that the landlords had bartered their political power for cash. No doubt the landlords' loss of influence in rural Ireland contributed to their acceptance in 1903 of Wyndham's Land Purchase Act.

I had backed the Tories and taken my own line, despite Dillon's preference for the Liberals. Napoleon said, "One bad general is better than two good generals." I may have been a bad general,

for in May, 1926, a Free State Minister for Local Government, wotting naught of our travail in 1897–8, declared that County Councils represented the "Magna Charta of jobbery."

I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
21st April, 1899.

What a tragedy Harold Frederic's death was! Is his wife trying to get "Katie" committed for manslaughter? His executor, Stokes, used to come to the Lobby, and is a Catholic. He tells me that it was Brandon Thomas, the actor, who started the inquest, declaring he "owed it as a duty to humanity." I sent the woman £50, and they have brought in Mathew as counsel.

Why such a man should have subjected himself to the treatment of "Christian Scientists," seeing he was never a Christian, or why a woman should have suggested such a course, is a mystery greater than any novel unravelled. . . .

I have finished writing *Why Ireland is Not Free*, and will send you a copy. I compiled it because there should be some permanent record of the events which have produced the present state of affairs.

Bishop O'Dwyer's treatment by Dublin Castle over the Roxborough School embitters him, and he thinks we should have pushed the University question last session in preference to the Local Government Bill.

Dr. O'Dwyer, then almost a Tory, became seventeen years later an avowed Sinn Feiner. The reversal by the Conservative House of Commons of the Roxborough Schools resolution, which I had carried under the Liberals, sorely vexed him. Lecky, member for Trinity College, Dublin, repealed this resolution, telling the House my original success was due to the fact that I was a master of "two o'clock in the morning tactics."

After the 1916 insurrection the help given by Dr. O'Dwyer to the Sinn Feiners was a vital element in their movement. Lecky's victory was responsible for much.

I wrote my father:

I am taking silk to-morrow after fifteen years as a junior. The Lord Chancellor [a Tory] sent for me on Wednesday, and although I had not responded to several indirect proposals, I saw no reason for declining, as five of the new Q.C.'s would be much my junior if I remained at the "outer Bar."

Lord Ashbourne made the proffer in very courteous and complimentary terms, but there are over a dozen others to be admitted, and it places me under no obligation. Indeed, the Chancellor pointed out that silk was only a recognition of professional status. Neither directly nor indirectly did I ask for it.

At this period frequent hints from the Redmondites reached us, tending towards reunion. Arthur O'Connor, M.P.—ever friendly towards myself—became a go-between. I wrote Maurice:

House of Commons,
1st August, 1899.

I had two interviews with Redmond, one here and one in Dublin. He is anxious for a settlement, because he sees he will otherwise be wiped out. The "Bounders," knowing this, are not anxious for unity.

I had to conceal from the Dillon Party my friendly relations with Redmond and pretend to be hostile to the projects of reunion. I, therefore, treated them in a grudging spirit, while at the same time I was caucusing with Redmond and his friends. I wrote my brother:

House of Commons,
2nd August, 1899.

I am trying to arrange a compromise with the Lords on the Dublin Corporation Bill. Lord Morley, the Chairman, would be willing to hang up the Bill until next year, and send it to a new Select Committee, but the result would be to impose very onerous terms on Dublin.

Gerald Balfour, for his pains, now was set upon by his Party, and soon was thrown to the wolves by the Prime Minister (his uncle, Lord Salisbury).

The landlords wished to "eat their cake and have it." Pocketing the cash under the Act of 1898, they bemoaned their loss of power. A campaign set in against Gerald Balfour, who withstood the shock of a landlords' deputation to Devonshire House, where the late Duke of Devonshire listened with his back to the fire to a crescendo of assaults.

The clamorous aristocrats baying for Balfour's blood aroused the Duke, but, more level-headed than they, he confined himself to an epithet.

Later, a religious pretext was found to displace Gerald, and the Ulster Tories concentrated on it. Otherwise an earlier settlement of the Irish question would have been effected.

Lord Salisbury had declared that what Ireland needed was "twenty years of resolute government." In 1900, on a sectarian issue, he recalled his nephew, despite his giant work. Gerald Balfour encountered the dislike of the Ascendancy Party for trying to benefit their class while also helping the Irish farmers. No Minister ever fell, or was withdrawn from Ireland, on an occasion so flimsy.

To try to make clear why he was sent home, one must delve back to 1885. In that year the Irish Party defeated Gladstone and brought in a Tory Government. Lord Randolph Churchill then promoted an Educational Endowment Act to provide that the income from estates confiscated in Cromwellian times and

dedicated to Education should not go exclusively to Protestants. The chief endowment came from the wills of Erasmus Smith, who oscillated in belief under the political changes which shook the creeds of sectaries between the execution of Charles I and the Restoration of Charles II (1649 to 1660).

Lord Randolph passed a Bill which enacted that a Commission should decide how the income of such foundations should be spent, in order to remove the bar which devoted it exclusively to Protestants. His commissioners included Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, who was his close friend, and, although a leader of Freemasonry, was favourably disposed towards Catholics.

Fitzgibbon in 1868 voted (before the Ballot Act) for a candidate favouring the disestablishment of the Protestant Church, but in the case of the Erasmus Smith trust held that, as the founder's intentions were Protestant, his three schools must remain Protestant, although, when their needs had been supplied, any surplus income from the estate might be spent on technical or agricultural institutions from which the children of Catholics could benefit. A scheme prepared by Professor Dougherty, a Presbyterian clergyman (afterwards Under-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant), which had the support of the majority of the Commissioners, had been published, but the Act required that the two Judicial Commissioners must concur in approving it ; and unfortunately the second Judicial Commissioner, Judge William O'Brien, a fervent Catholic, would not consult or discuss the matter with Fitzgibbon. Though fiercely pro-British, O'Brien delivered a powerful and learned judgment on the grievances of Catholics, and maintained that Parliament was bent on repealing every remnant of the Penal Laws. His eloquence was unavailing ; and had it been applied in private to his judicial colleague it would have been more effective. By reason of the disagreement between the Judges, the Act became a nullity so far as the main endowment to be dealt with was concerned. Fitzgibbon confided to me (when we served together on the Trinity College Estates Commission) that if O'Brien had sought a compromise he would have awarded a generous share of the rentals to Catholic uses. A learned and determined priest, Father David Humphries, P.P., " made up " the history of the case in pamphlet form ; and I, therefore, brought in a Bill to enable the issue on which the Judges disagreed to be re-tried. It seemed a question merely of procedure. Lord Randolph's Act of 1885, which remitted the destination of the endowments to judicial determination, was passed without objection by any Conservative.

I could not have foreseen that to give a further " airing " to

a legal controversy would provoke an explosion. Gerald Balfour at first opposed my Bill, but one night, very late, he consented reluctantly to withdraw his "block" to the second reading.

Thenceforth enemies buzzed round him, and sectarian passion blazed forth. He became a "traitor to Protestantism," though his opponents cared as little for the destination of Erasmus Smith's rents as for the evangelization of the Cannibal Islands.

Most of them hailed from the North, and were the kernel of the party which, in 1920, deserted the Southern Protestants, contrary to the declaration of Colonel Saunderson, M.P., in the debates on Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886, that they would never be forsaken by the Orange leaders.

To appease Belfast animosities, Gerald Balfour was then transplanted to the British Board of Trade in 1900, where he received less than half the salary he enjoyed as Chief Secretary for Ireland and was constantly pin-pricked from his own side with criticisms. Afterwards this devoted man lost his seat in Leeds. Such treatment of an unselfish and learned statesman by a Tory Government became indented on my mind. Cardinal Logue declared that the British Cabinet was responsive only to "the tap of the Orange drum," and this was a mild deliverance.

A vacancy in the Provostship of Trinity College next came, and the Ulster M.P.'s conveyed to Arthur Balfour that unless Professor Traill, of Antrim, was appointed (instead of the cultured Mahaffy) they would vote against Chinese labour in African mines. A popular refrain was then sung in London, "Ching, Chang, Chinaman," and Liberals made it a catch-cry. Northern M.P.'s chorused it to the Tory Whips and so carried Traill, an uncouth man, as Provost of T.C.D.

George Wyndham told me that to restore relations between Arthur Balfour and Mahaffy he invited both to Clouds for a fortnight, but there Mahaffy refused to speak to the Prime Minister. Mahaffy knew nothing of parliamentary steersmanship, and smarted at his disappointment until Traill's death opened the Provostship to him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Lord Chief Justice O'Brien

WORK at the Bar often furnished distraction from anxieties of larger concern. At the Kildare Assizes I defended a handsome English girl accused by the Post Office of embezzlement for failing to enter Savings Bank deposits in the books of her office at the Curragh.

Her guilt on the documents seemed arguable, but starry was her beauty. Her father came to Ireland in tribulation. He was a manufacturer of high standing, and did not know that Irish juries and judges always favoured English defendants. The best advice I could give him was that the girl should appear in court dressed for a " breach of promise " suit.

Under the old regime the Crown solicitor of each county " saw " the Judge before the Assize, and gave his opinion on the guilt or innocence of the persons awaiting trial, with their previous history. This custom was so cherished that no prisoner expected fair play, believing that the Judge's mind had been poisoned in advance.

At the girl's trial the Prosecutor for the Post Office opened with a statement to which I took objection. Lord O'Brien was judge, and I asked would he allow the Crown to prejudice an English girl by an illegality which would never have been practised had she been an Irishwoman ?

This gave the Chief Justice an opening for a deliverance in which he told the jury not to pay attention to the statement so properly objected to, and, if necessary, he would reserve for another court the point whether it had unduly affected their minds.

Perturbed by this the Post Office Counsel made another slip, and again I rose to protest. Lord O'Brien then declared that in his experience no statement so palpably unjust to the accused had ever been advanced. I was later told of the gratitude shining from my client's eyes. A third objection I made was also upheld, so I suggested that perhaps His Lordship would adjourn for lunch to give time to the lady's Counsel to consider the true course for the defence after the illegal allegations of the prosecution.

" Certainly," he burst out, " you are entitled to an adjourn-

ment, and when the case is resumed I will see that this English girl receives justice." Leaving the Bench, his face mantled to the colour of his robes as he cast a pitying glance at the fair tenant of the dock. He then sent for the prosecuting Counsel and myself, and thundered in his room: "In my opinion, after the errors of statement committed to the prejudice of this girl, in the unlikely event of her being convicted, I shall release her under the First Offenders Act. If, however, on the Leinster Circuit a spark of the chivalrous traditions of the Irish Bar still flickers, you will enter a *Nolle prosequi* and let her go back to her parents uncondemned."

The Counsel for the Post Office, a strong Tory, unwillingly acquiesced. So the prisoner left the court without a stain on her character. The postal officials, who had come specially from London to secure a conviction, were disgusted, being satisfied that she would get no quarter in an Irish Court. When she swept out of the dock after release in a grand picture-hat to receive congratulations, vanity overcame me.

Lord O'Brien was surcharged with human traits, although regarded by some Nationalists as a monster.

I was counsel before him to prove the will of Father Foley, P.P., of Tarbert, which was challenged by relatives. The deceased (over ninety years of age) had made his will on a Saturday a few hours before death. On the question of "capacity" Lord O'Brien was adverse. Yet we proved that Father Foley had said Mass on the previous Wednesday, had gone to a funeral on Thursday, where he got a bad wetting, and that on Friday he backed a bill for a parishioner at the bank, and only took to his bed on Saturday.

Lord O'Brien, having regard to his age, was not impressed. Finally in despair I called the village blacksmith or carpenter, who, without schooling or questioning, began: "My Lord, when I went into Father John's room it was dark, and sez I to him, 'I'm sorry to see you so low, Father John.'

"'Now, Michael,' said he, 'put away these gloomy thoughts. This world is nothing to me. I have made my peace with God, but tell me how my dogs ran at Birr yesterday.'"

"Did he say that?" asked the Judge.

"He did, my Lord, for he always was a great priest to follow greyhounds, and I trained his dogs for him, and you should see him jumping hedges and ditches in his old age."

"A glorious old man!" said Lord O'Brien. The will was upheld.

In a feud in Co. Clare between a National schoolmistress and the holder of a local post office (both old maids) the "Packer"

was superb. Each woman envied the gown or the bonnet worn by the other, and both were in the service of the State. The aim of each was to get the other dismissed.

Lord O'Brien told me that one day the schoolmistress entered the post office and threw down a penny rudely, saying, " Stamp." The postmistress laid the stamp on the counter, whence it was blown off, but she refused to pick it up. Hot words followed.

The schoolmistress was wearing an exceptionally " fetching " hat, and an encounter ensued in which the hat was damaged and the wearer thrust forth. She reported the outrage to Dublin, where the Secretary to the General Post Office, Mr. Egerton, was an English Catholic of the most scrupulous type. He was horrified and issued an order that if such a thing again occurred the postmistress must be dismissed.

A year went by without incident, until the schoolmistress equipped herself with some new Parisian " creation," and re-entered the post office in its splendour. " Stamp," said she, flinging the penny on the counter so vigorously that it fell on the other side.

" Where's your penny ? " said the postmistress. " On your side," was the answer. " Come and pick it up," was the reply. " I won't," said the schoolmistress. " Then you'll get no stamp."

The Abbey Players only could do justice to the scene which followed, wherein the schoolmistress left with her Parisian " creation " crumpled. She sent a report to Dublin accusing the postal virago of assault, and Mr. Egerton again was shocked. So he despatched an inspector to examine the facts, and received a report that there were few extenuating circumstances. The postmistress was, therefore, notified that if another case of the kind occurred out she must go, without pension.

Her enemy knew this, and lay in wait for a third crusade. Both women had grown old, but the frocks of the schoolmistress were still more effulgent than those of her rival. It was " do or die " between them.

Wherefore the educator of youth anew entered the post office, and flung down a copper, saying, " Stamp," and again the coin hopped off the counter. Neither lady spoke, and the postmistress turned to other duties. " Are you going to give me a stamp ? " said the schoolmistress. " Yes, when you pay me," was the answer. " I paid you long ago, you old so-and so." Then " thundered wars, red lightnings," and in a few seconds there was not a " stitch " on the back of the schoolmistress.

Complaint went once more to Mr. Egerton, who decided that

the dismissal of the postmistress was urgent. Her wits, however, were sharp, and she wrote to Lord Chief Justice O'Brien:

"MR. PETER,—I am in trouble with the Postmaster-General. You promised to help me if I needed it. I need it now."

Ignoring all questions of right and wrong, Lord O'Brien approached the Secretary to the G.P.O., Mr. Egerton, believing that his influence was all-powerful. Egerton told him, however, that the third complaint was one impossible to overlook, and that he would forward that evening to London a recommendation for the lady's dismissal. Peter, however, conceived that if his intervention was ignored, all Clare would become aware of his defeat, and what then would become of British interests?

Should his word not outweigh that of a postal official, his authority perished. If the bonnet of a schoolmistress could offset the wig of the Lord Chief Justice, British might disappeared, and its supporters must abandon the country.

To London that night he went, and next day saw the Postmaster-General. "A rugged fellow," he called that potentate. For the London Authority approved of the decision to dismiss the postmistress. The world seemed crumbling under Peter's feet. Still he took thought and made a pilgrimage to the House of Commons to see his old master, Arthur Balfour, now Prime Minister.

Balfour, oppressed by the weight of Empire, was disposed to forget that he had been Irish Secretary, and that Peter had been his Attorney-General. Wherefore the Lord Chief Justice weightily told him the facts, and that they were no trifles, for a postmistressship in Clare, his native county, was blocked by St. Martin's-le-Grand. "I have seen your Postmaster-General," he complained, "who depends on his advisers in Dublin, all English. I want you to yield to me. It would be an opprobrium on law in Ireland were it to become known that a request from the Lord Chief Justice in favour of a humble official was rejected by the Government. I do not say or know who is right, or who is wrong. The squabble has only become serious because I have intervened, but I have intervened. All Clare knows this. I may be wrong for supporting a friend, but that cannot be helped. It is no small trouble for me to travel to London to help a poor woman earning less than a pound a week. Neither as to beauty nor age has she the advantage of her fellow-disputant. I am convinced they were both wrong and censurable. Their petty contests, however, are submerged by the question of my intervention. Can my appeal be rejected?"

It then dawned on the Postmaster-General, who was present,

that an element of *haute politique* had been injected into postal affairs. "Yet," he remonstrated, "these women will never be friends and will go on making trouble."

Peter answered briskly, "Quite right, but in Ireland we have methods of dealing with spinsters who should long ago have married, and I have a plan for removing your objection."

"What is it?" said the Postmaster-General. "Well," he replied, "the schoolmistress is in love with the serjeant of police. He hardly knows her. For a consideration such as promotion to a higher rank I will undertake that he will marry her and then, of course, under the Constabulary code, he cannot remain in Co. Clare."

"Ah," said the Postmaster-General, "that tends to a solution, and I shall suspend the order against the postmistress until her rival is married."

"Good," said the Lord Chief Justice, "and with the help of a little dowry from myself, who can forbid the banns?"

Thus a great international question between the Irish G.P.O. and St. Martin's-le-Grand was settled.

Judicial difficulties of another kind often struck me. An appeal came before Lord Chief Justice Molony (Lord O'Brien's successor) where a decree for £50 had been given by a County Court Judge against a farmer in favour of a London moneylender who proved that he received a letter from the defendant applying for a loan of £50. The lender put in evidence the docket for a registered letter which enclosed it to the farmer. A letter acknowledging it purporting to be signed by the defendant was also proved. Yet the farmer swore that he did not apply for the loan, that he never got it, nor needed money, and that his signatures were forgeries.

Lord Chief Justice Molony believed this, and reversed the decree of the County Court Judge.

That someone had defrauded the Londoner was plain. Two years later the postal authorities began to suspect the local postman of dishonesty. "Trap" letters with remittances were sent which did not come to hand, and the postman was arrested. After conviction he confessed that it was he who had written to the Londoner in the farmer's name, had captured the notes which the moneylender sent and forged the acknowledgment.

CHAPTER XXXV

George Wyndham in Dublin Castle (1899–1903)

IN the summer of 1899 Arthur O'Connor, on the Terrace of the House of Commons, brought Redmond, leader of the Parnellite minority, to me. As if nothing had happened, Redmond's salute was, " Hallo, Healy, old boy ! " and we shook hands. Dillon had resigned the Chair of the Party in view of the forthcoming General Election, protesting that he wished a Parnellite should succeed him if unity could be re-established. By this course he hoped at the Dissolution to sweep the country.

I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
19*th January*, 1900.

Redmond's American trip has impressed on him the necessity of our coming together, and that no more money would be sent for faction.

He asked Clancy to draw resolutions for reunion, but Clancy came to me on Tuesday with nothing done, and I had to draft them. Then we went to Redmond, who agreed.

I told him I thought the result of the joint meeting of the two Parties would be the selection of Harrington for the " Chair," and he said that would not affect him, and that the main thing was to get together. The fact that he is assured of my assistance in the Party has made him feel confident that his section would not be crushed by the majority. Dr. Kenny is willing to accept the inevitable.

Harrington saw Dillon yesterday, who recommended him to write to Captain Donelan, asking him to join in the Whip for the opening day. Davitt and O'Brien are vexed at the turn things have taken.

William Murphy is beginning to wish someone else would take up " the white man's burden " in the *Nation* since the price of paper has nearly doubled.

The Redmondites, after struggling for nine years, saw that they could no longer maintain their newspaper, and begged me to get William Murphy to buy it. Their signals of distress were due to insolvency, and to the knowledge that as part of the price of reunion I was willing to support Redmond for the Chairmanship of a reunited Party. Murphy, under pressure from me, agreed to buy the *Independent*, and in January, 1900, the Parnellites (now Redmondites) met the other Nationalist members in a Committee-room of the House of Commons.

Reunion had been to some extent brought about by co-operation between Redmond's friends and mine on the Local Government Act of 1898, to which Dillon was opposed. Dillon's favourite for the Chair was Harrington, then stricken in health, and he would have been chosen had he not gone to Dublin and spoken kindly of me in the *Freeman* office. This was conveyed through William Abraham, M.P., to William O'Brien (at Glengariff). The latter, although out of Parliament, wielded a powerful influence, and wired his friends at Westminster, "Vote for Redmond, and smash the Healy-Harrington conspiracy." I then was supporting Redmond, and was conferring with him daily.

An hour before the election Redmond and I consulted at the Grand Hotel, London, with the late J. L. Carew, M.P., and P. O'Brien, M.P. I showed them my calculation as to Redmond's chances, which left him in a minority of five. O'Brien's mistaken telegram at the eleventh hour saved Redmond from defeat, and after a wrangle he was chosen unanimously as Chairman in spite of the protest of Dillon's backers. His election was a fluke.

A few minutes later we crowded into the House, where a debate on the Boer War was proceeding. Dillon refused to enter the Chamber, and went to Dublin that night to avoid appearing in Parliament amongst the reunited Party. His partisans were furious. The bitterest of them were John Roche, M.P., and P. A. McHugh, M.P., now no more. They, too, absented themselves from the House, and declared they would "knife" Redmond.

When Dillon left for Dublin, the *Freeman* printed articles with barbed thrusts at the new leader.

I was asked that day on behalf of the reunited Party to speak on the Boer War.

Gladdened by the reunion of the Irish ranks, I made a speech which drew praise from the British press.

The correspondent of the *Newcastle Leader* wrote:

> Mr. Healy made one of the appearances of his life, and for some forty minutes held the attention of the House with his sardonic humour, his bitter taunts, his defiant expression of Irish nationality, and his really eloquent and beautiful language. There is much of the poet in the composition of the Member for North Louth. No man in the House has more humour of a grimly tragic order. Mr. Healy says the most biting, the most laughter-provoking things, with a gravity which is almost supernatural. He passes from the wildest farce to the deepest solemnity without a change of expression. He is an orator who understands the art of making pauses, of lowering his voice almost to a whisper, although a perfectly audible whisper, and the hold he maintains on the House is notable in the extreme. His speech fairly bubbled over with good things. He contrasted the Government's attitude

with that of Pirate Smith, who sailed out "with no Bible on board. He swore by the Jolly Roger, and not by the ten commandments." You want to "syndicate Christianity." The Irish, he said, have an advantage over the Dutch in being "able to contemplate your virtues at close quarters." Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Healy has heard, "is an author whom it is extremely difficult to translate into Dutch." More funny than all was the description of the genesis of the Burmese War, with the telegram, "Theebaw is still drinking." And this speech, so full of barbed darts, of wildly funny illustrations, ended with a peroration of fine and elevated eloquence.

A Tory writer, whose name the scrap-book of my wife did not preserve, exclaimed:

> The great speech of the afternoon was from the irascible, sardonic, vinegar-tongued Tim Healy. It had little to do with the point at issue, and, therefore, was beneath argument. But it was so bitingly insulting, so daring, so sarcastic, uttered in so lazy a drawl, with head hanging forward, and eyelids wagging as though half asleep, and never a smile, but always a sneer on the saturnine features, that one could not resist thinking, "Here is a parliamentary Swift." Conceive the man—medium-sized, wearing bad-fitting pepper-and-salt clothes and with his tie climbing half up his collar; on the face an expression of sullen contempt; the lips pursed, a ragged straggling patchy black beard adding to the saturnine set of his face, and in his tone hardly any emotion, but saying the most vindictive things as ordinary men observe "It is a wet day." . . .
>
> And I'm told that Mr. Healy is in private life meekness itself, and gets down on his knees and plays horsey with little children.

Members of the Austrian Parliament joined in a card of congratulation to me on this speech headed, "Hail! Theebaw is drinking still."

Although our members sympathized with the Boers, I must record that Joseph Chamberlain had no intention to make war on them. He twice came to me for an opinion when the situation in South Africa grew perilous.

I thought he was wrong in getting Robson, Liberal M.P. for S. Shields (afterwards a Law Lord), to condemn the limited extension of the franchise which Kruger offered the Outlanders. Blue Books subsequently showed that Reuter's cables were deficient in scope. Kruger unwisely closed the "drifts," and Chamberlain came again to me for an opinion. I had closely followed the Transvaal question, and told him, "On no account declare war. The closing of the 'drifts' is provocative, but Kruger has his own difficulties with the young Boers. Besides, there is Schalk Burger's party in the Raad. Yet that body all told is not larger than an Irish grand jury—twenty-three. Let his Franchise Bill take effect, and before long the Outlanders, *plus* Schalk Burger's friends, will obtain influence." I recalled to him that the Orange Free State at one time had offered

its presidency to a Scotsman named Frazer, and said, "Why should you press matters without allowing local politics to develop?" He replied, "That is exactly my own opinion," and we parted.

This conversation took place openly, in the "No" Lobby. Kruger suddenly and stupidly declared war, because he supposed Chamberlain meant fight. True, the Colonial Secretary strode the Terrace of the House daily with Lord Lansdowne, then Minister for War, but that was what showmen call "business."

Ministers intent on grave affairs don't parade their purpose on the Terrace, but sit closeted. Dr. Clark, M.P. for Caithness, the Boer representative in London, was impressed by this parade, and his dispatches were captured in Pretoria. They have not yet been published, but did they make clear that Queen Victoria said she would never consent to a declaration of war on sincere Bible-lovers like the Boers? Kruger, and not Chamberlain, precipitated the conflict.

Possibly the fact that Kruger was sent copies of the Irish Coercion Acts alarmed the Tory Cabinet.

Mrs. Green's articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, from St. Helena, indicate that the Boer prisoners supposed that England had first declared war.

George Wyndham (Arthur Balfour's private secretary) soon took Gerald Balfour's place. Wyndham was a child of genius. He first won notice from Balfour by appositely using, at a luncheon table where Balfour sat, some big word, which I have forgotten. He was a Guardsman, and saw service in the Sudan. He told me that after the battle of El Teb the "Tommies" were so thirsty that they would not trust the serjeants to divide the water supply amongst them, and insisted that the officers should do so. When he had served an apprenticeship in the War Office, Lord Salisbury summoned him to Hatfield, to appoint him to Dublin. Wyndham told me the only advice Salisbury gave him was, "Beware of Healy." Then he bade his daughter play "The Wearing of the Green."

Imagination alone can glimpse the old Marquis, bulky and sardonic, the youthful Irish Secretary, fearful of the future, the charming girl at the piano, strumming an unpractised rebel air.

No soul more accordant with Ireland than Wyndham's came out of England. On reaching Dublin his first visit was to the vaults of St. Michan's, where the body of his kinsman, Lord Edward FitzGerald, lies. The vaults have the quality of preserving from corruption the remains of the dead. Coffins decay, but not the bodies. A Quaker Nationalist M.P., Alfred Webb, had enclosed Lord Edward's frame in a new vesture of oak. Wyndham and his

mother were touched thereby. Afterwards they pilgrimaged to a house in North Dublin, where dwelt the descendants of the wool-merchant in Thomas Street on whose premises Lord Edward was stabbed by Major Sirr.

The family they visited had preserved the tea-caddy from which tea was to have been brewed for the Geraldine. Mrs. Wyndham asked for, and was given, a few tea leaves.

Tradition possessed Wyndham. Until the Great War, Kildare people held a yearly celebration in honour of a member of the Protestant yeomanry who allowed Lord Edward, disguised as a sheep-drover, to pass across Leixlip Bridge from Co. Kildare into Co. Dublin. The Geraldine asked the sentry, "Is there good pasture about?" "No, my Lord," said the yeoman, "pass farther on." On he went, but a few days later was attacked and slain in Dublin by Sirr and Swan.

When Lord Salisbury resigned (over a peerage dispute with King Edward) Wyndham breathed more freely. His sympathies with Ireland were intense. A Jacobite by tradition, a poet born, and with the blood of Lord Edward in his veins, his ambition was to make an international settlement between the island he administered and the island of his birth.

I met him first years before at a dinner given at Haldane's, and urged the printing of John O'Donovan's Ordnance Survey reports (full of Celtic learning), begging that the editing should be entrusted to Douglas Hyde. Carson had studied at Trinity College with Hyde, and was favourable, but the Treasury jibbed at the cost.

Letters of that period to my brother treat of reunion with the Redmondites.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
7th March, 1900.

I promised to speak with Redmond at Liverpool on St. Patrick's Day. We had a conference to-day with Murphy, Carew and Redmond over the newspapers, and things are in train for settlement.

O'Brien saw Redmond on Saturday and Sunday, and issued an ultimatum to compel him to recognize his League.

We are getting the newspapers amalgamated, and Redmond will be then in a stronger position. He and I went to Speaker Lowther yesterday. We also went to the Lords and got Lord Morley to agree to the Dublin Corporation Bill being considered by a joint committee.

The announcement to-night of the Queen's visit to Ireland is extraordinary.

The sparse attendance of the Irish members on the Budget is lamentable. There were never twenty in the House. Only twenty-six voted, although half a dozen more were in London, and could have been present.

The Boer War led Queen Victoria (stirred by the deeds of the

Dublin Fusiliers and the Connaught Rangers) to pay a tribute "To my brave Irish soldiers." She abolished the ban against wearing the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day in the Army and Navy. Until then service-men were "clinked" for disobeying the order "Take that vegetable out of your cap!"

Her Majesty, in her last years, to emphasize the compliment, visited Dublin in 1900. On her visit being announced, Redmond came to me complaining that pressmen were swarming on him to know would he welcome her. I replied, "Take the bread out of their mouths by saying in the House of Commons what you would have to say piecemeal. The case is one of a venerable lady to whom no extremist could be discourteous." He hesitated, but promised to consult Blake, M.P., the Canadian statesman who, when the reunion with the Parnellites was sealed in January, received the compliment of being given the custody of the archives of the Party during the decade of dissension.

Blake met Redmond and myself in the Division Lobby to take counsel as to the reception of the Queen. Redmond knew that Blake's breakaway from Dillon in January had elected him Chairman, and his opinion therefore was a determining factor. On his advice, Redmond accepted my view to welcome the Royal visit. The effect of this on the House of Commons was profound. Extremists in Ireland attacked Redmond, and the first inkling I got of his alarm was conveyed as we were travelling together from London on the 16th March, 1900, to attend the St. Patrick's Day celebration in Liverpool.

He said that William O'Brien had wired Jerry MacVeagh, secretary to the St. Patrick's Day dinner in London, "Postpone banquet and you will smash Redmond." In astonishment I protested that "O'Brien never sent such a message."

Redmond savagely answered, "He did, the dog!"

T. P. O'Connor, Member for a Liverpool Division, travelled in our train to attend the gathering, but would not occupy our carriage, and on arrival at Liverpool stayed at a different hotel. Such were the conditions under which we addressed the first meeting of Irishmen to celebrate "Unity."

Redmond was mistaken in telling me that O'Brien's message to MacVeagh came by telegram. It was contained in a letter.

Redmond had a cranky craft to steer. He was surrounded by men who had been for nine years antagonistic, and had not insight enough to know in whom to place trust. His chief anxiety at the moment was that his organ, the *Independent*, should not make shipwreck after his frequent assertions to its shareholders that

it "had turned the corner." Still, he was also in terror of William O'Brien's new movement. As to the latter I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
24th June, 1900.

Cardinal Logue told a priest who attended a meeting of the O'Brien League in South Louth that, as he had been obliged to "suspend" him once already, he hoped he would not compel him to repeat the process!

Redmond, on the eve of the elections, addressed me in piteous accents as to the *Independent*.

8 LEESON PARK,
DUBLIN,
31st July, 1900.

MY DEAR HEALY,—

Is there any way of saving the *Independent* from being sold to the *Freeman*? You know my position from the start. I did all I could to have an amalgamation with the *Nation*, but the superior wisdom of some of our friends broke down the scheme.

Now what I feared all along and predicted is about to happen. I think it would be a misfortune for the country generally. The *Freeman* has made an offer (£12,000) to Baker, and he is to bring it before the Court, but, of course, if a better proposal is made, the Court would accept it. For all our sakes don't you think it would be wise for Murphy to step in now and offer to reconstruct the Company, or buy?

Very truly yours,
J. E. REDMOND.

The reader will hardly credit that a few months later the writer connived at the plan which drove my brother from Parliament and nearly succeeded in ousting myself. He next appealed:

8 LEESON PARK,
DUBLIN,
Tuesday.

MY DEAR HEALY,—

I saw Murphy and he is to meet Holohan, Tallon and me at his office at two o'clock to-morrow. Will you, like a good fellow, meet us there, so that we may see if it is possible to do anything?

Very truly yours,
J. E. REDMOND.

His organ had become the official newspaper of the reunited Party, but was for sale in the Bankruptcy Court, and the *Freeman* Company was likely to be the sole bidder. Meanwhile Murphy supplied a large sum and I a smaller one to keep his paper going. I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
2nd August, 1900.

I spoke to Redmond about his supporting O'Brien against us, and said his going to Cork was practically taking part in a scheme to oust you. This

he disclaimed, but I said I knew as far as he was concerned it was not so, yet that its effect was the same. He replied there was no intention to put you out, for the best of all reasons, that they didn't think they were strong enough. I answered that this didn't leave you under any sense of obligation and spoke so strongly that he indicated if I felt that way there was no use in proceeding with the newspaper amalgamation. I made no reply, but left him to assuage his own feelings.

Murphy was away, and when he returned, I pointed out that if the paper was to do any good, it must have the support of a strong Party in the House of Commons, and that if Redmond stood by, while we were being expelled, the trend of the paper would be *Freeman*-wards.

Still, I complied with Redmond's "occasions" and prevailed on Murphy to bid for the *Independent.*

Further dealings with Redmond led me to tell Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
5th August, 1900.

Redmond is without heart, and I don't think he can have much judgment. The question of the indemnity for making the offer for the *Independent* is not settled, and I don't know anyone except Murphy who is to give the indemnity.

The paper would have been stopped this week but that Murphy provided a further £300, and Tallon £100. Murphy did not wish me to make a further input, but insisted that someone besides himself should take an interest in keeping the *Independent* alive. The marvel is how it lasted. Clearly Redmond only agreed to reunion in the Party when he had exhausted every device.

Until we see whether the *Freeman* outbids us we cannot determine anything. If it bids up to £20,000 in order to spite Murphy, that would so burden the concern as to make it waterlogged, and it is doubtful whether Murphy would buy.

Murphy was in the quandary of having two daily papers to keep up, his own *Daily Nation* and Redmond's *Independent.* To descry capital to save the *Independent* we swept the horizon with anxious eyes.

I had to go to Paris to see the Munroe Bankers, and there Murphy telegraphed me that he had acquired the *Independent*—outbidding the *Freeman* by an offer of, I think, £17,000. With it he merged the *Daily Nation.* On returning from France, I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
7th September, 1900.

You will see a letter of mine to-morrow in the *Independent.* I am doing nothing else for the paper. Murphy's idea is to keep it like a Nationalist *Irish Times.* I think it must come near the *Freeman* in point of circulation, and if it had proper management and advertisements, I can't see why it should not pay, but for the present it is likely to need £300 a week to sustain it until "peace, retrenchment and reform" begin.

The *Freeman* is bitter, I am told, over the amalgamation, but I don't read its articles.

If Sexton had outbid Murphy, the *Freeman* would be alive to-day! Redmond, relieved of the burden of the upkeep of his paper, went over to O'Brien's side.

I warned my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
14th September, 1900.

A dissolution will take place at the end of this month. It was on information supplied by me that the date of the 25th was published yesterday in the *Independent* and *Herald*. This is confirmed by the London *Daily Telegraph*.

After Redmond became leader my friends made no attempt at organization as we expected his support and that of the Party we had reunited. This was not forthcoming, and the amalgamated newspapers became unfriendly. We were opposed in the constituencies by O'Brien's League, and at the Dissolution William Murphy sent a letter of protest to his own paper, the *Independent*, against the O'Brienite opposition to me in N. Louth, but the editor suppressed it.

Men who had created "unity" (so much sighed for) were those most bitterly assailed. When the General Election came I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
20th September, 1900.

Take a stout stand, but don't on my account do anything that would injure yourself. Entirely discard me in any attitude you assume. Every one for himself in this scramble, and as, of course, you would never sacrifice principle, you should overlook minor considerations. They cannot defeat me [in N. Louth], although I shall have an ugly time on Sunday. We live in the days of the claque and not of the closet, and the thinking man is doomed unless he adopts the gear of the scallywag.

O'Brien could have been elected for any Irish constituency, but stood against my brother, and also came to Louth to oppose me. I replied to a despairing note from Maurice:

DUNDALK,
3rd October, 1900.

I am sorry to receive such a letter from you, and to think it is I who am to blame for bringing a blow like this on you. My victory will do me no good now. I could not speak anywhere since I heard your news. I cannot write to you as I would wish, and perhaps you may do better than you think.

I shall win here by nearly double the majority I had, but it will bring me no comfort if you are beaten. Cardinal Logue is bitter against Bishop O'Donnell for his conduct towards T. D. Sullivan, and says it is disgraceful.

A nominee of Redmond stood against me in Louth. I beat him, but Maurice lost in Cork. In my contest there was a unique incident. The town of Louth was always hostile to me, being Callanite, and William O'Brien with skill and generalship selected it as the place for a public meeting, to which I was invited. I could not refuse, and O'Brien imported a Dublin farmer, A. J. Kettle, to preside over my extinction. From a brake in the village they arraigned me on grounds which were, doubtless, satisfactory to themselves. By some means which I have forgotten I climbed into their brake to reply. Then the fun began. The "Molly" or Hibernian organization was at that time behind O'Brien. Its members would not listen to a word I uttered. Nor did I wish them to do so. All my efforts were concentrated in getting in some "hot shot" during the turmoil. Somebody shouted at Kettle, "Your spout is broke," and to soothe his wounded feelings I wound up by moving a vote of thanks to him for his dignified conduct in the chair. He was furious, and afterwards wrote of me that I would leave Ireland pelted by certain obnoxious unprintables—"Oh, the brave days when we were twenty-one!"

I wrote my father:

DUBLIN,
19th November, 1900.

I have not heard from Maurice. I felt his defeat because he was valuable to the country, and so dear to me, and especially that William O'Brien could so impose on the people. Maurice's relation to the Electric Tram Company as affecting jarvies, and the Gas Works, as well as the liquor interest, helped to beat him, but this is only part of the tale. Money is all-powerful, and O'B. spent it, while Maurice hadn't it. If he could have hired a mob he would have won.

As for myself in N. Louth, when I rose at 7 a.m. on the polling day, and looked out on an appalling storm in which you would not send a dog out, I said, "I am done for." Many of the booths are seven or eight miles from the voters, and the previous polls were taken in the heart of summer. The Parnellite strength was in the towns, where the voters had shelter and convenient booths, while my strong places were mountainous and remote. Well, it's all over now, and as Maurice, T. D. Sullivan, Arthur O'Connor and others are beaten, so would I prefer to be, were it not for the triumph it would have given the Bounders.

It is years since I have taken any satisfaction in being in the House. Biggar's death was the first wrench, then the Split, then Gladstone's disappearance, then the *Freeman* racket, and now comes this squalid army of parasites mustered by Dillon. Poor Ireland! Some European convulsion must engulf England before her grasp is loosened on our throats. God's Providence and justice will prevail over men's folly, although we may go down to our place in the dust before the hour of His retribution sounds. British rule in this country is not to be relaxed by the spells and fetishes of the new worship.

T. M. HEALY, M.P. M. HEALY. T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P.

(The Author's father.)

MAY 13, 1902.

Five years ago when I urged John Barry to stand again he replied, "I would as soon take a bath in a sewer as join the Irish Party." Hence I am faintly amused at their talk about expelling me. If Redmond had a spark of courage he could have foiled the whole game, but I am satisfied that (although he doesn't appreciate it) the shaft, aimed at me, will transfix him. I never go near him, but let things drift and dree as they list.

I don't blame the people. The seizure from us of the *Freeman* in 1892 sealed our fate. No one could stand against the daily poison it poured into the National veins. It is therefore unjust to talk of public "ingratitude." Just as the English became Unionist or Home Rulers, according to the tone of the local Press, so were our own folk operated on. It was not even so much the daily paper as the *Weekly Freeman*, carried home in the women's market baskets, that did the evil—loaded to the gunwale with virus. We did what we thought right, and have met the fate which will be dealt to others more deserving a thousand years hence. It is important only in the same way that grit in the eye is important.

Except to yourself, I have never written in this strain. I have always seen through the mists nothing more important in the end than a gravestone inscribed "R.I.P." On your account as well as Maurice's, I could have wished things different, but for myself I will never ask "quarter."

T. D. Sullivan is as gay as a lark. I felt for him, but he has imbibed some laughing-gas which relieves his soul from pain. Murphy behaves like an Indian at the stake. He never blenches or complains, although he adventured nearly £20,000 to help Redmond.

I was in London ten days ago, and must go again to the Lords this week-end *re* "Lord Ardilaun *v.* Howth Tram Company." I don't think the Bounders can drive me out of business. I don't get many jury cases lately owing to political prejudice, but I keep fairly busy, and till I get staler will always command the market in a certain class of case. I do some work better than others, but in another set I am no good. Yet in my own line I will earn a living always, despite malice and all uncharitableness "whilst this machine is to him" in going order. Every professional man is kind to me, young or old. The young men are especially courteous. I went to one of their meetings to-night (Law Students Debating) and found it pleasant to be getting old! (This to you, sir!)

When Parliament reassembled in 1900 I had lost many friends, and was excommunicated by a Convention of the O'Brien League which declared me unworthy to be a member of the Irish Party. I had taken the "pledge" at the election, and no offence was imputed. Redmond presided at the Convention, and feebly opposed my expulsion. Harrington did so vehemently. Dean Shinkwin, P.P. of Bantry, my native town, was brought up to move it. A majority of the delegates supported this inroad on the Party Pledge, which specified that a member's colleagues should alone be the tribunal to decide on his conduct.

Dean Shinkwin died in 1923 at ninety years of age. Of his brother at the Munster Bar he used to say that, although "little

good at Common Law, he was the very devil at Equity "—a family gift!

On the meeting of Parliament O'Brien framed an amendment to the Queen's Speech rejoicing at the election of a "united Party." On this I remarked in the Commons that it "hardly did Ireland justice, as Ireland had returned two united parties, and I'm one of them."

[Redmond, O'Brien, Dillon.]

By kind permission of the *Westminster Gazette*, 13th December, 1900.]

TIGER TIM.

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
23rd December, 1900.

Every one in Parliament spoke of your loss to the House and Ireland. Asquith and Gerald Balfour were sympathetic, and I could see from the Liberals that they were strongly opposed to what had been done.

Salisbury's speech was downhearted on the Boer trouble, and if the Opposition were worth anything they could have hammered Chamberlain to pulp, but except Harcourt, they have hardly anyone worth a curse.

The Irish Party missed the greatest chance they ever had last session. I don't believe they will do much now. I am glad to be free from all responsibility for their proceedings.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
15th February, 1901.

The old Parnellite section, including Redmond, are friendly. Dr. Tanner, who looks as if he was dying, warmly shook hands.

Carew says Wyndham wants to meet me to talk over some projects! I have undertaken to dine with Carew on Sunday on my return from taking the children to France.

Redmond is embarrassed by having received fifty-one applications for £ s. d. from his eighty followers!

When I met Wyndham at Carew's he was uncertain as to the policy to be pursued in Ireland. I could not feel surprise owing to the different moods prevailing amongst the Irish representatives. No one knew who was uppermost. Carew was a staunch supporter of Redmond, and I thought would guide him wisely.

I wrote my father:

DUBLIN,
24th February, 1901.

George Wyndham told me at dinner a few nights ago that William O'Brien was his great obstacle to useful legislation, and that his plan is to claim the parentage of everything that is done. Personally I can't dislike O'Brien, as he has brains, and capacity for self-sacrifice.

I don't think the Government a strong one. It is merely a Balfour-Chamberlain duet in debating power, and when these are exhausted there is no one else of first-rate brains. Gladstone would have had them out long ago, but the Liberals are mainly piffle on the Front Bench, and there is no growth that I can discern in the rear-ranks. The Irish, in spite of all disadvantages, have had an abler proportionate team than any other lot, although with more unpresentable members. We have usually a worse "residuum" than the English, Scotch, or Welsh, but this devil's guard has not been increased lately more than in previous parties.

The O'Brienites would not now tolerate an intrigue to unship Redmond, who will gradually consolidate his position.

The Cabinet have two Purchase Bills under discussion, but have not yet adopted either, but some such Bill will proceed for certain, unless the stalwarts make it impossible. Here again Redmond's influence will come in, and I see riftage in that direction, which will ultimately place O'Brien in a minority in the councils of the Party.

Everybody denounces Maurice's exclusion, and dozens of English M.P.'s have spoken of him to me as the ablest man in Parliament.

The Dundalk people want me to assail the Coronation Oath there next Sunday. We are very persuasive at long range, but I am going.

The Oath was changed in the next reign, thanks to the courage and statesmanship of His Majesty George V. It had been framed at the Revolution after the accession of William and Mary, in despite of the formularies of *The Book of Common Prayer* and the Statutes of Edward VI (1547 and 1548).

It was of Dutch Calvinistic provenance, and declared the doctrine of Transubstantiation "idolatrous." In protesting against it at Dundalk I addressed my constituents as "Fellow-idolaters!"

In the debates on its repeal, so little was English law known to Scotch Presbyterians that an ex-Lord-Advocate interrupted my citations from the Acts of Edward VI with a denial of their accuracy.

I told him that when I ended my remarks I should bring him

the volume of the Statutes. This I did, and he snorted, "Whaur do they come from?"

"From the library," I answered. "What library? Not our library in the House?" "Oh, yes," I assured him. He had assumed that I "passed off" enactments which were non-existent.

In 1901 there was much discussion on Irish Railways affecting Munster and Ulster. My brother had in 1898 carried a "Cork and Fermoy line" in the Act which created the Fishguard and Rosslare route between England and Ireland.

I wrote him:

MAIL BOAT,
24th July, 1901.

After seeing the wretched reports of the debate on the Railway Bill in the Dublin papers I thought nothing had been gained but to let the Companies out of the bargain with the loss of the £93,000. MacIvor in effect said the G.W. Railway would make the Fermoy line. They will never be allowed to come to Parliament for an abandonment scheme after Balfour's speech. Redmond said the forfeited £93,000 should be given to Waterford!

The House would have thrown the Bill out if it was left to those who listened to the debate. I knew Redmond would oppose this, and that he would bring the Party with him, so I took care to say I did not intend to divide. . . .

The session ended without gain to Ireland. When the new year began I wrote:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
24th January, 1902.

I see no hope for the country from the present Party and feel I am wasting time and throwing away money here. . . .

Last night Dillon didn't take the vacant seat at dinner where Redmond was, although he had to pass him by. He took a table by himself, where he was joined by T.P.

Dillon, in spite of his appeals for unity, never made up the breach with Redmond. He "caucused" continually with T. P. O'Connor, and treated Redmond as a makeshift. So he was, no doubt, but this did not justify the constant projection of a rival to the Chair. Besides, Dillon himself was no longer prepared to take an extreme agrarian stand like O'Brien. I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
11th February, 1902.

I hear Wyndham has a Purchase Bill ready, but the Government won't waste time cramming sweets down our throats. It is much the same as regards the University question. The lesson of 1873 makes no impression. Yet when the Pope sanctioned Catholic youth going to Oxford and Cambridge Ireland's extreme position was given away.

A son of Judge Murphy's wrote home from the front last week that an old Boer came in to surrender with his son, a lad of twelve. As he was handing

the rifle to the sergeant the boy snatched it and shot the sergeant dead. Both father and son were then riddled with bullets. Fancy that for a child of twelve! If our race had a tithe of their stuff (or their arms) they never could have been conquered.

DUBLIN,
16th March, 1902.

Henniker Heaton told me he was out and home on the ship from Australia with William O'Brien. He says O'Brien always spoke of me in a friendly way. Heaton's comment was that he seemed to be afraid of me. He is now either in Greece or Rome, and in these classic localities is in no hurry home.

Sir M. Beach sent for me about that matter he spoke to me on a year or two ago, and I should not be surprised if he tackled the question this time. Keep this to yourself.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach did not, as Chancellor, propound the plans in his Budget which he outlined to me. Our conversation was secret, and I could not, therefore, reveal them. In my talks with him I conceived the greatest respect for his character. In public we passed each other by without a nod of recognition! I wrote Maurice:

STEAMER *MUNSTER*,
3 *a.m.*, *27th March*, 1902.

I sent you a copy of the Wyndham Purchase Bill before starting from London. I have agreed to oblige the *Irish Times* (under pressure from Arnott) by writing them a few letters over my name upon it, beginning on Saturday. I should feel obliged if you would send me your views (if you have time). I have promised the first article for Saturday, and therefore must finish it to-morrow night. I suppose you are busy at Assizes, but let me know if you can examine the Bill. I have not read the tenure clauses, but if we can get a decent Commission constituted, I should not be much afraid.

Ministers were hopelessly divided about Ireland. Wyndham was entirely friendly, but constantly complained of the way he was thwarted by his officials. Balfour had now become Prime Minister and was also friendly, but not anxious to plunge into adventurous courses, knowing that the Irish Party would, if possible, prevent the Tories carrying any beneficial measures for Ireland. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
2nd June, 1902.

I can't understand how this Government is run. Wyndham complained to me last week on the Coercion question that when he left Ireland for London at the beginning of the session he had all his official staff breast high with him, and that gradually they were poisoned against him, and his influence undermined. I don't know of whom or what he was complaining, but I think there must be some clique in the Castle determined to block anything favourable to the popular side, even in the remotest way. I don't suppose Lord Cadogan [Viceroy] knows much that is going on.

If Lord Cadogan resigned and Wyndham became powerful (which he is not) I could do something.

I never knew such a Government. Personally they are civil, but as a corporate body, paralysed.

A wealthy Dublin stockbroker, James McCann, had now become an independent Irish member. He was chairman of the Grand Canal Company, and was full of the idea that by cheapening water transit much could be done for Ireland. Of his plans I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
9th July, 1902.

The Government can be induced to make gradual concessions, and we may get a University settlement in the autumn session I would go for the purchase of Canals and Railways—first buying the canals, which with effective competition, would in a year or two bring the railways to their senses. Then, having got a National Council of Management established for this, I should make it the medium of all financial expenditure in the country, and gradually disestablish the Local Government Board, the Board of Works and the Castle, using the County Councils as the basis of representation.

Hicks-Beach, Balfour and Wyndham were willing to find a couple of millions this session for the acquisition of canals on James McCann's line, and I am making up the question with a view to drawing a Bill for McCann for compulsory acquisition.

Any such programme is useless if its supporters are blackguarded daily in the *Freeman*, as the Government are determined to do nothing for the existing Irish Party. If we succeed, some system of Home Rule will be evolved in the course of a few years. When you consider that it is sixteen years since Gladstone made his attempt in '86, and that nothing has since been done, it seems as hopeful a way of approaching the question as by the original method of "frontal attack."

As long as Redmond led the Parnellite minority, he was like myself in favour of trying to harness the Tory Government to schemes of reform for Ireland. From the moment, however, that he became leader of the united Party, Dillon, who was a convinced Liberal, dominated him, and strove to thwart concessions to Ireland by the Conservative Government. Dillon's father, a '48 rebel, became Liberal Member for Tipperary, and Phil Callan, M.P., used to assert he had proofs that in the 'sixties the elder Dillon, but for his untimely death, would have been given office under the Whigs. I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
13th July, 1902.

Wyndham made an onslaught on Dillon in the de Freyne debate (which was suppressed in the Irish papers), referring to the fact that, if the district was a poor one, it was extraordinary that it contained so many wealthy shopkeepers such as John Fitzgibbon, and that recently the firm of Monica Duff had been floated for £25,000, of which Dillon was the managing director!

Dillon suspected that Jasper Tully, M.P., supplied Wyndham with the ammunition for this criticism, and took the earliest opportunity to drive him from Parliament. Up to that time, Tully had been one of his supporters, and two years before had objected to the Chair being entrusted to Redmond. I thought, therefore, Wyndham's information came from official sources. I wrote my brother:

MAIL BOAT,
26th July, 1902.

I could not move for the "Return" you wanted, as I hate staying in London a minute after Irish business is over. As long as you were there, the place was tolerable, but with all my friends gone it is hateful.

I heard O'Brien in the House on Thursday. He and Asquith rose with me, and I was taken. Asquith yielded, but William did not. When he was called he controlled his voice much better than last year, but kept it too much in a whisper, so that there were cries of "Speak up." I thought his matter very good and literary. He has Redmond under his thumb. T.P. seems chiefly to inspire the tactics of the Party.

They have all been civil to me, and I have nothing to complain of in their attitude, except that when I talk now they don't cheer! They laugh, however! I suppose they can't help that.

I drew the Canal Bill for James McCann, but he doesn't know how to introduce it, and has put it off for another week, although I gave him full instructions, and was anxious to get it printed to send you a draft for suggestions. I took the London Water Bill as a model, and cobbled the clauses from it. It wants a good many things, but it is hard dealing with inexperts like McCann, who is one of the decentest and most impracticable men alive. It's astonishing how such men make thousands of pounds. He is undoubtedly an extreme man, most hospitable and a good fellow, and recalls what you might picture as a Dublin Catholic merchant in the days of Daniel O'Connell or Grattan. . . .

Poor Beach's eyes filled with tears at a compliment from T.P. yesterday. All the lot have become emotional. Balfour broke down similarly under Bannerman's accolade to him as Prime Minister. There is a "Maffick" as the result of the [Boer] War. Everything seems to me to be changed except the Channel passage.

The Purchase Bill of 1902 failed. After Sir Michael Hicks-Beach retired, I had a note from Wyndham showing his hopes of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
4th August, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. HEALY,—

I cannot manage Louth in this Bill. But I have a plan, in a rudimentary stage, for dealing with the East Coast, and I will do more for Louth than any other county. I cannot get on with it now in its transition stage between Beach and—whom? I hope it will be Ritchie, as I have been educating him on the necessity of giving me money for Ireland.

Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE WYNDHAM.

The mere introduction of the Purchase Bill of 1902 led to results. The late Lord Dunraven came forward with a proposal that the tenants' representatives should meet the landlords. This was wisely accepted by William O'Brien, and at the Mansion House, Dublin, he met Harrington (Lord Mayor), T. W. Russell, M.P., Lord Dunraven, Lord Mayo, Sir Hutcheson Poe, and Sir Nugent Everard, to discuss terms.

The landlords (bereft of political power by the Local Government Act of 1898) demanded that their "net incomes" should be

From the *Daily Despatch*, 20th October, 1902:
"As a native of Uganda, let me thank the Prime Minister for having at length turned his attention to the grievances of that distant and neglected island."—MR. TIM HEALY in the House of Commons.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW CHARACTER.

assured. The tenants could not afford a price which would provide the owners with a "trustee security." Still, the evacuation of the landlords was shown to be a question of £ *s. d.*

Parliament met for the adjourned session on the 16th October, 1902, when the Prime Minister moved that its time be occupied thenceforward with Government business. A grant of an unspecified sum for the Uganda Railway was foreshadowed, but nothing was proposed for Ireland. Hansard records that the Irish Secretary

(Wyndham) was hissed as he entered the House (Volume 113, p. 37). Speaker Gully refused to allow any reference to Irish topics. I, therefore, rose, "speaking as a native of Uganda," to thank the Government for its solicitousness for that supposed island. Next day an English paper (name not preserved) wrote:

> Mr. Balfour acted with the approval of the House in refusing to be beguiled into further concessions to the Hibernian Comedy Company. If they produced such admirable performers as Mr. Healy all the time, the House could endure the strain; but Mr. Healy is the one star in the firmament of dullness, and his satire has no reflex influence on the crowd behind him.

Lloyd George, then a rising man, came to compliment me. He said that some dolt on his own side remarked, "Of course, Healy must have prepared his satires," and that he answered, "How could he without knowing that the Speaker was going to rule against allowing Irish debates on the first day of the session?"

In 1903 the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Ritchie, agreed to give a bonus to aid Land Purchase. The annuities would repay the loan, so that the cost to the taxpayer (outside the bonus) would be *nil*. The Act undid the confiscations of James I, Cromwell, and William III. To this reform William O'Brien contributed more than any other man. The Wyndham Act is, therefore, as much the O'Brien Act as Wyndham's. His colleagues, however, were jealous, and Davitt sided with Dillon and Sexton in hostility.

I wrote my father:

> DUBLIN,
> 10*th March*, 1903.
>
> The Cabinet meet to-day to polish off the Purchase Bill, which will be brought in on 25th March. The interest is to be 3¼ per cent., of which part is to be for Sinking Fund, which would enable the instalments to be cleared in forty-nine years, give 25 per cent. reduction on second term rents, and the landlords twenty-three years' purchase—assuming they could invest in 4 per cent. securities.
>
> There is to be a University for us later. I would prefer it linked with T.C.D. Our Archbishop favours that, but T.C.D. objects. So it may be fused with the "Royal" at first. The King is personally anxious for a reconciliation with Ireland. He frequently sees General Butler. Sir Anthony MacDonnell's appointment was entirely due to Edward VII. The "True blues" hate Sir A., and I expect before many years there will be important changes, even under a Tory Government.
>
> Not that this Government is a bit too strong in England. The Licensed Vintners are angry over recent legislation.

Wyndham brought in his Purchase Bills of 1902 and 1903 on Lady Day (25th March), his wife's birthday. Beforehand he received Communion in the Anglican rite.

In 1898, at Gladstone's funeral, I noticed the attendance of

Lady Grosvenor, Wyndham's wife, who drove in a trap behind the coffin from Hawarden to the railway station. My brother was with me, and remarked on the profusion of her beautiful hair. He said that in Gaelic there were over thirty praises, or phrases, for a woman's hair. Shingling was then unknown. After the Purchase Bill was introduced, I commented:

DUBLIN,
3rd April, 1903.

I am hardly pleased with the Bill, but if I were to say so this would kill it. A puff of wind would throw Wyndham out. He is so nervous that he has been wanting me to see him all this week, and after much negotiation I am crossing again to London on Tuesday to spend the evening with a friend where he will be.

The Government are in a shaky condition. Enthusiasm for them there is none, and none for the Purchase Bill. King Edward has been hard at work to have something done for the pacification of Ireland, and would not let the Government go on with a new Coercion Bill.

Dillon, Davitt and Sexton are hostile to O'Brien, and if I were to join them the Bill would be killed, and William dished, but I could not be guilty of such faction as to oppose it. I hope it may be modified. I am, however, pleased with the shape of the Commission and Bailey's appointment. No doubt it is right for the tenants as they are, but their case was a bit given away by the Land Conference.

Sir Anthony MacDonnell sent Bailey to me a month ago to know should he resign his post! He evidently has not had his way about the Bill, and it is a hotch-potch of everybody's notions, though the whole thing could be done by "rules" and put into a few clauses. I don't see the *Freeman*, but understand from its *Evening Telegraph* that it is hostile. Tim Harrington told me O'Brien promised to consult Sexton before the issue of the "Conference Report," and forgot it! For this he will never be forgiven.

At this time the management of the *Freeman*, under Sexton, satisfied no political party. It was an organ of high influence, and Sexton (who was ultimately ousted by Redmond) was determined not to be dislodged. He would not speak to the editor, W. H. Brayden, and written communications only passed between them.

During the debates on Wyndham's Bill I could not avoid overhearing the thrusts and cuts between Dillon and O'Brien. I was sandwiched between them, and with neither was I on speaking terms. The Liberals were hostile to the measure, lest it should win credit for the Tories. Dillon took their view. The Irish peers began to hold caucuses against it. But for the intervention of King Edward, their insagacity would have triumphed.

Commotion in England now arose over Chamberlain's "protection" policy. He, Ritchie and the Duke of Devonshire left the Cabinet. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
11th June, 1903.

Had the Government gone out, while I should be sorry for Wyndham, and would have hated a Dissolution, I should have been glad at the change.

Administrative arrogance against Catholics confronts us every day, and in the smallest matters, which drives me wild.

Our people never dream of attributing failure to the malice of officials. The old groove and the old gang domineer in Ireland as long as the Tories are in office. The friendly heads in London are inefficacious.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July, 1903.

Waldron, M.P., told Wm. Murphy that at a dinner Dillon gave to Judge Mathew and Burke Cochrane last month in Dublin a story was told that, when John Morley came to Ireland, they asked me how he should be treated, and that I said, "Like an ass at a fair; let him alone until he goes astray, and then fire stones at him."

Wasn't that pretty? I suppose they told Morley this lie.

Judge Mathew informed Father Delaney, the Jesuit, that I was the author of a flattering review of McCarthy's book against the priests in *The Times*, called "Literature." Aren't they endless liars?

Before the "Report" stage of the Irish Purchase Bill was taken in the Commons, Wyndham telegraphed asking me to come from Dublin to help him, and we met at a breakfast in his house in Grosvenor Square. On arrival I saw that many ladies had assembled with his charming mother to meet us, and I was nervous—or should the word be shy?

When the ladies left Wyndham said, "I'll accept every amendment you propose, except one."

"Which?" I asked.

"That enabling 'joint-tenants and tenants in common' to fix fair rents. It is a 'tenure' proposal, and outside the scope of Land Purchase."

"Well," said I, "that's the only amendment I value. I care nothing about the rest. I proposed them to facilitate purchase, but have no interest in them beyond a lawyer's. My 'tenure' proposal would enable forlorn creatures in Connaught, trapped by a technicality, to escape rack rents." He answered, "Yes, but I could never get it through the Lords, and it would be dangerous to overload the Bill."

The Commons met then at noon on Wednesdays, and we wrangled till 11.30 a.m. I rose to go, disappointed. Then I heard a rustle of silk, and his mother entered.

Said she, "How are you getting on with my son, Mr. Healy?"

"Very badly, Mrs. Wyndham," was my reply. "Your Saxon son has rejected the only amendment I set store on!"

"He's not a Saxon," she promulgated, "and he shall accept your amendment! George, take Mr. Healy's amendment."

I looked at her bewitched, for she knew nothing of the point at issue. George, however, turned lovingly to his mother, colouring, and answered, "Very well, mother, I will."

As she spoke, George's secretary, Philip Hanson, dashed in, saying, "Chief, I've a cab at the door, and the Bill will be on in twenty minutes."

Wyndham cut in, "Healy has persuaded me to accept his amendment about 'Joint tenants and tenants in common.'"

Hanson cried, "I've just been to the Speaker [Gully] and arranged to have it ruled 'out of order.' So I must hurry back to tell him it's all right."

We then drove to the House in separate vehicles. The Speaker, when the debate on my proposal was neared, seemed to wobble, but I said jauntily, nodding at the Chief Secretary, "I understand this is agreed?" Wyndham nodded back. Then the Speaker put my amendment, and it was carried without a murmur. The House of Lords afterwards accepted it without objection.

Western cottiers of "striped" (intermixed or rundale) land in the days between 1903 and 1923 should bless the mother of George Wyndham for removing the bar which hindered them from fixing "fair rents." I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
22nd July, 1903.

I am trying to get the House of Lords to insert an amendment which Wyndham refused. Butcher has undertaken to ask Lord Macnaghten to move it. All I am anxious for is to kill the appeal by owners against labourers' cottages and new roads. I breakfasted with Wyndham at his mother's house, and had to yield a lot, as he is nervous about the Lords. I told him "I must get something." After a long wrangle when he could make no other excuse, he blandly remarked, "Well, you know, the others are very jealous of you." However, I was out for scalps, and hadn't travelled from Dublin to breakfast with him for the good of my health. I shall tell you of the "win" I harvested later on.

O'Brien, during the Committee stage, after one of Dillon's harangues, snarled at him across the bench, "The summer is passing and we are making no progress."

On Monday night, after the Bill passed the third reading, Wyndham and O'Brien left, and a debate on the Coercion trials was started by the residuum. Atkinson kept his patience marvellously. If O'Brien had been there he would never have tolerated their conduct. Dillon abetted it, and Redmond sat fuming.

They care nothing for Irish interests, as against those of "Party."

After centuries of strife the plan of purchase advocated by us from the outset had become law, and forgetfulness of ancient

wrong to-day robs of actuality the history of the struggle. Trade Unions now "net" disputes by inquiring how much cash, coal, or iron an industry can yield, and what is the fair share thereof between worker and owner. In 1880–1 Irishmen were imprisoned for trying to apply that principle to agriculture. Coercion Acts against agrarian combinations were periodically imposed.

Few Englishmen fathomed the difference between Irish and British tenures, which largely arose from the fact that improvements and reclamations in Ireland were made by the tenant, and in Britain by the landlord. The Irish Party, when discussing Gladstone's proposals in 1881, had not merely to be watchful to abolish pretexts for eviction, but to invent devices to prevent the capture of tenants' improvement by absentees who rarely visited their estates. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
18*th August*, 1903.

The situation still is that "John wants the Chair." Redmond dines only with the Parnellites as of old, and has little support from the rest of the Party.

The Government will not dissolve. The Duke of Devonshire, with his simplicity, is the pivotman of the situation. Except Arnold Forster, most of the Liberal-Unionists are with him. The Duke is not keen for office, and will resign if the pace is forced by Chamberlain. Lord James wrote a strong "anti-Joe" letter the other day. It is symptomatic of the situation, and one of the minor Ministers came to me saying, "Joe would be happy to see you if you wish." I replied that there was no necessity, that it was not for me to intervene, to decide on a situation created by English elections. There is no principle involved except on Joe's side, and I think he is a most courageous fellow to take this stand against olden fetishes (whether he is right or wrong in his economics). That point only experience can decide, and I can't see any advantage for the Irish farmer in being undersold by Canadians, any more than by Americans.

John Barry's antipathy to Protection, and his common sense, have influenced me, seeing that he has experience of Protection both in America and France, and of Free Trade in England. He remains violently in favour of Free Trade. Personally, I am in favour of a tax on flour, but when I said that of old to Parnell, he replied that it was the only tax he could not favour, as the Irish millers refused to adopt the modern Hungarian machinery.

To my father I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
21*st August*, 1903.

I am sad at Carew's [1] death. He was a Parnellite, but kept the *Leinster Leader* anti-bounder. During the "Union of Hearts" he was in confidential relations with the Liberals, and before the General Election of 1892, after a dinner at Arnold Morley's, where Gladstone and Spencer came, I thought I had the "Split" settled with him, but Redmond held out. Carew was in

[1] J. L. Carew was member successively for Kildare, Dublin, and Meath.

with the Tories, and carried over £10,000 from the brewers to the Parnellites to fight us. Lately he was on friendly terms with Wyndham and knew what went on behind the scenes. His going to Court was due to the fact that his wife's people tried to get the Court of Chancery to take away the custody of Sir Coleridge Kennard (his stepson), alleging that Carew was almost a Fenian, and was bringing up the boy a Catholic. The Court of Appeal reversed the decision after Carew was presented at Court, though, of course, that did not turn the scale. His brother was the backbone of the Meath Petition against us in 1892. Later I acted for him in the Land Court.

Should the Liberals get in at the Dissolution we shan't get anyone as good as Wyndham, who has Nationalist sympathies. I met his mother a couple of times, and she showed me all her "Lord Edward" relics with pride. She sat every night in the Gallery of the Commons watching George with motherly pride during the Purchase debates.

The Duke of Devonshire behaved like a gentleman in his conduct of the Purchase Bill in the Lords, and in his attitude towards Ireland. I was "tickled" one night at one of his devil-may-care speeches in Committee. Lord Belmore, a Fermanagh Tory, moved something and the Duke said, "I don't know that I understand the proposal of the noble Lord. All I know is that it cannot be accepted by the Government." Then he sat down without raising a titter—it was so natural.

The Duke is willing to sell to his Irish tenants, but thinks it likely there may be some concert between the big landlords as to the terms they will accept. However, if the tenants let things "hang in the wind" too long, between the wet and the *Freeman*, there won't be much enthusiasm on their side. It is the pursuit, and not the prey, that makes hunting pleasant, and now that peasant-proprietary is at men's doors, it comes, as usual, hardly in the tempting guise they expected. This weather may not be in the end such a bad thing for the farmers, in cooling the temperature raised by the "Dunraven Conference."

The question of Irish railway communication again came up. My brother had insisted on a direct line from Fermoy to Cork when the Rosslare to Fishguard route was under discussion.

I wrote him:

DUBLIN,
2nd November, 1903.

Wyndham is anxious to get the Railway Bridge at Cork built over the Lee on the terms of releasing the Great Southern from the clause as to the Fermoy line. He proposes to see me about it in a few days. If I resist, he will not broach the matter further with the Directors. Have you any view? There is no chance of the Fermoy and Cork line being made, and William O'Brien doesn't care, nor have the Cork people shown themselves keen. Wyndham says he could get the Great Southern to take over the Dingle Railway, but makes me think that military reasons underlie the bridge, and that there is some apprehension amongst strategists of a landing on the south-west coast in the event of war, however remote.

DUBLIN,
4th November, 1903.

Wyndham does not seem as confident about the University Bill as when

I saw him before, but he will lay my views before Balfour on Friday. He knows Redmond is not anxious for it and says they may do it in 1905. . . .

He talked a lot about the Government of Ireland, and is evidently cutting down the police and "Removables," but is disgusted with the Treasury obstruction of every effort at reform.

Wyndham, at the close of 1903, wrote me:

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHŒNIX PARK,
DUBLIN,
31st December, 1903.

MY DEAR T.H.,—

On this last day of a memorable year I wish you all happiness and good fortune in 1904. I shall always associate the Land Act with memories of our meetings at poor Carew's at 44 Belgrave Square, 3 Old Queen Street, and on that sunset evening at Chapelizod.

The *Daily Independent* articles on the Land Act are very helpful. Redmond's attack on Atkinson was outrageous and purely mischievous.

I shall, of course, amend at once, and have the written sanction of the Prime Minister to that course.

I shall avoid all criticism of the judges, express contrition for unsuspected ambiguity, and invite Parliament without delay to reiterate explicitly an intention attested after debate and division in both Houses.

I am trying to scrape pennies together for Whitestown [pier], but am miserably short of funds.

Have you seen the Resolutions passed by the Council at Queen's College, Belfast? They show that the University question is a National question. If anybody takes that point—and it will be taken—I hope the *Independent* will "go in" hard for a solution on National lines and seek rather to persuade than to menace the Presbyterians or T.C.D.

Hamilton of Queen's College and many junior Fellows in Trinity are with me. The moderate Protestant landlords will soon take the field. Then there will advance to the footlights a chorus of Catholic laymen.

Do not anticipate any of these events, but when they happen let the *Independent* take the lead on the line that T.C.D. and the Presbyterians will, no doubt, join with the rest of their countrymen, although boggling for the moment, etc., etc.

I hope to secure the *Telegraph*, *Standard* and *Daily Express* in England. If the Belfast Orangemen play the fool on 22nd January, treat them to good-humoured banter on their "provincialism," and belated attempt to heal their dissensions by pretending the twentieth is the seventeenth century.

Yours ever,
GEORGE W.

I wrote my father:

DUBLIN,
8th January, 1904.

Wyndham is anxious to settle, or try to settle, the University question next year. He calls my new house "Heliopolis," as he looks down on it from the Park. I have a sincere regard for him and for his mother, who is

a good Irishwoman. She showed me all her Lord Edward relics one day last year, with her eyes moist.

I think if the bishops have any driving power, or *nous* enough to send over a confidential watcher to observe the "party" during the session from "under the clock," we shall get something.

Redmond frequently sees the Lord-Lieutenant (who doesn't know everything that is going on) and Sir A. MacDonnell. All the pundits are jealous of each other. Hence some yarn retailed by J.E.R. about an alleged opinion of the Law Officers on the Purchase Act led to squalls. James Campbell [Solicitor-General] to-day startled J. Clancy, M.P., by saying no such opinion had been given. As Biggar said to me in '81, "You call that a strong Government—I call it a row of jealous individuals!" This immortal saying takes rank with his "Never resign anything. Get expelled."

The Vice-Chancellor gets dotty after lunch—a decent upright old Tory (82). I won't say that to know him is to love him, but at any rate it is to appreciate and respect him. Stout old Protestant as he is, his Crier spends his time praying for his conversion—Rosary in front, diversified by reading the *Irish Catholic*. The "Vice" knows the Crier's weakness. In that Court he calls "Silence" twice a day—a light soulful job!

To Maurice I said:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
3rd March, 1904.

The Government will carry on through the session, and cannot be defeated, even on a snatch vote. Chamberlain is physically broken. The Ministry now is a rum lot of youngsters.

I met Lord Stanley a moment ago, and shook hands, saying, "What the devil are *you* in this Government?" "Postmaster-General," he said, with a laugh. "Oh my!" said I.

Then Graham Murray came up and I found he was in the Cabinet, and there are such a lot of strangers on the Treasury Bench you could hardly "call your soul you own" among them. Except the two Balfours and George Wyndham, there is hardly a man in the same post as when you were here.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
28th May, 1904.

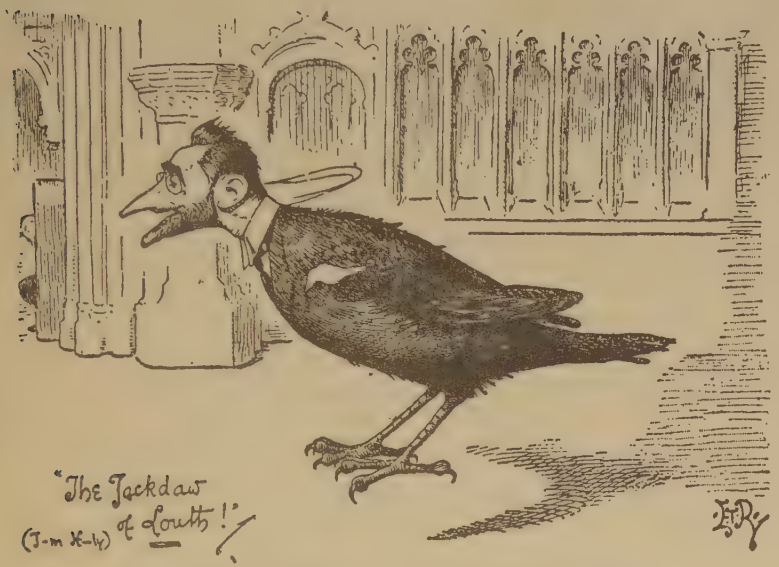
Things are going badly for the Government, but they will hold on until next year.

Murphy intends spending large sums on the *Independent*, and is changing its character.

In that session a cutting from *London Opinion* shows the state of the Irish Party. I forget the occasion, and the date is not given in my wife's scrap-book. Possibly it may have been provoked by comments on the price exacted by Mr. Redmond for his estate:

A striking instance of political ingratitude was furnished in the House of Commons on Friday afternoon. Tim Healy, the rasper—Tim Healy, the banner-bearer in many a stubborn fight—Tim Healy, who has done more navvy work for the Irish Nationalists than any other man in the Party, was

howled down by his old colleagues. No impartial observer can have admired some of Mr. Healy's methods, but when it comes to a question of ability six-sevenths of the lot now at Westminster are not fit to black his boots. . . . As a matter of policy it seems suicidal for the Redmond contingent to fall out with Tim Healy. If he were to cut away from the old crowd and get an English constituency, and if he would shed some of his vitriolic manner, sheer ability would carry him a very long way in Parliament. He would be invaluable to the Liberals, would the Member for Louth.



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CHAPTER XXXVI

Tory Collapse (1904–9)

WHEN Wyndham's Land Purchase Act (1903) became law, the *Freeman* and Dillon launched what Davitt described as "a determined campaign" against it. Dillon prophesied it would lead to "national bankruptcy."

That autumn O'Brien resigned from the Party as a protest against the "official" attitude of Redmond and Dillon towards the Act. I thought O'Brien's policy sound, and although he had ceased to be friendly to me I supported him in the House of Commons. Meanwhile, a new portent flamed into the Irish political sky in the shape of Murphy's halfpenny *Independent*. This revolutionized the situation and ultimately destroyed both the parliamentary party and the *Freeman*.

I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
9th October, 1904.

Murphy intends to make the new paper a "news" paper, and neutral until it commands circulation and development. Davitt told him last week that he would contribute signed articles for one or two issues, and showed himself friendly. He said that the reason O'Brien resigned was because Redmond refused to call a meeting of the "Directory," or Party, to expel Dillon and himself for breach of discipline!

O'Brien thought his resignation would flabbergast Redmond, who was delighted with it.

I dined last night with W. F. Bailey at the Shelbourne Hotel. Sir Anthony MacDonnell was there, and from his defence of Dunraven's bantling to Horace Plunkett, who was also present, I could see that *The Times* allegation that he is responsible for it, is not unfounded.

Sexton controlled the *Freeman* and had steadily minimized the benefits to accrue from Land Purchase. These benefits, of course, have since been diminished by the increase in rates and taxes, which followed upon the Great War. Yet how could O'Brien in 1903 have foreseen the European conflict ten years later? To-day, while farmers complain of losses, not a perch of land is allowed to be taken by the peasant without envious eyes being turned on the new owner. The farming interest is treated by some as being

distressed, and by others of their class who have no land as if every bog were a Golconda!

To vindicate O'Brien's policy, his colleague, D. D. Sheehan, M.P. for Mid-Cork (who afterwards served in the Great War and lost two sons in the struggle), resigned his seat and challenged opposition.

Redmond had been cowed by criticism of the price he had exacted from tenants on his estate in Co. Wexford. The *Freeman* published an account (previously submitted to Redmond), acknowledging that for some farms (without reckoning bonus) he got 24½ years' purchase. This delivered him into the hands of those who accused him of "setting a head-line" to the landlords for high prices. Dillon's and Davitt's opposition to understandings with the Tories (then in office) was unchangeable. O'Brien, therefore, dared them to run a candidate against Sheehan in Mid-Cork. No one took up the challenge, and Sheehan was returned unopposed.

To celebrate this victory, O'Brien gave a banquet in Millstreet. When he rose to propose the victor's health the door was flung open by the hotel-keeper, with the words: "Gentlemen, the Bard!"

Then he led an unknown ancient to the head of the table.

The incomer was inclined to reminiscence, and told O'Brien that he was John Sullivan, "the Bard" who had been a leader of "Moonlighters" in 1887. He had served fifteen years' penal servitude for attacks on "land-grabbers." His plan was, before a crime was committed, to visit the nearest town, simulate drunkenness and get locked up by the police.

He thus, while his gang was operating, secured a complete *alibi*. Yet he was betrayed in the end by one of his confederates, and was convicted before Judge Holmes at Tipperary Assizes. There he was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude on two counts, not to run concurrently. He bore the prospect of thirty years' penal servitude without flinching, and from the dock made this comment:

"My Lord, I will devote my time in prison to an essay on the reform of the Royal Irish Constabulary!"

The Bard" sent in many petitions for a reconsideration of his sentence, but Judge Holmes endorsed each of them with a recital of his misdeeds, and certified that he should never be allowed freedom until he completed his thirty years' sentences. Still, the longest day comes to an end. When the first fifteen years expired Lord Aberdeen's second viceroyalty in Ireland began. Millstreet moonlighting and Canon Griffin's evidence for *The Times* had become vague memories, so the Bard's release was permitted.

When he appeared at the dinner he said to O'Brien, "I've a great deal to thank you for, sir." "Why?" asked William. "Because your paper was a great consolation to me in jail every Saturday." "I didn't know it was allowed inside Mountjoy," was the answer. "Well, no," said the Bard, "and for my first year or two I could not get it. Then I began to think how I could have relief, and hit on my second-in-command in Millstreet. I slipped out a letter ordering him to join up as a warder in the prison service, but I knew it would take time to get him promoted to Mountjoy. Yet his character was good, and for the last ten years he was 'over' me. So I was able to get your paper every Saturday."

The Bard's parish priest, Canon Griffin, was the only ecclesiastic in Ireland amongst 4,000 who openly took sides against the Nationalists.

When the House met in February, 1905, the position of George Wyndham became embarrassed by reason of the "devolution" proposals of Lord Dunraven, which the Ulster members alleged had been fathered by the Under-Secretary for Ireland, Sir Anthony MacDonnell. That official was a nominee of Lord Lansdowne, who, as an ex-Viceroy of India, knew of his great career. Redmond moved an amendment to the King's Speech dealing with the new situation, but Wyndham did not face the debate, although he voted in the division. My remarks on the occasion were described by the Prime Minister (21st February, 1905) as a "brilliant speech." G. K. Chesterton, in one of his essays, comments on a thrust I then made at Lord Hugh Cecil, who sat at that time for Greenwich. "The noble Lord professed not to know what 'nationality' was. I shall tell him. Nationality is something men are willing to die for. Even the noble Lord would not die for the meridian of Greenwich."

On the 1st March, 1905, Sir Henry Lucy in *Punch* wrote:

> Tim Healy has gone back to Erin, like a sensible man bent on minding his own business. His intervention in debate, illumining the week, was worth an average man's attendance through the session. . . .
>
> This is the triumph not less of honesty than of genius. Tim spares no man in bitter denunciation of what he thinks is ill-doing to Ireland. He has no axe to grind—unless it be one designed for the decapitation of some five or six of the compatriots amid whom he sits, solitary but dominant. He does not even pay a Saxon assembly the compliment of preparing an oration in order to win its attention or earn its applause. No loss of stray folios of notes would embarrass him. He just talks to the House straightforth, "an unpremeditated strain," over the depths of whose pathos and passion flash gleams of mordant wit.

The position of George Wyndham was undermined by the defection of his Ulster supporters, and he was forced to resign his post as Chief Secretary. My sidelong efforts in his defence evoked a letter from his mother, now no more:

CLOUDS,
SALISBURY,
8th March, 1905.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

I feel impelled to write to you at this time from the feeling of great gratitude. I found when talking over the situation with my son that your speech (on the debate on Sir A. MacDonnell) had touched him deeply, and had given him real pleasure at a time when there was so much that was painful and sad. He had the feeling that you at least understood him and believed that he had done his best, and felt your friendliness very much. I feel that, being his mother, you will not mind my writing to thank you. Both Lady Grosvenor and myself feel most grateful.

Believe me,
Yours most sincerely,
MADELINE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—I must say I feel very much grieved that my son's time in Ireland is over.

George Wyndham's brain was animated by a soul of the rarest and noblest order. My last meeting with him—little I thought it would be the last—came one night when I was hurrying from the House of Commons to Euston to catch the train for Dublin. He was entering Palace Yard and stopped me. "Where are you going?" he asked. "Home," I replied. "Oh, no, don't go," said he. "Delay a day and dine with me to-night at Grosvenor Square." "Ah, George," I answered, "I've clients at the Four Courts in the morning whom I cannot disappoint."

Had I suspected his end was near, this would not have been my reply.

I wrote my father:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
11th April, 1905.

Crean's denunciation of the Party to me on Friday surpassed anything I ever heard. He said they were the worst Party ever elected, and that they should be starved out!

CHAPELIZOD,
18th April, 1905.

William Moore, I hear, is to begin a campaign calling attention in the House of Commons to O'Brien's share in the "Devolution" proposals.

I see my election as Bencher in King's Inns does not please Swift MacNeill, on the ground that O'Connell and Butt (my great predecessors, of course!) never got that compliment. There was great want of taste in those days. He does not disclose that the constitution of the Benchers was then wholly different. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

The late Swift MacNeill, in spite of provocations, dealt with me in his book in a friendly fashion. So little did he understand his ejection from Donegal in 1918 by the Sinn Feiners that he seemed to attribute it to his Protestantism, which was absurd. The Sinn Fein dominants were determined to eject every unit in the Dillon group.

When I was made a Bencher of King's Inn I wrote my father:

DUBLIN,
26th April, 1905.

A muster of the Bar came to do me honour on my first dinner as a Bencher. I tell you this, as I have not been given to noising little triumphs, and as you would appreciate it more on that account. The men, being all my competitors and "rivals," made me feel it. The Chief Baron and T. O'Shaughnessy used the selfsame words, that it was "a splendid demonstration in my favour." Nearly every man on the Munster Circuit, and I think every Munster man in Dublin, attended—the Tories making it a point to be there. Many leading barristers from the other Circuits came, and there was not a vacant place in the hall. I have received nothing but kindliness and courtesy at this profession, from gentle and simple, for twenty years.

It is not for my own satisfaction, but for yours (because I know it will make you glad), that I say this. I could see the incident was acceptable, not only to the Chief Baron, but to Lords Justices Fitzgibbon and Holmes, who secured my election and came specially to dine with us. I asked no one to propose or vote for me as a Bencher. I didn't even know I was to be elected, but by a majority of two to one, which never occurred before, I was carried, being proposed by Lord Justice Holmes, who pushed me in every way, although I never spoke a civil word to him in my life, and attacked him in Parliament when he was Attorney-General, and was often rough on him in the Court of Appeal.

Still, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." Yet I hope I am far from that situation. It is only a reproof to the rancour of the political campaign that, as you have seen so much abuse of me, and to-night's demonstration cannot reach the public eye, I thought I would make you aware that I have friends as well as enemies.

Six months later I was retained by William O'Brien to defend one of his followers, and wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
15th October, 1905.

John Roche, M.P., in a note to-day says that I should be the proudest man in Ireland for having been employed for John O'Donnell, M.P., because I had attacked him.

I got him off with three months' imprisonment, and if Judge Ross had been sitting as Vacation Judge instead of Boyd, I think I should have got him off altogether.

In November, 1905, the Balfour Ministry resigned. Campbell-Bannerman was sent for, and became Prime Minister. Leading Tories supposed that owing to the cleavage in the Liberal ranks

he could not form a Government. It was rumoured that Asquith, Grey and Haldane vowed they would not serve under him, but would stick to Lord Rosebery. Bannerman used to tell in his pleasant way how he saw each of the Imperialist trio separately at his house and won them over to his purpose.

The composition of the new Cabinet in which so many "Liberal Imperialists" held foremost places was not agreeable to Nationalists, as appears from a comment to Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
12th December, 1905.

The best of my judgment about the new Government is that they want to bury Home Rule, and will do nothing that they are not forced into. Perhaps it might not be the worst thing if they get a small independent majority, as that would relieve them of the taunt of acting under Irish pressure. It is an attractive Ministry from John Bull's point of view, and likely to be lasting if it keeps the Irish on hand.

Bob Reid, the new Chancellor [Lord Loreburn], is as good a fellow as ever breathed, and a staunch friend. The "nigger in the fence" is Asquith, a cold-blooded Yorkshireman. Sir E. Grey is friendly in moderation. So is Haldane, who whispered to me in 1893, at Gladstone's dinner table, of the mistake the Irish made in dealing with Balfour. In 1901 Haldane was employed by Balfour to make a tour amongst the Irish bishops to commend a plan for University settlement, which came to nothing.

Fowler, the other "imp," is more unsympathetic, and is partner to Perks. Lord Crewe is married to Rosebery's daughter, and the whole lot must have joined the Cabinet in order to burst up Aunt Jane (as they call C.B.) at the first opportunity! Lord Aberdeen, the "decoy duck" for the Irish, carries no guns. The Canadian comics always made Lady Aberdeen their Viceroy, but she is strongly for Ireland and thoroughly sincere. C.B.'s wife hates the Rosebery faction like poison, but is afflicted with gout, and is a great concern to her husband. Bryce will cut no figure here, or in the House. He is a speaker with an unpleasant Belfast voice, and for all his learning, commands no weight.

The Tories will find their New Rules "barbed wire" to get over, but only for this, motions for adjournment at question-time would break up the Ministry—with operators like Carson, Campbell, Moore and Gordon on the Opposition benches, without mentioning Chamberlain, Balfour, Saunderson, or Long.

I never knew the Irish Office so weak. Hemphill is eighty-four, and would be made a butt of though a fine old fellow.

Redmond was anxious he should be Lord Chancellor instead of Walker, and it shows how little his opinion is regarded by C.B. when Sam is re-appointed. Treasury considerations to save the pension of £4,000 prevailed. Walker was Attorney-General when C.B. was Chief Secretary in 1884–5, and even when out of Parliament always waited on him when in London—so he told me.

It's curious that, only for the O'Brien racket, the Dillonites would have ousted Redmond from the Chair after the General Election. Sexton never gives Redmond a "show" in the *Freeman*, and refuses to meet him because

he says his mother was insulted at some meeting in Waterford during the Split which J.E.R. attended (where he was falsely charged with neglecting his mother). Redmond denies the incident, but "Silken Thomas" is unrelenting.

The Party is in a sad plight for want of men of calibre. Redmond (and sometimes T.P.) is the only man listened to. Dillon disperses the House, and Blake is worse, while no new man is arising. This is the reason why there is no enthusiasm for Home Rule among the Liberals. They are a poor lot, and distrust us.

A General Election followed the change of Ministry, after which I wrote my brother:—

CHAPELIZOD,
11th January, 1906.

Up to the morning of the Louth Convention the Redmondites were striving to get a candidate against me. When they could secure no decent man they withdrew "out of deference to the Cardinal"!

As regards the results in England, I hear Balfour will be beaten. Cherry will be returned for Liverpool. Cecil Atkinson's account of the smashing up of the Tory meetings is amusing. A Nonconformist gathering in Somerset refused to sing "God save the King," owing to the Education dispute! "Fiscal" does not figure in Southern English counties, and "Education" is not of much account in the North.

The Liberals carried Britain by an overwhelming majority. Bannerman, a plain-spoken Scotsman, after his victory, said to a follower who asked him, "What more can you want?" "Well," said he, "I should like to kick Balfour!"

Davitt now advocated a "step by step" policy for Ireland, and when the House assembled I told Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
16th March, 1906.

Redmond and Bryce are cogitating over some plan, but what it is I don't know. Bryce is a Belfast man—without Morley's Irish sympathies. Anthony MacDonnell is the driving power, and his models are Hindu.

The competition of Liberal and Labour reforms has blanketed the Irish Question. However, the tone of the House is friendly to Ireland.

At the beginning of the session I met Lloyd George in Whitehall, as he was walking from the Board of Trade, to which he had been appointed President. I had while he was in opposition worked harmoniously with him, so in a friendly way I said that if any attempt was made to secularize education in Britain we should be against the new Government. Rather nettled, he replied, "We shall give Ireland Home Rule, and must ask you to allow England her local freedom," or words to that effect. He then passed on briskly.

In May, Mr. Birrell brought in the Education Bill, which I

knew was in contemplation when I spoke to Lloyd George. My speech against it was kindly treated by the Ministerial organ, the London *Daily Chronicle* (11th May, 1906):

> Mr. Dillon, on behalf of the Catholics, has specified the amendments which would satisfy them. Mr. Healy took much the same line yesterday afternoon in a speech which, for mingled humour and pathos, for powerful reasoning, finesse of temper, and emotional earnestness, has seldom been equalled in recent years in the House of Commons.

The "Gallery" man of the London *Standard* mused:

> Mr. Healy spoke quietly, sardonically, emotionally, and he gripped the House. It was one of the most wonderful speeches delivered in this Parliament. Conceive the man: middle-aged, stoutish, ill-clad, with tie attempting to climb his collar, a man standing with hands carelessly behind his back, his pale sallowish countenance, with tufted rugged beard pushed out, drowsy eyes, slowly blinking through thick pebbled pince-nez, the forehead high, cold; the bald temples reaching far back, a man with no emphasis, no gesture, no parlour-tricks of debate, but drawling, casual, and yet by personality, by detachment of mind, by the jaundiced satire of his tongue, the tearful wail of his Celtic and religious heart, the words dropping to a husky whisper—a most impressive orator. . . . With low modulated voice he pleaded the value of the eternal truths to children rather than instruction how to become rich—and the House was stilled. But in a minute he stirred the Chamber to uproarious hilarity. "I care very little for your education. I can't spell; I can't parse an English sentence; I can't do the rule of three. I am supposed to know a little law, but I think that is a mistake." Then the packed House was stilled again as, with drooping head and voice softening and breaking and nigh disappearing in feeling, he said: "There is one thing in which I and mine have a privilege, and that is the belief in Christ to come," and so in a whisper, in a great silence, he asked for the continuance of the teaching given in the Catholic schools.

I was told that the Archbishop of Canterbury, sitting next to Cardinal Bourne, congratulated him on my deliverance. Nevertheless, a great British Churchman, Sir John Kennaway, to whom I had never spoken, reproved me amidst congratulations for saying I could not spell. Who can?

The Education Bill, which Lloyd George and Dr. Clifford declared the nation panted for, was thrown out by the House of Lords, and although twenty-two years have gone by, it has not been heard of since. Long before 1906 I sat up late at the National Liberal Club with Lloyd George and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes to try to get at Nonconformist mentality as to education. I gleaned, perhaps imperfectly, believing that the religious notions of Churchmen and Nonconformists were not wide apart, that what the Nonconformists resented most was that in school they should bow to the vicar's wife, and that they were not taken on excursions

organized by the parson. I did not think these things trifles, especially in Wales where there is a racial difference. Yet why propose, because of the jarrings of Protestant opinion, to deprive every child who was not Protestant of religious instruction? Since then the Scotch have settled their education dispute.

Without shame I proclaim that I cannot write grammatically. Split infinitives and other hairy cattle of the wold do not startle me. As for "shall" and "will," Byrne, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, debauched the "Irish race at home and abroad." He always used the verbs crosswise. The foremost master of English, Cardinal Newman, declared of himself that he never composed a sentence without pain.

At the end of the session of 1906 I was retained by Sir George Lewis to conduct a legal inquiry in America, and wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
18th July, 1906.

I shall leave Queenstown for New York on the 15th August for the FitzGerald case, with my wife and daughter.

I am in consultation with O'Brien in respect of his libel action against the *Freeman*. He has a good case on a review of all the speeches and articles he has raked up.

He and his friends are more ferocious against the Party than ever we were!

When I reached New York I told him:

HOTEL WALDORF ASTORIA,
NEW YORK,
27th August, 1906.

Pat Egan breakfasted with us. He is not much changed, but has quite lost touch with Irish affairs from our point of view, and is full of New York Irish and American politics. He said he would not exchange the rule of John Bull in Ireland for the rule of Uncle Sam. He is rough on American statesmen and methods. John Devoy is his great bugbear, and he seems to think the heads of the Clan-na-Gael are in the pay of the British Government. My own view is that only for English Secret Service money there would be no secret societies in U.S.A.

My client, FitzGerald, says there isn't a habitable town in the United States. Yet the people are all right, and I have nothing but what is good to say of them. They have even grown more polite than when we were here in 1881.

From New York we went to a coal centre in Pennsylvania, one of the most interesting places in our tour, called Union Town. After taking evidence there, I wrote that its coal wealth seemed so great as to be "beyond the dreams of avarice." Its hotel-keeper, Titlow, would not accept a dollar from any of the members of the Irish Bar who stayed with him. To prevent

the then law of Pennsylvania operating as to Sunday-closing, he filled on a Saturday night my bath with bottles of lager beer on ice. Titlow's hospitality was boundless. We were a party of half a dozen Dublin lawyers acting on a commission from Irish courts to investigate a divorce case. We were received in Union Town as if we were royalties. A beautifully-spoken Church of England clergyman came to Titlow's hotel to greet us. After an hour or two he bade us good-bye, and we asked was there nothing we could do for him. "Ah, no," said he. "I have a salary here of £800 a year, but I should gladly exchange it for £400 a year in England. I only called to hear the English language spoken." Speakers as we all were of the Anglo-Irish dialect, we smiled at each other as he left.

I wrote Maurice:

"California, Ltd.," Train,
10th September, 1906.

Union Town, Pa., is the most curious place I have struck. The riches are extraordinary. The Courthouse is finer than any we have. The solicitors' room is lined with white marble. The bank is superior to any I have ever seen, outside America, and its strong-room, with an electric locking contrivance, is worth a visit!

Before we arrived at San Francisco the earthquake there had taken place. I telegraphed Father York of that city, believing he was the priest of the same name whom I had known in Dublin. He never revealed my mistake, and hospitably entertained us.

Hotel Metropole, Oaklands,
California,
20th September, 1906.

We passed through San Francisco last night in a cab. The desolation is awful. To-day we shall see the ruins left by the earthquake from a car, and to-morrow we start for Vancouver. It will take us ten days to cross to the Atlantic coast. After we see Niagara we shall start by the first boat home.

We have had a much better time since we came West than before. The weather, although hot, was not unbearable. The Grand Canyon is a splendid sight, which would require a month to see properly. Los Angeles and district are wonderful for vegetation and beauty, though the oil-derricks spoil the city.

The American accent is hard to understand in the common folk. If the divergence increases, in another hundred years it will be unintelligible to our posterity, although the written tongue remains the same. It's harder to understand than Cockney English.

Only for the fun in the newspapers, they are filled with what to us seem trivialities. They take little interest in any European question, and even Irishmen have lost touch with Irish affairs. They all expect Home Rule next year from the Liberals as a matter of course!

We travelled home through Vancouver, and thought the Canadian "Rockies" beyond Switzerland in beauty. We left Quebec for Dublin in October, 1906. I came home to see my father die.

Being absent two months, I lacked knowledge of the outbreak between O'Brien and Dillon. The *Freeman* had accused O'Brien of trying to form a "Middle Party," and he brought an action for libel. It was tried in Limerick in March, 1907, and resulted in a verdict with nominal damages for O'Brien.

James Campbell and I were his counsel, and Campbell's cross-examination of Sexton was smashing.

Dillon's failure to attend the trial vexed Sexton. As part of the apparatus of humbug employed by the *Freeman*, its report of Sexton's evidence embodied statements to which he did not swear. This (as he was in Limerick) was done in the Dublin office without Sexton's knowledge. I wrote my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
20th March, 1907.

I did not see the *Freeman* report of my speech at the Limerick trial, but I hear O'Brien is going to publish a verbatim account.

The Party are very bitter over it, and Billy Redmond to-day cut me for the first time! Even during the Split we occasionally spoke. He will come round.

Birrell saw me trying to avoid him in the lobby yesterday and came and chatted pleasantly.

The *Freeman* now became hostile to all Irish leaders. A movement to "get together" therefore began—in order that the *Freeman's* criticisms should be "spiked." The owner of the Cork *Examiner* helped. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
22nd November, 1907.

George Crosbie has been working a unity plan between O'Brien and Redmond. W. J. Lane wrote me that I should not obstruct it and should meet Redmond. To-day O'Brien writes "the coon will come down."

At first Dillon announced that if I were allowed to return to the Party he would resign; whereupon O'Brien declared he would not return unless with me! He gave them until yesterday to make up their minds, and as he is to speak in Wexford on Sunday, they must have yielded.

Birrell called on me here three weeks ago unexpectedly with Thomas Lough, and a week later, wrote that he was coming again. I replied I would spare him the trouble, and called by appointment at the Lodge on Sunday week. He unfolded his University scheme, and I advised him it would be satisfactory, but that he should refuse to do anything until he had received assurances that his entire policy for Ireland next session would be backed by a united Party, including the abandonment of "cattle driving"—about which he was justly sore.

Birrell mentioned that Redmond wanted the Government to assent to a Home Rule resolution at the opening of next session " to save his face." He went next day to London, where I knew Sexton was in conference with T.P. and others. I fancy Birrell informed them that without a united Party he could do nothing, and this may have brought about a change. A week ago G. Crosbie had written O'Brien that unity was hopeless, but now there is some new development.

I don't want to go back amongst them, and told O'Brien I thought it would be unpleasant for both of us, and that our views would be obstructed and our efforts thwarted. I feel more divided from the Party than I did from the Parnellites when I made the reunion with them in 1900. A solicitor in Dundalk, who was aware there was something in the wind, sent me enclosed, showing the Cardinal's views. Archbishop Walsh would be in favour of reunion, but is bitter against the Party and the *Freeman*.

O'Brien writes they are in mortal terror at the idea of having a National Convention, " which they seem to dread as much as they dread yourself."

To prevent the Purchase Act being shattered by the Treasury, O'Brien met Redmond, who, with Dr. O'Donnell (late the Cardinal Primate), represented Dillon at the conference. The negotiations were successful, and O'Brien and I resumed our places in the Party.

On this Birrell wrote me :

IRISH OFFICE,
OLD QUEEN STREET, S.W.,
22nd January, 1908.

MY DEAR HEALY,—

I greatly rejoice at the reunion. Long may it continue. I want to have the advantage of your advice and co-operation during the *University* discussions. All *seems* to be going well. But I don't know yet what suggestions the Bishops may make, though I am informed they are very well disposed.

I foresee dimly the following point of possible *difference*. All agree that the *First Governing Body* to set the University going and to keep it going, for, say, five years, must be a nominated body of *Individuals*, A.B., C.D., and so on. No *reasons* stated for them, but after they disappear, either *en bloc* or gradually, who are to take their places ?

Two alternatives—a *purely elected body* representing the *Graduates* and the *Faculties*, with possibly some outsiders co-opted by the *Elected Members*—or a body, partly elected at large, by the Graduates, etc., and partly composed of men nominated by different authorities, e.g., the National and Intermediate Education Boards, and partly of *ex-officio* members, and co-opted members. Amongst the *ex-officio* members would be, I presume, the Catholic and the Protestant Archbishops of Dublin, the Lord Mayor, and so on.

The *first* of these alternatives would be much easier to carry, as it would impose upon the University and its members the duty of choosing their Governing Body.

It is perhaps premature bothering you with this point, but the time after all is not long and I want to be prepared beforehand.

In haste,
A. BIRRELL.

When the session of 1908 began the Prime Minister, Campbell-Bannerman, was mortally stricken. Birrell, too, got ill, and I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
29th February, 1908.

Birrell's illness is genuine, but unfortunate Campbell-Bannerman is done for, and although he promised to come down and support Redmond's Home Rule motion, the case may be different now if he is prostrated, and Asquith feels secure in the saddle. All the Cabinet, I understand, have undertaken to work under Asquith.

Parliament is now sitting a month, and while both the big English Bills have been introduced, nothing is heard of the University Bill. I should be satisfied if we got that this year.

O'Brien, who has lived in Mayo, is full of zeal for a settlement of "the Western question."

I dined with the Lord Chancellor [Walker] last night for the first time since he came into office, and was greatly edified hearing him denounce the Treasury appointments. He actually offered to make more magistrates, although he recently made four. He mentioned that Dillon had promised that the Bill cutting down the judges' and his own salaries should never become law. There were a score of barristers, and the Master of the Rolls at the dinner.

I think a completely new political, journalistic and parliamentary situation will be soon created by *Sinn fein*. P. A. McHugh was sick over the poll made by Dolan its nominee in Leitrim.

A new movement had begun, and Dolan, a member of the Parliamentary Party, resigned his seat to fight its battle. He was beaten, but not badly. From inside the Cabinet we learnt that John Morley was strongest for "safeguards" as to a Home Rule Bill.

Respecting the new University, Birrell had occasion to rejoice that Orange opposition to his proposals melted away. On Redmond's Home Rule resolution I was deputed by the reunited Party to speak in reply to the Government. Afterwards I wrote my brother:

31st March, 1908.

The University Bill, after Carson's, Wyndham's and Balfour's speeches, is sure to pass. William Moore admitted to me that "his lot" would not be sorry to have the question out of the way.

Birrell had a triumph last night, and I think his Party are in better spirits. It was a cruel task that fell to me quite unexpectedly to answer Asquith the day previous, on the Home Rule resolution.

Redmond was sadly misinformed. He told me that Dillon complained of Birrell's speech on Home Rule, but that Asquith would set matters right, and not to be anxious, so when I heard Asquith giving us away in fist-fulls I turned round to Redmond and asked some guidance, but got none (although I had been appointed at the Party meeting that day to reply). Whereupon I said, "I think I will give him a touch," and Redmond said, "Very well."

After I had finished I thought I had made a poor show, but David Sheehy,

to whom I had not spoken for fifteen years, came up and congratulated me warmly, and so did a whole lot of the " bounders," to whom I have not been friendly.

Bishop O'Donnell was in the gallery and told one of them that my speech was quite necessary. I fear Redmond would hardly agree to this.

O'Brien said, " You have made history," and gloomily predicted that the Party could not have stood anyhow, and that they had given birth to the Sinn Fein movement.

Tom Lough said it was the most necessary and " gorgeous " speech delivered for years, yet he is one of the Ministers. Samuels, K.C., who was in the gallery, told me it was the best speech he ever heard. So, anyhow, I am not disgraced.

Of course, I never dreamt of making, or having to make it, five minutes before I rose, as we could not expect such remarks from the designate-Prime Minister.

I don't think we should have had such a good vote to-day on the University Bill if we hadn't shown our teeth.

O'Mara, who resigned, came down to congratulate me to-day and said that most of the Party went to the Irish Club afterwards and highly approved of the line I took. An Italian journalist told me how much he relished my quotation from Dante.

Winston Churchill, at Manchester (April, 1908), tried to make amends for Asquith's deliverance:

So far as the Prime Minister is concerned, the attack—very brilliant at the same time—the corrosive attack which Mr. Healy thought fit and proper to deliver upon him at the conclusion of that speech I must say—there are a great many Irishmen here, and I say with all respect to them—I think the Irish Party and the Irish people have shown a little less than their usual acumen in jumping to conclusions with regard to Mr. Asquith's speech, which was certainly not sustained by any words which he uttered and which were still less sustained, but which were in fact absolutely refuted by the vote immediately given, not only by the whole Government, but by the overwhelming majority of the House of Commons.

On Asquith becoming Prime Minister, John Morley went to the Lords rather than be led by him in the Commons. Jealousy amongst Irish politicians is not unpartnered amongst men of British birth.

Morley's biographer published in November, 1924, that he spoke of the Irish as " Wayward, and sometimes diabolic." This satire on the result of 750 years of British tuition in civilization is severe.

In 1914 the " waywards," 300,000 strong, sprang to the side which Morley deserted in the Great War. Fifty thousand of them fell, and as many more were wounded, without taking account of the " diabolics " from the Dominions and the United States.

The passage of Birrell's University Bill was smoothed by Henry Butcher, M.P., professor of Greek in Cambridge (brother of Lord

Danesfort). He was a Tory of the sweetest disposition, with whom I occasionally dined. He presented me with his works on Greece. Carson and other Irish Tories also behaved well.

When Lloyd George conceived his "great" Budget I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
29th March, 1909.

I don't know how the Government can find time for half their projects. The Budget, if it includes taxation of land values, must occupy the whole session.

O'Brien is extraordinarily plucky and optimistic. The idea of a man at his time of life starting a new organization, and fighting the others! I envy his energy. He showered praise on me for everything I did in court in Crean's case.

By kind permission of the *Westminster Gazette*.]

MR. HEALY,
An expert in scalps.

A few days after this O'Brien resigned, and I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
20th March, 1909.

O'Brien is *épatant*. He never consulted me about resigning. His paper on Thursday had not a hint of his intentions, but is full of fight; yet on Friday his resignation is announced. My view is that, if it was only for a week, and as a vindication, you should accept election for Cork if it fairly comes your way.

CHAPELIZOD,
1st April, 1909.

I have heard from Brady, O'Brien's solicitor, a story which throws a light on his resignation. He was so prostrated by Gussy Roche's desertion that Dr. Cox was summoned by Mrs. O'Brien. The doctor, finding him bordering on collapse, ordered his retirement from public affairs, and insisted that he resign his seat. Mrs. O'Brien threw her weight on the doctor's side, and O'Brien that night sent in his resignation and sent the news next day to the papers. *Tout savoir c'est tout pardonner.*

O'Brien went abroad for several months. Hearing at Constantinople of Mrs. Dillon's death, he cabled a long message of sympathy. This John never acknowledged, which pained O'Brien deeply. Dillon was usually a courteous man. After his death, in 1927, I was told that on his marriage I remarked privately, " This will double the number of his admirers."

As it seemed apparent that O'Brien had retired from politics, I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
15th April, 1909.

If without seeking it, a proposal should reach you to become a candidate for Cork, you ought to accept. I deplore the degradation of being associated with the " majority," but unless someone leavens the lump, it can get no better. Moreover, you could always resign! Every one will know it is a sacrifice on your part, and that you cannot be expected to attend at the " drum-beat " as of yore.

The O'Brienites would rejoice if you agreed to stand, unless they mean to run William, which I doubt. I believe it would satisfy O'Brien that a hack did not succeed him, and all his influence would be thrown on your side. The days which would be required of you in London would be only a recreation. A great deal has happened since the time when we spent our lives at Westminster, and neglected our business. It would be something to confine the " solid blockheads " to their proper areas. If this opportunity is let slip, good-bye to anything like independence in our time.

Although my brother was selected by a representative and unanimous convention as candidate for Cork, Redmond opposed him. He ran a nominee of his own without any popular endorsement, viz., George Crosbie, proprietor of the Cork *Examiner*. During the contest I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
28th April, 1909.

We were delighted to get your letter and to hear good news. My mind went back to the miserable evening in October, 1900, when I got your letter on the day of my own victory in North Louth, telling me you would be defeated in Cork. I would rather have been beaten myself.

I did not interfere in the election, being a member of the Party, but when my brother triumphed, I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
2nd May, 1909.

Sunday being a day of rest, I spent it cursing the gang. This was interrupted by the Archbishop of Dublin's visit. He meant it as a visit of congratulation, as he has not been here since August. He asked when we heard the news, and I know he remained up waiting for a message from the *Independent*. . . .

The Archbishop inquired would there be any effort to exclude you from the Party, and said it would be " very funny if the terrible member of the family were included, and they excluded you."

The " Party " now flouted the decision of the third largest city in Ireland, and determined to exclude Maurice from its councils.

He had taken the " Pledge," and I was a member of the Party, yet he was denied admission to the fold. The downfall of the parliamentary movement had begun.

O'Brien's friends, in his absence from Parliament, took a stand against the Lloyd George Budget of 1909. We revelled in circumventing the Chancellor's efforts to " square " matters with the Irish Party, and drove him into many fiscal modifications.

Our exposure of the way in which the death duties would hit Irish farmers and the licensing duties bleed Irish vintners alarmed the Redmondites. Privately, they implored the Chancellor to reduce his impositions. As I entered the House on a morning sitting I found Lloyd George elaborating the concessions he was prepared to make. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
15th October, 1909.

I had not looked at the Order Paper before the death-duty section was down. I only learnt it was on, when I came to the House and found Lloyd George on his legs (after prayers). Clancy and Dillon were the only Irish members present, and evidently knew all about it. A probate expert wrote me denouncing the clause, and I told him to write to the newspapers. I believe his letter appeared in the *Freeman* last Thursday. Dillon declared that the Government amendments would settle the case of every purchased tenant. I think I riddled this.

Lloyd George was insolent to me over it, so much so that the Welsh M.P. who has written his *Life* suggested that I should stand for a Welsh constituency, and that all the vernacular Welsh papers were full of my references to Disestablishment.

On the Licensing clauses Sam Evans's speech defined the concession which Asquith made. It was the most appalling condemnation of the original Budget proposals, and showed that publicans in towns like Athlone would be contributing as much as those in Edinburgh.

The Lords have made hay of Birrell's Education Bill, and the Budget also will be killed by them.

Before the Licensing Clauses were through, T. P. O'Connor was cabled for by the Chancellor's agents to return from Germany

to prevent men like Stephen Gwynn voting with me in protest against the fleecing of Ireland.

I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
17th October, 1909.

An official told me to-day he had seen a draft of the new Death Duty clause in the Budget to raise the tenants' exemption to £1,000. This must be something not circulated to members, but a private draft for official use.

He was friendly to Dillon, but admitted that John was wrong in his estimate of the effect of Lloyd George's concession and that, of the £70,000 a year which the clause was originally estimated to capture from the Irish farmers, the amendment would only cost the Treasury £3,000 a year.

The Irish officials have written the London advisers of Lloyd George that the position has been misconceived by the draftsmen. My friend told me the *Freeman* misreported the clause on the occasion I attacked it, and that he only discovered this on comparing the *Freeman* version with *The Times*. He added that although the answer to your question about the case of "Attorney-General *v.* Robinson" was rightly given, the practice has been changed since the Budget was introduced. He is of opinion that, if the Bill becomes law, it fails to justify the change which the Government pretend has been effected by the amendment.

I am at the disadvantage that I have not the words of the clause here. Neither had he. But he was emphatic that Dillon over-stated the "Concession," and that Lloyd George was not rightly instructed by his English experts.

I explained that I was taken unawares when the amending clause was set down, and that if I had not risen when Clancy accepted it, it would have gone through without discussion, as I did not get time to examine the sections. He said it was a thousand pities you were not there. I said you felt this yourself as bitterly as I did, but we were tricked by the pre-arrangement between the Government and the "Party."

John Clancy, M.P., had been given access to the Dublin Custom House, where its officials were ordered to prime him to defend the Budget from the Redmondite standpoint. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
21st October, 1909.

It is supposed that Lloyd George intended by his second amendment to Clause 61 to extend the Death Duty limit to £1,000 by his incorporation of Section 16 of the '94 Act, but I think it plain that nothing of the kind has been effected.

He must have had some understanding with Dillon and Clancy to extend the limit to £1,000, and supposed that his words carried this out. This would explain Dillon's chortling.

An unannounced consequence of the Budget would have been to compel Religious Orders to pay Death Duties on their total capital every time a trustee died. I acquit Lloyd George of acquaintance with the effect of this proposal, which was of French

origin. He dropped it when we showed the havoc it would work on communities and corporations, Protestant as well as Catholic.

The late Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, was so grateful for our work in killing it, that when he arrived in London from a Continental holiday, he invited me to the Charing Cross Hotel to receive his thanks. "This," he said, "is the real Healy Clause." I told him my brother alone deserved such gratitude.

The original plan of the Government did not spring from any anti-religious spirit. I have never known an English Ministry—as a body—to be animated by hostile designs against religion. While we were opposing Lloyd George's Budget, Lawson Walton, the Attorney-General, helped a French Sisterhood against an attempted mulct. Miss Pope, daughter of the great parliamentary advocate, Samuel Pope, Q.C., was a nun in their house. By his will, Pope (a Protestant) left her £1,000. This the French claimed, under the law suppressing religious establishments.

Her convent in Havre was turned into a gambling-house. Expelled from Havre, the nuns came to Henley. When the refugees reached Dover, King Edward VII, who was travelling from France, seeing their distress, caused a carriage to be attached to his special train to bring them to London.

They were never tired of speaking of the kindness shown them in Henley. The Protestant vicar sent his children to their school to learn French, and chided them on the modest rate charged for instruction.

When the French claim was to come before the Probate Division in London they approached me, and I told their story to the Attorney-General, who foiled the attempt to rob them. The nuns were poverty-stricken after expulsion, and [A.-G.] Lawson Walton sent a barrister to court to protect their interests, and defeated the French Government.

The father of Miss Pope, in the 'eighties, dominated the Private Bill Committees of Lords and Commons. His mind was stored with a wealth of precedents on the technique of Private Bills. No one dared write a book on parliamentary practice lest its secrets should become general knowledge. Pope knew everything, and was in all big cases. He was a temperance advocate, and no one could argue more convincingly on the merits of Sir Wilfred Lawson's Permissive Bill than he—after a glass of champagne!

To return to politics, I must explain that as I fought Lloyd George's Budget fiercely, the "Party" flamed with indignation, and its leaders were resolved to jettison me again. The Dublin vintners,

however, on whom they depended, disapproved of this course and sent to London a deputation to Redmond to say so. He quailed as usual and deferred the guillotine.

I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
1st November, 1909.

If you have to be in London on Friday, come Thursday instead, and vote against the third reading of the Budget.

It is plain that Redmond is in the Liberal pocket. T.P.'s letters to a Chicago paper have recently altered in tone, showing that the Party begin to realize the injury to Ireland done by the Budget, but he asks, "What is the ruin of a few thousand publicans to the ruin of half a million tenants?" I gathered this from John Devoy's paper, although T.P.'s attacks on me are not fully given therein.

Secret instructions have reached the Dublin Custom House from London as to the true construction of Clause 61. Evidently Dillon communicated with Lloyd George, who put him on the track of starting a controversy against me. The scribe employed to defend the Budget in the Irish Press could no more write what he signed than he could compose the Psalms.

Samuels, K.C., is writing an analysis of the Budget as to its effect on land taxes, and thinks they are full of pitfalls for farmers. It is a scandal to draft a taxing Bill in such a way that even experts cannot be certain of its meaning.

When the Lords threw out the Budget, the Government dissolved, and I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
21st November, 1909.

O'Brien will return for the elections, and will be here in three weeks. Bishop O'Donnell's letter yesterday was evidently written advisedly. Our Archbishop's letter was a nasty pill for Redmond.

CHAPELIZOD,
25th November, 1909.

A solicitor came to me about Birrell's pledge (as he called it) to finance Purchase agreements down to the date of the passing of the Act, and complained that it was not inserted. I replied no actual pledge had been given, and as the Lords were so foolish as not to provide for this, it is now too late.

William Moore, K.C., told me that the Lords were asses enough to suppose, when they agreed to Lord Crewe's motion negativing their previous amendments, that a number of small matters which they had dealt with need not again be provided for, and that the Bill is, therefore, full of mischievous things from the landlords' point of view! Were the Lords such fools? He assured me it was so.

What a gamble legislation is! It reminds me of some of our mistakes on the Land Bill of 1896.

Moore says the Lords will insist on their Appeal Tribunal, but James Campbell told me there was to be some compromise about a Referee and a King's Bench Judge. So it is evident the Bill will become law.

When you speak, make clear that the attack on the Wyndham Act was part of the "determined campaign." It was Dillon's Swinford speech, which he tried to sneak out of, that blooded the Treasury into "torpedoing"

the Wyndham Act—a poor reward for the Party's conniving at the passing of the Budget, which they three times might have defeated. Show how false Redmond's figures were, as proved by Samuels, whom you will find quoted by Lord Dunraven.

When we recall the talk about the destruction of the Irish woollen manufactures by William III, it should be remembered that this didn't amount to £100,000 a year, whereas the whisky trade amounts to millions. You will find useful figures in Alice Murray's book on financial relations.

The policy of the Party to keep the Trinity College tenants unsold was owing to the Donegal resolution asserting that the lands should be retained for Catholic purposes. What a prospect!

If there had been a Conference with the landlords, the tenants could not have come worse off than they have, on the confession of the Party organ. Even Birrell speaks of the "ruins" of his Land Bill, and it is clear that, were it not a Treasury Relief Bill, he would not have tolerated the Lords' amendments.

Nothing has been extracted from the Liberals since the declaration of Asquith last year, which I denounced on behalf of the Party. Yet Dillon said publicly I should go home to let him "harvest" concessions for them! Such a harvester and binder!

Lord Lansdowne postponed the rejection of the Budget until Tuesday, because the Cabinet yesterday decided to dissolve Parliament at once, instead of waiting till January. The Tories believe delay is on their side. One of the news agencies says that the "hot-heads" amongst the Liberals declare that the inconvenience to Christmas trade is nothing compared with the necessity of an immediate attack on the House of Lords. . . .

When the Cabinet decided to appeal to the country after the rejection of the Budget by the Lords, I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
2nd December, 1909.

In spite of a stale register, it seems good card-playing for the Government to have an immediate Dissolution. They think to do better than if they waited until January for the fresh register, with more unemployment.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Two Dissolutions in Twelve Months (1910–11)

AT the Dissolution William O'Brien returned from abroad to stand for Cork.

I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
3rd December, 1909.

I imagine O'Brien to-night is paying his hotel bill in Florence, and examining the time-table for the mail to Paris! He could easily be in Cork for the nomination.

Samuel's papers in the *Irish Times* on the Budget are valuable. The *Sinn Feiners* are active in Dublin and growing. . . .

There was a demonstration this morning in the Four Courts Library in favour of Charles O'Connor when he came in as Solicitor-General, which was unique in my experience. The barristers believed he had been hardly treated, and cheered. It was the result of Dillon's boycott of him for the judgeship.

Because Charles O'Connor, K.C., had been counsel for Lord de Freyne, against whom Dillon had a grudge, John went to the Castle and protested against his being made a judge. O'Connor had, therefore, to wait and be content with a law officership.

At the new General Election the Party to which I had been adjoined again attacked me. In my canvass for North Louth I was supported by a letter from the most distinguished voter in the constituency, Cardinal Logue.

His Eminence wrote to one of my friends:

ARL COELI, ARMAGH,
13th January, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—

I do not think that it would be strictly in keeping with my position to take so prominent a part in a contested election as to nominate a candidate, otherwise I should willingly nominate Mr. Healy.

I shall, however, endeavour to be in Dundalk on Thursday, the 20th, to vote for Mr. Healy. You can make any public use of this fact which you may find necessary for the purpose of contradicting rumours or allegations to the contrary.

I have never sympathized with the determined and persistent attacks which have been made upon Mr. Healy by a section of the Press and some politicians for the purpose of driving him out of public life, thus depriving

the country of his undoubted abilities, his unimpeachable honesty, and a devotion to the interests of Ireland which, whatever occasional mistakes he may have made—mistakes from which his opponents are by no means free—has never wavered, and which has been proved by long years of disinterested service.

I regret very much that Dundalk and North Louth have been thrown into such disorder and confusion by a contest which I, at least, believe to have been neither necessary nor useful, and which is little calculated to promote that "unity" of which we hear so much.

Yours faithfully,

MICHAEL CARDINAL LOGUE.

Bernard Hamill, Esq., J.P.

I won, and a Dublin paper recorded that during the counting of the votes,

In the Four Courts business was suspended for close on three hours. No other topic was discussed in the Law Library except the anticipation of Mr. Healy's defeat or victory.

On the 22nd January, 1910, His Grace Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, telegraphed: "Sincere congratulations on renewed expression of confidence from your constituency."

My brother was defeated in Cork by a split caused by the candidature of an alderman who had been made a baronet on the visit of King Edward VII.

Redmond now had the Government in the "hollow of his hand." Ministers went out independent of his Party, and came back dependent on it; yet Winston Churchill announced that they would pass the Budget "without the change of a comma."

Redmond at Rathmines made a speech attacking his supporters for declaring that the Government was at his mercy.

This made plain that he didn't intend to wield the power which the Dissolution gave him, although William Redmond went to his Clare constituents and heralded a fleet of concessions on the Budget to soothe Irish taxpayers. None were made, for the Party cry grew that it was more important to kill the Veto of the House of Lords than to amend the Budget.

Redmond, in order to carry it intact, excluded O'Brien's supporters and myself from his Party. He had no authority from that body to do so. He simply sent us no invitations to its meetings. Against this I published a protest:

CHAPELIZOD,
8th February, 1910.

DEAR REDMOND,—

From to-day's newspapers I learn that you have invited certain Irish M.P.'s to attend a meeting to-morrow, which you style a meeting of "the

Irish Parliamentary Party." Having the honour to be a member of that Party, but not the honour of sharing in the select invitations you have issued, I think I am entitled by my seniority to yourself in the Party to inquire on what principle your selection has been made. No rule or canon of the Party has conferred on you any authority to pick or choose amongst the Nationalists elected by the Irish constituencies. Your duty is to call together every member returned on National principles, prepared to "sit, act, and vote" together under the Pledge devised by me. To fail in that duty, as you have done, is to create, by a deliberate act, a second Party amongst the Nationalist representatives, and I wish to make clear that if such second Party is established, it is by your premeditated plot and design that it will come into existence.

As the author, in 1885, of the Party Pledge, I perhaps take a more serious view of your proposal to create a split in the Irish representation than you do, seeing that for ten years you headed a fratricidal strife against the Party. I therefore claim the right to point out, that the result of your conduct must be to nullify the effect and operation of the Pledge, which henceforth will become impossible of enforcement. That instrument is based on the inviolable principle that every representative who accepts it becomes a juror upon the acts of his colleagues. His vote is assured to each of his fellows on every question, and no decision can be come to unless each representative is afforded the opportunity of passing judgment on every matter affecting Irish public interests, political or personal. For you to make a selection of pledged persons pleasing to yourself, and exclude those whom you have quarrelled with, or dislike, is plainly subversive of the rights of the constituencies and their representatives. A former Chairman of the Party, Mr. William Shaw, tried a similar device after the General Election of 1880, and his conduct was instantly impeached by Mr. Parnell, although the Pledge had not then been designed.

The case to-day is much stronger against juggling with invitations and tampering with the rights of representatives, because the Party has been established on the constitutional basis of a Pledge taken to the constituencies by all its members. Now there exists between each constituency an implied contract that each representative accepting that obligation shall share in, and be bound by, the deliberations of his colleagues similarly pledged.

No prior vote of the Party (which is still unconstituted) authorized you to make a selection from amongst the adherents of the Pledge. No Convention purporting to exclude any of them has been called. Solely by a personal act, you, who since the dissolution of Parliament, enjoy no more authority in the Irish representation than any other member, attempt to proscribe and excommunicate men whom the constituencies (hitherto supposed to be sovereign) have chosen to constitute the Party. That such misconduct vitiates the Pledge even of those whom you have condescended to invite, becomes evident on a moment's consideration. A packed or partial body cannot enforce the Pledge. Any member arraigned thereunder can object to a packed jury, such as you propose to constitute by your personal design—for a number of qualified members will have been unlawfully excluded from the panel entitled to participate in trial and verdict. The incoherency of your procedure is not the less absurd because you invite, or purport to assemble, the larger number of our representatives. Your authority in the matter must be tested by seeing where the right to exclude anyone resides. If you enjoy this power, you can exclude sixty as well as six; or, indeed,

you could convene an "Irish Parliamentary Party" consisting of Mr. William Redmond and yourself.

During the Split you held that the orthodox Party consisted of nine individuals, and this was no more illogical than it is now for you to decide that the Party must consist of seventy. On the new principle of selective invitations, a perpetual Chairman could be provided by inviting annually to your election personal adherents in the interests of "unity."

I make this protest against the usurped authority which has plotted the exclusion of myself and other Nationalists from the Party, not because it will affect your designs, but in order to make plain where the responsibility rests for the consequences certain to flow from the disruption you seek to bring about. It is you, and you alone, who will be saddled with the disseverance of the Party and the nullification of the Pledge. We who are excluded by you from council with our former colleagues are certainly not guilty.

Every Nationalist, I hope, will take note of the manner in which you have entered upon this course. Recklessly, causelessly, and unpatriotically as you acted in 1890—when you began a ten years' war against the will of the Irish people—your misconduct to-day is, in my opinion, more criminal and less excusable.

We were thrust from the Party without impeachment, trial, or cause assigned. In English Parties no withdrawal of "whips" takes place unless a member has notoriously broken his allegiance and defied the Party programme. We had done nothing of the kind, and there was no pretence or allegation of incivism.

What was concealed from the public was that a trick to enable the Budget to be carried "without the alteration of a comma" was in progress. The Party had the year before voted against that measure as injurious to Ireland, and we were excluded as being likely to favou the continuance of that hostility. In other words, we were victimized in furtherance of a secret arrangement with the Liberals. Had we been allowed to remain in the Party (which held the balance of power), there was no more chance of a Budget oppressive to Ireland being carried "without the change of a comma" than there was of recalling from the political limbo the vanished Liberal hosts which passed it despite our opposition.

No precedent for the illegality thus practised existed in the thirty-six years since the establishment of the Party under Isaac Butt. In 1900, when Redmond was made leader, the expulsion of a member was deemed so grave a matter that Mr. William O'Brien summoned a National Convention to expel me. Against this course both Redmond and Harrington voted. Now, by a silent and secret process, Mr. O'Brien's friends were "in one red burial blent," although willing to work harmoniously with our colleagues, and to be bound by the majority as before. The Budget was swallowed on the plea that the House of Lords was

"THE MEN WHO MADE HOME RULE."

This is the only picture which Parnell stood for, the title given above is the one he selected. The scene is the old Irish House of Commons, and the men depicted are, reading from left to right: *Standing:* P. A. Collins (Boston), E. D. Gray, M.P., Alex. Sullivan (Chicago), John Ferguson (Glasgow), Boyle O'Reilly (Boston), P. Egan, John Barry, M.P., J. Redmond, M.P., Parnell, M.P., Healy, M.P., Davitt, T. D. Sullivan, M.P., T. P. O'Connor, M.P., T. Brennan, Sir T. Esmonde, M.P., Sheridan, Harrington, M.P. *Sitting:* Justin McCarthy, M.P., Dillon, M.P., Rev. Professor Galbraith, Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Sexton, M.P., Biggar, M.P., W. O'Brien, M. P.

to be smashed. The Fouquier Tinvilles who lurked behind the guillotine had by this time reduced Mr. Redmond to a nonentity.

He never acknowledged my letter.

I wrote Maurice.

CHAPELIZOD,
14th February, 1910.

If Asquith has the authority of the King to make peers, it doesn't matter which measure is taken first, Veto or Budget. If he has not that authority, he should not hold office, and if he carries on without it, and the Lords throw the Budget out a second time, Asquith will have played a false part, which he is incapable of enacting.

The consideration for the Irish voting for the Budget is the promise of the destruction of the Lords' Veto. This cannot be paid unless Asquith can assure us that he has the King's promise to make peers. If the Redmondites had been allowed to meander along, they would have got the Budget passed with nothing besides, but thanks to our attitude, we shall have the certainty of scalps. Then we need only stipulate as to conditions and finance for Ireland.

During the second Budget debates, the Master of Elibank (Lord Murray), the Liberal Whip, came to ask me was I spending the week-end at Marlow with the Devonports, and could he see me there on Sunday.

I said, "Yes." He came and requested me to secure an interview between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and William O'Brien.

Accordingly, on the following Tuesday, I piloted O'Brien to Lord Devonport's London house, where Lloyd George came. O'Brien outlined to him our policy, and said that our support of a modified Budget could be secured if the Wyndham Act was restored. I added that Home Rule could not be won if Nationalists were divided, and suggested as an essential of the situation that a reunion of the Irish forces must follow any agreement on the Budget. Letters to my brother state:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
30th March, 1910.

I had a note from the Master of Elibank, asking me to meet the Chancellor of the Exchequer at seven to-night, and I must go, however reluctantly.

Redmond's speech last night wound up with the demand that there should be an immediate Dissolution, and that beforehand the Prime Minister should see the King, and request assurances, and, if His Majesty refused, dissolve. I have since seen Lloyd George.

Tell O'Brien he has not changed in the least from the policy we agreed upon. He denounced Redmond and Dillon for their treachery in publishing the pith of our understanding in the *Independent*, and in the Liverpool speech. Said how it impressed the Cabinet and that they would bring on the Budget in the sense we desired, whether Redmond agreed to it or not, and that if they wanted to turn them out, let them do so. He said he would

show me the Budget before he brought it in. I said, "Better still, I will send you the omissions we want made."

He asked me to let him have them by Monday, and I enclose a copy of the Bill, and wish you would send me your suggestions. I told him we wanted no "triumph," and he said Redmond and Dillon did. He has his difficulties with the Cabinet, and Birrell is not giving him assistance, though not from disloyalty, but from constitutional temperament.

Suggest to O'Brien to take the line that, being invited to see Ministers, after Redmond had consented to do so, we should be betraying Irish interests to withhold our opinion, and that it would be treachery, while negotiations were in the balance, to publicly disclose them.

Also throw ridicule on the policy about the "Veto" as to Home Rule. It is evident the Government are determined to go on with the Budget, so I told Lloyd George that if he adhered to his suggestions to us, we should support him. The Redmondites think we have plunged them in a trap, and have no idea how to extricate themselves.

The Master of Elibank laid our suggestions for the reunion of the Party—which we had not divided—before Redmond and Dillon, and for the agreement as to action on the Budget in exchange for concessions to Irish interests. Redmond's party held the balance of power and could have extracted anything in reason from the Government. I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
2nd April, 1910.

Churchill's speech last night was splendid, and full of significance. Lloyd George is only concerned with his Budget, and he will never introduce another, as the problem has become too big. The last person he sees makes the greatest impression on him.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
4th April, 1910.

As I understand Lloyd George, he was to exclude all "agricultural land" from increased Death Duty or Conveyance Duty, and your amendments do not provide for this. To merely exclude the Land Commission mortgage would leave the tenants' interest still to be hit by the increased stamp duty. . . .

I intend to vote to-night with the Government, as I think any other course would be injurious to Irish interests. The time has come when we must take one side or the other. I admit it is doubtful which is the better side.

I was with the Gavan Duffys last night, and Miss Barry O'Brien told us that Redmond complained of Dillon's "bossing" and of our having outmanœuvred them.

We were still hopeful that Redmond would press for amendments to the Budget. He had just before outlined the policy for which O'Brien and I were contending. For, on the 21st February, 1910, he declared:

"The financial crisis is a great weapon and a great lever in

your hands, and I believe you will throw it away the moment you pass the Budget, and trust to luck—to another General Election to get the Veto Bill. We in Ireland are not going to throw away that weapon."

This, however, was the very thing he did within less than two months. The abolition of the Veto of the House of Lords had no success as affecting Ireland. It was hampered by the provision that a Bill must be passed by the House of Commons three times in succession without the alteration of a comma before it operated. I, however, maintained civil relations with Lloyd George, and wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
6th April, 1910.

I noticed Lloyd George showing my letter to Asquith on the Front Bench on Monday. Asquith put it in his pocket to read. Lloyd George spoke to me to-night as he was passing into the Division Lobby, and said he had sent the amendments to Greer [the Irish draftsman], and asked would I be here on Monday. I said Tuesday, and asked did he note the moderation of my suggestions? He assented, and said they at any rate gave them something to go upon, and I think he is in such a pinch that we shall get what we want for the farmers either now or in the next Budget. . . .

Redmond will get a sore sell in the end with his "policy."

The Government Whip found that Dillon was opposed to reunion. Lloyd George did not see that this, instead of hurting the chances of his Budget, would lead to its acceptance by the Irish Party, although they voted in the previous session against it.

They preferred to maintain the Split with O'Brien rather than restore the Wyndham terms of Land Purchase. Dillon did not want mere concessions to farmers, so the Budget was swallowed without the Party which "held the Government in the hollow of their hands" trying to insert a single amendment for the benefit of Ireland. I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
10th April, 1910.

Lloyd George referred to O'Brien's letter in his interview with me, but said he had not made any promise about Land Purchase, unless he could find a fund from which the deficiency could be made up.

Finally, there was a conflict in the House of Commons between O'Brien and Lloyd George, who was in difficulties with his colleagues in the Cabinet, and with Redmond and Dillon as to his negotiations with us. The Chancellor supposed that the Redmond Party would not take the line of injuring the Irish farmers by rejecting the proposal to implement the finance of the Wyndham Act. This the Treasury had undermined when the Liberals came

in. He, therefore, "gambled" a little without the knowledge of the Cabinet. Then Redmond foolishly offered to accept the Budget if a Bill to restrain the House of Lords' Veto was passed, and the Chancellor gladly took that *quid pro quo*, which secured the passage of the Budget.

When it became law, the Government produced the Veto scheme, which bitterly disappointed the "Party." The only Bill which came into effect under it was that for Welsh Disestablishment, pressed forward by Lloyd George. True, the Home Rule Bill was passed three times, in 1912–13–14, but the Government strove to modify it in 1914, and the 1920 Act nullified it and partitioned Ireland. Asquith, of course, was not then in office, but Redmond might have been expected to look ahead.

The *Westminster Gazette* (19th April, 1910), a Liberal organ, wrote of the conflict between Wm. O'Brien and Lloyd George:

> The artistic interest in the debate centred on the Irish Benches and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Tim Healy, that extraordinary couple, sat side by side, leading a little band of comparatively unknown men—less than a round dozen in all—who frantically endeavoured to demonstrate in force as Mr. O'Brien screamed his shrill war-cry and Mr. Healy shot his barbed arrows in all directions. There is an incongruous and almost ludicrous dissimilarity between these two irreconcilables—Mr. O'Brien, hirsute, Bohemian, all passion and fury; Mr. Healy, taut, trim, waspish, but always under control. . . .

I wrote my brother:

> CHAPELIZOD,
> *5th May*, 1910.
>
> The Cardinal has been expressing himself against O'Brien's League again, and wrote me against it. O'Brien is full of some project of getting a Conference, and urges me to get the Archbishop of Dublin to move.

His Eminence was not friendly to O'Brien; yet I attended O'Brien's meeting at Dungarvan in the autumn of 1910. The Cardinal wished me to fight a "lone hand" in Parliament, unknowing what might be effected by adhesion to a group. Biggar used to quote a saying of his father's: "Never propose anything until you have got a seconder." Ecclesiastics, however well-read and far-sighted, sometimes as little understand the links and kinks of parliamentary politics as laymen would the direction of a monastery.

I knew that the neutrality of His Eminence would cost me my seat in North Louth. Yet I preferred taking sides with O'Brien in what I believed to be the right course for Ireland.

King Edward's death, however, upset all speculations.

I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
9th May, 1910.

The King's death did not take me by surprise. The *Daily News* Biarritz correspondent a month ago had a letter which pointed to it.

The new King's Civil List will have to be voted, and there will be questions about the Coronation Oath. I thought it remarkable that as Duke of York he should have come down twice to hear O'Brien. Last year he came to listen to a debate on Coercion in the Lords. His Majesty might fairly require time to consider the situation after his accession.

It could not be expected of a young monarch that he could swallow at a gulp whatever is proposed to him, affecting constitutional changes. Hence I think the likelihood of a Dissolution this year has lessened.

Both Lloyd George and Churchill said to me that they would do better for Ireland in the next Budget.

In King Edward's reign the theft of the Crown jewels from the office of the Ulster King-of-Arms, Dublin Castle, took place. It still remains a mystery. Sir Arthur Vicars (slain during the troubles of 1920–1 at Kilmorna) was then King-of-Arms under the Liberal administration. Despite the theft, King Edward shook hands cordially with him at the Dublin Exhibition of 1906.

Appointments to inferior posts in "Ulster's" gift were afterwards criticized. The late G. D. Burtchaell, of that office, told a friend that when an official resigned a post worth £40 a year his successor promised £500 to get it. The uniform alone would cost £150. (These facts I had from the late Judge H. D. Conner, K.C.)

Before the jewels were stolen, a strange appointment was made. The Conservative Member for Canterbury was given a position in "Ulster's" office.

A London magistrate, Chester Masters, was appointed to investigate the theft. Lord Glenavy (then James Campbell) and I were counsel for Sir Arthur Vicars. Our instructions were to withdraw unless the Press was admitted. Admission was refused, so we left. No report of the inquiry has since been made public.

Vicars retired to Kerry, and to death.

Birrell (Chief Secretary) was upset by the theft of the jewels. Meeting me at hazard in a Dublin street, he walked me to the Castle denouncing Vicars.

I was not impressed, and on a different topic wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
18th June, 1910.

Sergeant Moriarty tells me Redmond has six clerks at work on my speeches over the last thirty years. This will afford them a liberal education.

At that time I was engrossed in the litigation as to the ownership of Lough Neagh. The claimants' title turned on the oath of the Registrar of the Ulster King-of-Arms in Dublin Castle, Burtchaell, whom I have just mentioned.

The right of the Lough Neagh fishermen to earn a livelihood in the largest sheet of water in the Three Kingdoms was at stake, and opened up an historical vista reaching back three centuries to the Plantation of Ulster.

A previous claim to the Lough had been made in 1878, but the House of Lords rejected it and confirmed the decrees of the Irish Courts, which pronounced in favour of the right of the public to fish in its waters. Then the Patents purporting to have been granted to the ancestor of Lord Shaftesbury by James I were scoffed at by Earl Cairns, an Ulsterman, the Tory Lord Chancellor. He asked what title that King had to give away this huge expanse of water, and ruled that Crown title must be traced and proved like that of private persons.

No evidence of Crown ownership existed when the patents relied on were " enrolled." These were " faked " by the then Lord Deputy (Chichester) for his own benefit, although Deputies were forbidden by Statute to hold estates in Ireland without Royal licence, no such licence had been sought by, or was granted to Chichester. Still, no one in 1878 suspected fraud.

In 1907 the previously defeated litigants resorted to the office of the Ulster King-of-Arms, and employed its Registrar, Burtchaell, to invent some colourable case to show Crown title to warrant the issue of the bogus Patents. Burtchaell made an affidavit adducing documents bearing on the Lough, and swore these were the only records that could be found. This was false.

He omitted vital instruments stored in the Record Office, which showed that the Crown never held title to Lough Neagh. Some shore fisheries may have vested in the Crown under an Act of Henry VIII, which confiscated monastery possessions, but at that date the King had no foothold in Ulster, and in any case, the monks' forfeiture could not affect the entire Lough.

Advocates are not archivists, and none of the counsel for the fisher-folk delved into the original MSS. before the case was tried. These lay uneasy of access in cramped and abbreviated Latin in the Record Office at the Four Courts. We believed Burtchaell's oath that he had scheduled all relevant documents.

Years of research were necessary to cope with his falsehoods. He cited a parchment entirely blank, save for the words, " James I by the Grace of God," and declared that if it only could be deci-

phered it would prove to be the " missing link " or " King's Letter " entitling the Deputy to issue a patent for Lough Neagh.

Another document relied on (for which Burtchaell was not responsible) was a pretended lease of Lough Neagh, made in 1803, by Lord Donegall. The " Memorial " (supposed to be a copy thereof) lodged in the Registry of Deeds, was signed in the presence of three witnesses. It never mentioned Lough Neagh, and was confined to the River Bann. In the lease put in evidence the signature of Lord Donegall was witnessed by only two persons. This clearly proved forgery. The fraud was confirmed by the fact that another lease of the same date (relating to a different property) made by Lord Donegall was also attested by the same three witnesses. Such attestations demonstrated that a lease which only bore the signature of two witnesses was a forgery.

Of the arguments in the Appeal to the Lords I wrote my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
11th July, 1910.

The Lords to-day wavered in the Lough Neagh case. Lord Shaftesbury came in and got seats for persons interested in his lease.

CHAPELIZOD,
16th July, 1910.

I intend to devote the Long Vacation to compiling a history of the seizure of Lough Neagh under bogus patents, and if the Lords decide against us, it will be a brief for future times.

It would be a pity if the learning I mugged up should be forgotten.

The Lords, after a week's argument, were divided, and decided that the case must be set down for re-argument in 1911. This I deal with later, and wrote Maurice on electoral matters:

CHAPELIZOD,
1st October, 1910.

My North Louth friends sent me £400 for election expenses, but I am returning it with a letter which will be published on Monday, devoting it to the registration of voters.

The " Party " were then starting a fresh campaign to increase the strength of their supporters, as another Dissolution lay in the offing.

When Parliament met, the *Sketch* (29th October, 1910) set forth:

A satirist of the most scathing description, " Tiger Tim " . . . for the last eighteen years has been a familiar figure in the House of Commons, where he is regarded as the most bitter-spoken, most ready-witted man on the Irish benches. Constantly " in eruption," his interventions in debate

are always piquant if not helpful. His sardonic temperament has made him a phrase-maker. Thus he described one Bill as "the offspring of a headache at the Irish Office." He declared that the making of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman Chief Secretary was an attempt to govern Ireland with Scotch jokes.

One of Tim's most exquisite imaginings, however, was during a recent divorce case, when he said that "the spectacle of his learned friend's weeping was the greatest miracle since Moses struck the rock."

When the Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Loreburn, called me to the Inner Bar in London in November, 1910, I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
5th November, 1910.

I went through an extraordinary ceremony in London for my call as K.C. on Tuesday, having to be "called" in more than fifteen courts, with endless bowings and scrapings.

Sam Evans, President of the Divorce Court, hailed me as "learned in the laws of Ireland and England." In view of our conflicts over the Budget this was handsome of the Probate President.

Byles tells me that John O'Connor says an important letter was delivered to Redmond from Asquith before he sailed for New York.

Moreton Frewen, who is on intimate terms with Balfour, writes in the *Irish Times* that yesterday "made history," and tells me Balfour will join Asquith with his forces if Redmond makes trouble, so that he shall not be at the mercy of the Irish.

There has been an adjournment to enable the Tories to consider the Government proposals as to Ireland.

At the Dissolution caused by the Lords' rejection of the Budget, I wrote:

DUBLIN,
24th November, 1910.

The Cardinal's withdrawal of his priests in N. Louth will do me harm. The fact that I went on O'Brien's platform in Dungarvan against his letter affected him. There is no help for spilt milk, and I would have gone with O'Brien even if I knew that this was to be the consequence.

I was beaten at the election. Bribery and intimidation were rampant, and I could not go out of doors in Dundalk without being attacked. I, therefore, lodged a petition against my opponent, who was nominated by the Party in his absence.

I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
20th December, 1910.

Archbishop Walsh's secretary called on me to say His Grace would visit me to-morrow evening. This is kind, after my defeat.

The Lords have fixed the 16th January for the re-hearing of the Lough Neagh case, before seven peers.

A re-hearing was costly. Poor litigants suffer the loss of service which can be commanded by the rich, who can pay for exceptional work.

Horne Tooke, when told "the law is open to every one," sighed "Yes, and so is the London Tavern"—then the great seat of entertainment. Lord James (a Liberal) now disappeared from the tribunal, and Lord Halsbury (a Tory) replaced him. I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
23rd January, 1911.

I finished to-day my three days' argument in the Lough Neagh re-hearing in the Lords, and have raised more points on a patent than were raised for three hundred years.

Yet Burtchaell's perjuries prevailed in the Lords, and that Tribunal, by four votes to three, decided against the fishermen. Still, it should be made plain that the Peers had not before them the real facts which afterwards I dug up.

Of a smaller case I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
5th February, 1911.

I received endless congratulations over my first jury case in London. After I returned to Dublin, Judge Wright not only sent me a note, but when I bowed my acknowledgments, he stood up on the bench, and said, "Mr. Healy, we are all proud of you."

Such are Munster Circuit men. Carson acted splendidly towards me, and spread my praises in London.

Of the case referred to in the last-quoted letter, Edmondson *v.* Amery, a London evening paper (2nd February, 1911) described my speech as "an impassioned gem of rhetorical art, tinged with subtle satire, and full of matter-of-fact logic—a masterpiece of counsel's art."

Stephen Gwynn, M.P., said (27th January, 1911):

"He had heard literature spoken, let him say, perhaps, above all by Mr. T. Healy. He had not agreed with the contents of all that was said, but he had admired the beauty of the form, and he thought it was well for them that they had the art of spoken literature still alive amongst them."

The trial of the petition in North Louth now came on. The bribery and intimidation resorted to by the "Party" to oust me was established, and my opponent was condemned in costs.

I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
10th March, 1911.

O'Brien tells me he has sold £13,000 of his wife's investments to finance his movement, and it is a serious blow to him to be without further help in men or money.

He was bitter about the management of my petition in Louth, though we won, and strong for the necessity of exposing the Molly Maguires in the coming East Cork petition.

The "Mollies" were Devlin's Belfast organization. O'Brien's irritation as to the North Louth Petition may have been due to the speech of one of my own counsel who dealt with my "faults and follies."

In the East Cork Petition which I conducted soon after, Mr. Devlin's admission that the books showing expenditure were burnt greatly helped. The late Max Green (Redmond's son-in-law), private secretary to the Viceroy, dispatched a motor of the Lord-Lieutenant to East Cork for service against O'Brien. The Petition there was also successful.

Owing to O'Brien's arrangement in N.E. Cork, Moreton Frewen —that widely cultured and highly gifted man—resigned in my favour, and I was elected there unopposed in July, 1911. I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
21st July, 1911.

The Parliament Bill will be passed under the threat of the creation of peers. I hope it will leave the road free for a Home Rule Bill next session.

Yesterday when I was coming to the House from Bird Cage Walk to be sworn in as a new member, a hand was laid on my shoulder. It was Lloyd George with Grey, and though I attempted to let them pass on, they walked to the House with me! I told Lloyd George he should drop the Insurance Bill for Ireland, and he said if the Irish members desired this he had no wish to force it on them. He made it plain that the matter depends on Redmond.

In the session of 1911 a member of Redmond's Party tried to provoke O'Brien by an irrelevant question put without notice, suggesting that his mother was a relative of a notorious informer of the 1865 era named Pierce Nagle. It was the worst incident I had known in the House of Commons. I wrote my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
27th July, 1911.

O'Brien was upset to-day, having been grossly insulted by Lundon in the House. He tried to go for Lundon, who fled. Then O'Brien wished to turn on Dillon, saying he abetted the misconduct, and wanted to smite Dillon, panting after his vain hunt for Lundon. I restrained him, though I pitied him greatly. I doubt that any Irishman has suffered such unprovoked insult since the Union of 1800.

I then felt the force of Grattan's phrase that the magnitude of the accusation is lost in the insignificance of the accuser.

In March, 1912, there appeared in *Pearson's Magazine* an article by P. W. Wilson, of the London *Daily News*, which des-

cribed me as an "exquisite." Until then every pressman made fun of my raiment. Wilson's indictment began:

For six stormy years I have watched the House of Commons day and night, and of all the puppets in that venerable pantomime the most fascinating has been, neither Mr. Balfour, nor Mr. Asquith, nor Mr. Redmond, but that strange and solitary enigma—Timothy Healy, K.C., M.P., once member for Louth, now a colleague of Mr. O'Brien at Cork.

I have sat through debates on Dreadnoughts and domestic service, and whisky and University education, on the House of Lords and trouble at Teheran, but, amid all the blurred medley of reminiscence, I see one figure standing at a corner seat below the gangway, squat and square as the first Napoleon, with Napoleon's shoulders, Napoleon's thrust of his short bull-neck, Napoleon's suggestion of corpulence, and Napoleon's habit of linking his well-formed, well-fleshed hands behind his back, as he talked. He is the picture of Napoleon as Orchardson painted him on the deck of the *Bellerophon*.

Or I see him seated—so much of him, that is, as can be caught glowering through eyeglasses, darkly from beneath a polished silk hat—the very *beau ideal* of a buccaneer in broadcloth.

Whence comes this Tim, half-tiger and half-wasp, with the cruelty and kindness of a woman, the dexterity of an advocate, the phrase-making of a poet, who speaks without notes and interrupts without remorse? Whence comes he? And who is his tailor that, otherwise so reckless, he should be in raiment such an exquisite? . . .

The first time I summoned up courage to address him, I expected to be stung. Instead I discovered in this wasp-like man a courtly, mild and kindly gentleman of the old school—a little precise—with a face that did not seem the same as I had deemed it to be, and the meekest of eye. It was "Tim" in private life—not profile as caricaturists love him, but full face; "Tim," ready to do anybody a good turn behind the scenes, as all his younger acquaintances would be ready to testify. . . .

He is the one lawyer, other than Mr. Birrell, who talks literature spontaneously.

This is unfair to Birrell—one of the most delightful and readiest of speakers, who besides is, unlike me, a scholar.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Third Home Rule Bill (1912–13)

I TOOK a motor trip to France with Lord Devonport in 1912, and wrote Maurice :

GRENOBLE,
7th April, 1912.

I saw in a French paper a sketch of the Home Rule Bill, taken from an Ulster sheet, which looks official. The scheme, as well as I could understand its French dressing, is not bad.

I have read the House of Lords' printed judgments in the Lough Neagh case. Lord Macnaghten is feeble, and Halsbury contemptible.

After I returned to the House of Commons, the *Nation* (London), 20th April, 1912, when the Home Rule Bill was brought in, wrote :

Much the most brilliant episode of the debates was Mr. Healy's speech, which should be read as a masterpiece of argument, satire, and ironic polemics, almost wholly favourable to the Bill.

Some weeks later I wrote my brother :

MAIL STEAMER TO KINGSTOWN, 3 a.m.,
May, 1912.

We had a good debate last night and I dug my spurs into Lloyd George as to procedure, which is audacious as to the Uganda loan.

A fresh volume of State Papers 1600–5 was issued yesterday, and young Mahaffy, who edits it, puffs Bagenal's book, and shows ignorance of Gaelic words and place-names.

He doesn't even understand the Scotch word " pok," for a pocket or bag. His preface in depreciation of Hugh O'Neill—although Hugh was not much of a hero—shows that a more learned man should be entrusted with these papers.

That period should not be dealt with by a modern Tory single-handed. Giants like Sir John Gilbert are no more.

Cattle plague in England in 1912 excited the public. I wrote Maurice :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
8th July, 1912.

There was a sensation in the House to-day over the story of a Waterford diseased " head " of a cow with the tongue cut out. I wrote to the secretary of the Cork Cattle Trade Association (who sent me a message of thanks) recommending him to make inquiries. It is a cock-and-bull business.

To-night I heard from T. W. Russell that Redmond was going to question him on the adjournment at 11 p.m. I could not see Redmond present, so I rose and in his absence tried to vindicate the Port of Waterford. Russell admitted that, except for the "Swords" case, Ireland is free from disease. Yet Irish ports are kept shut.

The loss caused to Irish farmers by the exclusion of their cattle from Britain under orders from the Minister for Agriculture, Mr. Runciman, ran into a million.

I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
19th July, 1912.

Birrell and the Irish Executive are the merest tools of the Party. It was even arranged that no invitation should reach the Nationalists from the King for the Garden Party yesterday. They were therefore spared refusing. Sam Young told me he would go, and he did.

Irish Estimates are fixed for Wednesday, and we could then draw Lloyd George on his Land policy, which is a serious matter. I have cornered him as to the Uganda Loan.

My speech on Monday struck the Tories, and Worthington Evans turned round and congratulated me on it. So did others. My point is that his statement through McKenna, that he will legalize the loan by an Appropriation Bill, is unconstitutional.

Last year he did this on the Finance Bill, which I thought wrong, because a taxing measure should not be made one of "Appropriation." I argued that it was wrong to use the Appropriation Bill as an enacting measure to define the terms of a loan. Rufus Isaacs and Simon listened carefully, as did Lloyd George and McKenna, but none of them made answer. I suspect, though I refrained from saying so, that it is a fear lest Mr. Speaker should again refuse his certificate to the Budget, as a purely "money" Bill. This is at the back of their minds in omitting the Uganda Loan from the Finance Bill. Yet it was stated that the reason the Speaker refused his certificate last year was the Licensing clauses.

Anyhow, we have them in a fix, and we can raise the question of Irish taxation if they attempt to legislate via the Appropriation Bill, and assail the procedure.

LONDON,
23rd July, 1912.

I dined with Charles Russell [solicitor] to meet the Canadian Bar, with Chief Baron Palles and the Lord Chancellor. The Chief Baron was in great fettle.

I was offered a hundred guineas to defend the Suffragettes in Dublin about 2nd August. Their solicitor tells me the women don't care what sentence they get, or what becomes of them! A fine spirit!

It was pitiful to-day to see sixty Irishmen troop in to vote on some Scotch estimate that had no earthly concern for us, except to keep the Government in office. This is everything now!

Lord Shaw said to me to-night that he felt he was rather bold in treating "May's Lease" from a forgery point of view in the Lough Neagh appeal, and was reassured when I told him I was tackling the question in a resumé of the case in the Lords.

While cattle plague prevailed in England, Irish ports were closed and Irish fairs ruined.

It took British experts fourteen years to discover that the infection came from the Continent.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
24th July, 1912.

The cattle restrictions are awful, and the Party by their attitude on Friday gave Runciman a free hand. T. W. Russell has just passed by and told me he inserted your amendment.

I should like you to consider what is best to be done about the financial side of the Home Rule Bill, and to be here a few days before it comes on, as O'Brien thinks we should deliver ourselves on the Committee resolution, instead of on the amendments.

I had Lloyd George to meet the Devonports and John Barry at the Ritz Hotel last night. He was genial and friendly. He says the Government will hold on for two years certain.

Amidst the larger questions of the time smaller ones arose as to appointments. The control of St. Martin's-le-Grand on Irish postal affairs was never relaxed, and often became a bone of contention. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
16th August, 1912.

There is great searching of hearts because of the threatened appointment of a Mr. Norway, from London, to succeed Egerton, a Catholic, as secretary to the Post Office. All the bishops, including Dr. O'Donnell, wrote in vain to Redmond and Dillon. Herbert Samuel saw Redmond several times. The action of the Government shows that they have no belief that Home Rule will become law.

The line taken by Churchill, and by young Shaw in his Midlothian campaign, is that there must be a General Election before the Home Rule Bill can come into operation, and that the Tories can repeal it.

Under these prospects, with the Foot-and-Mouth disease, the Insurance Act, and the bad weather, our farmers cannot be very comfortable.

Mr. Norway was appointed, and behaved in Dublin most impartially.

On 18th October, 1912, I protested once more against the unjust restrictions placed on the export of Irish cattle. The parliamentary watchman of the *Daily Mail* observed:

With mordant irony Mr. Healy threw out the suggestion this afternoon that the dapper-looking Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Agriculture, should visit an Irish fair "disguised as an agriculturist." No more delicious verbal caricature has been presented to the House since the immaculately-attired Earl Spencer (then the Honble. Robert Spencer) remarked, "I am not an agricultural labourer." Mr. Healy's winged shaft of wit sped round the House, leaving a trail of mirth among the members. . . .

A review of "Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons," by the late Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P., appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on 12th November, 1912. It quoted: "Healy continues to be the most potent and impressive speaker on the Nationalist side, and in his own way a match for almost any man, and more than a match for most of those in the House."

Temple was an ugly man, while his wife was handsome. Indian papers styled them "Beauty and the Beast," so someone invented the jest that her husband indignantly asked, "Why should anyone call my wife a beast?"

On the Home Rule Bill a crisis arose on the 11th November, 1912, when Sir Frederick Banbury, in a "snap" division, defeated the Government on a financial resolution.

They then cobbled up an amended resolution to deal with the case. The Speaker did not approve of it, and his firmness prevailed.

I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
16th November, 1912.

The Government have been forced by the Speaker into a compromise, which the Tories have accepted, and there will be no row on Monday.

The Government will announce the abandonment of their resolution, and that they will proceed to adopt the course which I argued for all along, namely, to negative the resolution as amended. The Tories will offer no opposition to the withdrawal of the resolution. Afterwards, the Government will have a fresh resolution on Report, which will occupy next week, so they will have lost a fortnight by Asquith's lack of perception.

I was right as to my conjecture about the Speaker. On Thursday he came in, prepared to announce his resignation, as Asquith refused to alter his course, until five minutes before the Speaker rose at four o'clock. Mrs. Lowther was in the Gallery crying, believing her husband was going to resign.

At the last moment Asquith yielded, and the Speaker changed his announcement into one of suggested adjournment, which the Government were forced to adopt.

If the Speaker had resigned the Government were dished, but I suppose Asquith thought it bluff, or could not restrain his pride until there was no alternative except surrender.

Birrell, in reply to a question on the 19th November, 1912, dealing with the Ulster problem, said, "No Boundary Commission is necessary."

The *Liverpool Post* (26th November, 1912) described an incident when Mr. McLean, Chairman of Committees, asked me to occupy the Chair during the Home Rule debates.

A stranger coming into the Gallery might have thought the Home Rule Bill had been already passed, and that the Irish Parliament had decided to

meet at Westminster, for there was Mr. Healy sitting in the Chairman's seat and presiding over the proceedings. Mr. Healy discharged his new duties with success; but few who witnessed the stormy scenes in the 'eighties would have imagined that one day Mr. Healy would have been in the Chair while a Home Rule Bill was being peacefully discussed.

As the Bill proceeded the *Yorkshire Observer* (5th December, 1912) commented:

True to their policy of restraint, the Nationalists sat on patiently and silently under the imputations of the Opposition, though they must have been keenly sensible of the injustice of them. So also sat Mr. Healy—immobile under his hat until the Leader of the Opposition had made an end. It had all passed as quietly and indifferently as though no serious attack had been made upon a party and upon a Nation, and as though it had been—what no doubt in large part it was—a mere matter of party rhetoric and dialectic. But Mr. Healy's first words, with their ring of indignation, startled the House to the full sense of the meaning of words and the meanness of the attack.

Here was the real note of passionate sincerity, and the words lit up the debate like a sudden flame. What were these charges and who was it made them against the Irish representatives and the Irish people—a people who had been decimated by misrule, who had lived under the tyranny of landlordism abhorrent to the whole world, a system finally condemned and abolished by the Unionists themselves? "Forgetting your own past, you imagine in our nature all these horrible things which, if you turn up the pages of history, we can prove to be your own crimes."

He referred to his own personal liking for Sir Edward Carson, but when he found him talking of the need of a right of appeal from the Government of Ireland he could only recall to him his own past. "What right of appeal did we get under the Crimes Act?" he cried, "and who deprived us of the right of appeal?" Mr. Balfour had promised it, and backed out of his promise because somebody or other—a German Jew—had written to *The Times*. "You say now you are afraid of us, and your own consciences tell you that you have reason to be so."

> "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
> But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

As for the protection they invoked, they could have it if it would ease their minds. "Exchequer judges?" queried Mr. Healy. "Very well, in the name of God take your Exchequer judges!" It was the last word of a dramatic interposition which no one on the Opposition benches was prepared to answer.

In a few days the Welsh Disestablishment Bill came on. I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
15th December, 1912.

We voted with the Government on Friday in the two Welsh divisions on Disestablishment, one of which was tight enough. Lloyd George thanked me in the lobby for our support.

Lloyd George was always genial towards opponents, especially to his former Irish allies. Although I attacked him, and he attacked me, his Welsh smile mantled when we met as if to pronounce a "general absolution." In handling adversaries I thought him a first-class commercial traveller. His Chancellor's robes were loosely worn, and had never been starched.

The *Sunday Times*, 12th January, 1913, said:

Matthew Arnold likened Heine to the sardonic smile which for one short moment wandered o'er the lips of the Spirit of the World "beholding the absurdities of men." In what category, one wonders, would he have placed that brilliant, wayward, unaccountable Irishman, Mr. Timothy Healy? He is a perpetual puzzle to the House. A Nationalist who is at daggers drawn with Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon; a lover of literature to whom Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the "popular Educator" of our times, is anathema; a Home Ruler who has described the finance of the Government Bill as "putrid," he lives in an uncomfortable, odd-cornered, cantankerous world of his own, and seems well content with his surroundings. What could have been more surprising or disconcerting than *his wild-cat spring at Mr. Herbert Samuel the other evening*?

Possibly his very band-box perfection got on the nerves of Mr. Healy, who is not over-particular whether he wears his hat with the front to the fore or not. At any rate, his incursion seemed to be devoid of any other motive. The Postmaster-General had patiently and politely explained that the word "Province" as applied in the Home Rule Bill to Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught has statutory precedent, which Mr. Healy had declared not to be the case. He listened dourly to the assurance and then sped his bolt. "The words of the right hon. gentleman indicate to me that he has no expectation whatever of his proposal ever passing into law, and certainly no expectation that it will ever work." Now, what had Mr. Samuel said or done to deserve that?

Sir Herbert Samuel became the first Governor of Palestine, and wrote a remarkable report on the economic conditions of the Holy Land. It is due to him to say that I have examined Hansard and find nothing there to justify the charge of "a wild cat spring."

I wrote Maurice:

House of Commons,
13*th January*, 1913.

The Lord Chancellor admitted on Tuesday that the Home Rule Bill reserves the power to keep the Imperial Executive in Ireland. I had not supposed that, beyond the Lord-Lieutenant, they reserved such power.

Redmond occupied the year 1910 at two General Elections in expelling from the Party the members for South Mayo, South Monaghan, South Westmeath, the Cork members, and defeating myself and O'Donnell.

The Government then produced this Bill, which should have

been made the subject of National consideration. Jousting against individuals was thought more interesting.

Justin McCarthy used to say of Redmond that he never remembered him to have been consulted of old in any moment of anxiety.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
28th January, 1913.

I am writing over my name a paper on the Home Rule Bill for the *Cork Free Press*, which O'Brien urged me to do. Get a "proof" and correct or soften anything you consider overstated, or wrongly phrased, but the more I examine the Bill, the more shrivelled it seems to me.

Last night I had to attend a Charity Dinner to aid "rescue" for Catholic girls, and half the swells of England seemed to be there. Women in low necks wore diamonds, and Cardinal Bourne was present in his purple. I was "struck all of a heap" having to talk before such a galaxy.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Treasury Precedents Defied (1913)

THE Cabinet dissensions over Imperial politics reacted on Ireland. I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
10th February, 1913.

I went to the Speaker to-night about my point on the Estimates as to the Insurance Bill. I am certain I am right, and he was very grave over it. I gave the Whips notice I would raise it on Report, and they postponed Report until to-morrow. Lloyd George will be sorry for including Ireland in the Bill.

The Irish bishops condemned the application of the Insurance Bill to Ireland, but Devlin saw in it a means of extending the power of his "Ancient Order of Hibernians"—a body which excludes Protestants from membership. Lloyd George chaffingly said to me, "I hear you are saying that I am engaged in disendowing a legitimate church in Wales, while endowing a bastard church in Ireland." "That," I answered, "is a True Bill."

His Insurance Act of 1911 (Section 3) limited the State contribution to two-ninths, but the doctors revolted against the scale of remuneration proposed for them (4*s*.), and coerced him to agree to giving them more than double.

To provide additional pay for doctors he moved a Supplementary Estimate on the 7th February, 1913, for £1,825,000 as a "Grant-in-Aid." Thus the "two-ninths" which the State guaranteed in 1911 was increased and the proportion upset, without either the repeal or amendment of Section 3. A Money Bill should, of course, be confined to grants authorized by previous legislation, and I challenged this hardy inroad on the Common Law of Parliament:

(Hansard, Vol. 48, p. 330): This Vote, so far as I understand, seems to be wholly illegal. This is the first time that it has appeared upon the Paper, and it is described as a "Supplementary Estimate." A thing must be "supplementary" to something else. . . .

Section 3 is of enormous importance when you are dealing with a tax which is paid partly by the employer, partly by the employé, and partly by the Crown, because if you have a right to put down £1,800,000 for this

purpose it entirely deranges the "two-ninths" and the "seven-ninths" upon which the scheme was based.

The Estimate uses the extraordinary phrase, "in addition to the sums payable under Section 3." That Section is most precise and it cannot be done under it. . . .

Last year, to provide salaries for Members of Parliament, the Chancellor said in effect, "we do not want any Act, and can ram the £400 each for Members' salaries into the 'Appropriation Bill.'" . . . In this case, however, Parliament has said that for Ireland medical benefit was not to exist. Yet you are providing £50,000 for it by this Vote."

Mr. Lloyd George treated this argument with derision. The humiliation he suffered a few days later by the confession of the Prime Minister makes his reply worth reproducing as a classic of Ministerial audacity:

(Hansard, p. 335). The Treasury has had varied experiences in dealing with Ireland, but I think this is the first time it has had the experience of having an Irish Member raising a technical objection to a Grant of £50,000. This sum is for the purpose of enabling sanatorium treatment to be given to poor consumptives. While he was less than usually entertaining the hon. Member was more than usually inaccurate. Owing to great distances which had to be travelled by doctors in order to attend poor consumptives in some of the wilder districts of Ireland, the sum provided was not adequate. There is sickness benefit in Ireland. The doctors have to examine the patient beforehand, and they want to be paid for it. Money was put down for the purpose, and the learned Gentleman has used the whole resources of his remarkable ingenuity for the purpose of preventing the House of Commons voting a sum of money to enable the poor consumptives of his own country to be examined for sanatorium treatment.

I come to the objection that, not for the first time, has been put forward that this has never been done before—that it is an outrage on constitutional precedent due entirely to the wicked people here, who want to extend those benefits to Ireland. It had never been done before! Well, on the very occasion to which he refers he said exactly the same thing! What happened? He challenged precedents. He got one. He got many more precedents than he cared for. My right hon. Friend has a list as long as my arm, and he pelted and buffeted the learned Gentleman with them, and I think, for the first time, reduced him to a state in which he was left dizzy and speechless. I will do him the credit to say that he is never dismayed by the badness of his case. But this time it was so hopelessly bad that he had not a word to say for himself. It has taken him twelve months to get over it. He has recovered and here he is at it again. With tremendous truculence he puts forward his case. He has forgotten what took place, and he has relied upon the memory of every one else being as bad as his own. Luckily it is not! I remember his questions; there was a very long string of them. It is not by any means the first time that this has been done. I hope it is not the last time—when the occasion is used for so excellent a purpose as now.

I am amazed, with the very long experience of the learned Gentleman, that he should raise so entirely absurd a point. The Statute is the Appropriation Act. Does my learned Friend suggest that the House of Commons cannot possibly vote money except in accordance with Statute?

MR. T. M. HEALY: Not in the teeth of a Statute, certainly!

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: What are the teeth of a Statute?

MR. T. M. HEALY: The Statute has provided that there shall not be medical benefit in Ireland.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: I know exactly. My learned Friend says it is toothless! We are here providing it with a set of teeth. The only thing the learned Gentleman said was that the Act did not provide a negative. It does not say that Parliament shall not vote money for the doctors of Ireland; that Ireland shall not have a single penny for consumption in Ireland. A Statute of that sort would have been perfectly preposterous—a Statute which does not as a matter of fact provide it. Does the learned Gentleman mean to say that because an Act of Parliament passed for Ireland does not provide for something not in it, that nothing else shall ever be provided for Ireland?

MR. T. M. HEALY: Not in an "Estimate."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: There is no part of the country that stands to lose more than Ireland does by that peculiar and eccentric interpretation of the British Constitution which the learned Member has presented to the House of Commons. It simply means Parliament is not entitled to say that she will vote £50,000 if she likes towards Ireland. You have got to get the money out of the Consolidated Fund, and, of course, until the Appropriation Act there is no legal sanction for the payment.

My learned Friend said this is a Supplementary Estimate. If he only looks at it he will see it is not a Supplementary Estimate merely, but is the amount required to the end of the 31st March for the Grant-in-Aid to the National Health Insurance. On the outside of the document, it is true, there are the words "Supplementary Estimate," and it is supplementary in the sense that it is supplementary to the Estimates, but so far as Parliament is concerned this is a new Estimate and that is the form in which it is presented. I am very sorry we should have this unsavoury red-herring drawn across the track.

To render reply impossible the Chancellor then moved the "Closure."

On the 11th February, 1913 (Hansard, p. 864), I again attacked the illegality of the "Grant," saying:

When, Mr. Speaker, eighteen months ago we gave you authority of a judicial kind under the Parliament Act, even those of us who supported the measure must have felt that a very extraordinary and unusual step was being taken in the development of the Constitution. For the first time we made Mr. Speaker a judicial officer. We appointed him to construe what were "Money Bills," and upon Mr. Speaker will depend whether the King's Majesty can place the Royal signature to a measure to seal the action of the House of Commons (despite a vote of the House of Lords). Therefore, when in the future we are dealing with anything in the nature of a "Money Bill," I think it is incumbent on us to see that these measures fulfil the older functions of "Money Bills," and that they do not go outside. If, for instance, they should become legislative Bills, or Bills to enable a Minister hard pressed by any political or social difficulty to use the money in his own control for the advancement of his own policy without any regard to statute; then if

such Bills are promoted a very onerous, unpleasant, and delicate duty is cast upon the Speaker.

Accordingly, let me first call attention to the language of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he is filling the dignified rôle of introducer of the Budget, and then let me contrast that with his language when he degenerates, as I think I will show he has done, to malignity. I will first quote the right hon. Gentleman in his robes. He spoke on the 16th May, 1911, and asked:

> "Can we finance insurance without fresh taxation? I will be perfectly frank with the Committee. The answer to that depends entirely upon the Departments and on the House of Commons. Can they keep down the expenditure? The Departments cannot keep down expenditure without the House of Commons, with which rests the primary—the first and the last—responsibility. The Exchequer is pressed from two quarters—it is pressed to spend more and to charge less. You cannot do both. If you raise more money for any purpose you must find it somewhere. More expenditure means more taxation, and if every man when he proposed an increase of expenditure had in his mind the necessity for finding the cash for the purpose, I am perfectly certain there are many proposals which would never be advanced. The Committee will forgive me for speaking very frankly.
>
> "Whenever there is a demand for increased expenditure it is the duty of the House of Commons to review the whole financial position and not merely each separate item for which special taxation is asked. I appeal to Members, therefore, to assist the Government in resisting every inducement to place fresh burdens for this purpose upon the taxpayer in addition to the generous provision made for it." (Hansard, Vol. 25.)

Such is the right hon. Gentleman in his best form, which one very much likes to see him always retain. I now wish to show him in another form.

Acting on that invitation I rose on Friday, and in language which anyone who reads will consider moderate, I asked questions for the information of the Committee as to what this £1,825,000 is required for, and I was met by the right hon. Gentleman with a series of statements as to one of which there is not an atom of foundation. . . . What is of importance is that it shows that a Minister who at a crisis of his fate when this Insurance Act was in the balance, and when it was doubtful whether doctors could be found to work it, and when a month ago the question was in flux, did not hesitate, in order to advance the interests of his own personal policy, without Statute to dip into the finances of the country, and draw from it a huge sum of money. When brought to book, instead of stating upon what ground he had drawn the money, or under what Section he had drawn it, he ignores all these questions and attempts simply to drench those who question him with a flood of bilge-water

So far from being reduced to silence last session by the Secretary to the Treasury who "buffeted me in this pitiless manner," I made three speeches in reply. I should have supposed that the Chancellor would by this time have sown his wild—shall we say—leeks?

This Vote is not a genuine Vote, but one which covers the "deal" with the doctors. Let it not be supposed that I am complaining of the amount given them. Whenever any Minister unconnected with the Treasury goes to the Treasury for money, the Treasury acts as watchdog upon the other Departments, but when the Chancellor of the Exchequer goes to Mr. Lloyd

George, is it not a case of putting the cat to watch the cream? The right hon. Gentleman has only to go to himself when he finds he has made a gross error in dealing with the doctors—whose provision he had estimated at 4*s*. That provision was to have been part of the "two-ninths," and then he finds himself wrong. He has to go to the doctors either cap in hand or with a bludgeon, either to coax or coerce them, coo them, or kick them, and he says, "Oh, I cannot do this under my 'two-ninths' system. It will not work, but I can keep the House of Commons from understanding what I am at."

Not one of the "precedents" deals with this case. On the 1st of August last year every precedent cited was a loan. Is this a loan?

He cited twelve cases. I had challenged the position then taken up, that loans were a proper subject for the Appropriation Bill, seeing that in a previous Budget he had dealt with a prticular railway loan by Statute. When you tried to raise the salaries of the Irish resident magistrates at the beginning of 1882–3 from £800 to £1,000, and said the Appropriation Act was sufficient, the Auditor-General and the Public Accounts Committee condemned it, and you had to drop it.

The right hon. Gentleman assumed his homely pathetic style to draw a picture of my ruthless hands preventing benefit from being brought to the consumptive. He tried to suggest that anybody who asks him a question is endeavouring to tear away the cup of charity from the lips of the needy, or prevent those lips from tasting the "rare and refreshing fruit" which he presented. He in effect said, "You want to prevent the poor consumptive from getting relief; you want to have this white-scourge continued in your country. You of all Irish Members want a continuation of this appalling malady." The House might like to know who were the "poor consumptives"! They were the "Molly Maguires." The Member for Waterford (Mr. J. Redmond) one day last week asked him a question of which he had given private notice—it was so extraordinarily urgent! It was to ask the names of the Committee (a Committee that had never been heard of) to consider whether this system of "medical benefits," which the whole Irish Party had unanimously decided should not be extended to Ireland, should in future be extended to our country. Accordingly, the Chancellor right off—the matter never having been debated in this House, never having been discussed in Ireland to any extent, never having been considered, so far as my information goes, at any meeting of the Party over which the Member for Waterford presides—appoints for this purpose the Member for West Belfast (Mr. J. Devlin) and the Member for North Monaghan (Mr. Lardner), one the head of the modern Order of Hibernians and the other the head of the Foresters, which are the bodies which need money.

If this thing was done openly and frankly I should have nothing to say against it, but it is a system of obtaining money by false pretences. The pretence is that the "poor consumptives" want this money, but it is to the Foresters and the Ancient Order it is to be given. Another hole had been driven in this great Statute in regard to Benefit Societies, who found that they could not get 9*d*. for 4*d*., and that the Grant made by the State did not cover the medical certificates. So the poor pallid consumptives disappear from his hectic story. Having regard to your function, Mr. Speaker, under the Parliament Act, if we tolerated this without scrutiny, allowed it without suspicion, and are to be derided when we ask for information, I submit that the greatest function belonging to this House, namely, that of

raising and spending judiciously the money of the taxpayer, will have been taken away from us by the whim of an ambitious Minister.

The Financial Secretary to the Treasury (Mr. Masterman) replied:

I have listened to the hon. Gentleman's statement, and I must confess that at the end of it I am at a loss to understand what it is to which I have to reply. The hon. Gentleman made a series of wild and unsupported statements, and as one who often listens with great pleasure to him, I must say, whenever I hear him dealing with Treasury matters, he always seems to me to make wild and unsupported statements. Treasury officials and hon. Gentlemen on both sides of the House who have had anything to do with Treasury matters are simply amazed at what has fallen from the lips of a man so able.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (an ex-Chancellor) replied:

Mr. Masterman has made a speech of sufficient length to enable him to answer the really serious case which has been brought forward by Mr. Healy if he had an answer to it, but knowing that he had no answer he succeeded in addressing the House for eighteen minutes without referring to the matter at all.

The Conservative "Shadow" Cabinet thought my point so serious that I was asked by Bonar Law to meet its members. When I came to his room I found Bonar himself, Worthington Evans, Austen Chamberlain, Cave, Finlay, Long, and others. All agreed that my objection was unanswerable. Worthington Evans had won a great reputation by his criticism of the Insurance Act in 1911, while the weighty opinions of Finlay, Cave and Chamberlain clinched my determination to pursue the matter. I, therefore, again raised it on the 12th February, 1913, when as a further point I asked Mr. Speaker not to give his "certificate" (under the Parliament Act) to the Appropriation Bill as it was no longer a mere "Money Bill," but had become an enactment to alter the pre-existing law.

Passages of my speech ran:

I arraign the Minister and the Cabinet of being guilty of one of the greatest acts of illegality ever practised by a responsible Government. The right hon. Gentleman has taken the most desperate gambler's course that has ever been tried by a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

What was the excuse made last night by the Financial Secretary to the Treasury? He said that this had often been done before, and that he had armfuls of precedents, but he did not quote one. No precedent exists for the repeal of Statute by means of an Appropriation Bill.

The right hon. Gentleman stated that I had no knowledge of Treasury technicalities. I do not profess to possess such knowledge, because it is not my business or duty, and I am paid no salary for understanding them. I come here as an ordinary individual to take up such Papers as the Govern-

ment afford me. I am not supplied with information from the place behind Mr. Speaker's Chair—" a prompter's box "—in connection with which one may remark that in previous Parliaments you would sometimes see an official sitting " under the gallery " where occasionally a furtive visit was paid by Ministers to consult him. That was done perhaps once in a night or once a week, but under the " prompter's box " system, this Government has established a plan of associating themselves directly with the officials whom they bring down in a group. This Government has changed the whole methods of the House of Commons, and the ordinary Member who has not such assistance need have no shame if he is charged with being without that knowledge which the receipt of £5,000 a year and the assistance of half a dozen secretaries is supposed to confer.

If the Secretary to the Navy in a time of peace, without war-like necessity, increased the Vote of Dreadnoughts from two " capital " ships to ten, and then said, " I did it because I wanted to increase and enhance my popularity in the country," what would this House say ? His object would be good ; everybody would approve his action as regards defence, but would anyone say he could subtract himself from the authority of this House and order ships according to his whim when Parliament had not sanctioned them ?

If you, sir, grant your certificate, you will have associated the Chair with the conduct of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He will be able to boast not merely that he has had the sanction of this House, but that you had " certified " that this was a " Money Bill." It is a Money Bill with a hump to it ; it is a Money Bill which repeals the provisions of the 1911 Act, and it has been introduced by the Minister who alone controls this Department. No other Minister, no matter who he may be, would be allowed to bring in a measure without having the rampart of the Treasury to cross.

Mr. Speaker gravely replied :

If in my judgment this Bill contains only the appropriation of public money, I shall be compelled to certify it is a Money Bill. The hon. and learned Gentleman will not expect me now to make an answer, and I can only say I will carefully consider everything he has said this evening before I give my certificate on the Bill.

Thereupon Mr. Austen Chamberlain observed :

I am sure the House will await with great interest the decision which you will have to take at a later stage of this Bill as to whether you should endorse it as a " Money Bill " or not. I do not rise to submit any further considerations to you on that subject, but to renew an appeal, this time to the Prime Minister, which I made last night (in the unfortunate absence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer) to the Financial Secretary, and to which he did not think it necessary to respond in the course of that debate.

The Financial Secretary to the Treasury : I had no opportunity.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain : I suggest that the House would have been willing to hear the right hon. Gentleman if he had been willing to make use of the opportunity. I take the opportunity of the Prime Minister being here to address to him a question which I should more naturally have addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but which is really one of sufficient consequence to justify me in putting it personally to one of the Treasury Ministers.

Parliament, in the Insurance Act, specifically laid down in respect of

certain expenses that they should be borne as to "seven-ninths" by the employer or employed, and as to "two-ninths" by the Treasury. This Estimate is an additional Grant from the Treasury towards those expenses, and by making this additional Grant you destroy the proportions laid down by Statute. This Grant being paid, Section 3 of the Insurance Act is of no effect as regards the proportions of the payments. The amount to be raised from the employer and from the employed still remains fixed by that Statute, but the amount contributed by the State, instead of being "two-ninths," becomes a considerably larger proportion of the total or enhanced sum.

The Prime Minister then gave up the ghost on the proposal of Mr. Lloyd George, saying:

I very much regret the absence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a reason of which the House is aware. He could deal with it much more fully than I could possibly do now, but I gladly respond to the appeal the right hon. Gentleman has made. I listened with a good deal of regret to some parts of the speech of the hon. and learned Gentleman below the Gangway (Mr. Healy). I do not think it was quite necessary to impart so much heat into the matter as he did.

MR. HEALY: The right hon. Gentleman was not here on Friday.

THE PRIME MINISTER: I am rather sorry that he adopted so remarkably controversial a tone in the discussion of what, after all, is a serious point of constitutional practice. He arraigned the whole of us on this bench in somewhat strong language. I do not think language of that kind is altogether warranted by the circumstances. I do not go into the question, which is entirely one for the Chair, whether or not under the provisions of the Parliament Act, this Bill falls within the category of a "Money Bill." We are at present discussing the Second Reading. I may state my own view as an old Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I believe one of the strictest purists in the House of Commons. I take, and have always taken, a very serious view of the importance of following custom and rules in our procedure. *I do not think it is desirable—on the contrary I think it is very undesirable, that the Appropriation Act should be resorted to in a manner which was suggested by the hon. and learned Member so as to override the provisions of an Act of Parliament.*

. . . If it is a matter which is not merely temporary but permanent, it should be regularized by Statute. When I say by Statute, I mean by Statute—otherwise, and in addition to, the Appropriation Bill. I think that fairly represents the facts. I accept these propositions, and I make that reply to the appeal of the right hon. Gentleman. I think that even the hon. and learned Gentleman might agree that it would not be right to oppose this Grant-in-Aid on this occasion. On my part, I agree that it ought to be, and that *in this case it shall be, by legislation expressly authorized in future*. I take that view as strongly as anybody on either side of the House. . . .

The Government are now prepared to regularize by permanent legislation in future the course they propose.

After this jettisoning of Lloyd George, Bonar Law "rubbed in" the facts, saying:

The right hon. Gentleman has admitted everything for which we have been contending. We have felt from the first that this was not a case where

we should oppose the Vote, because we admit that the arrangement, having been made with the doctors, it is necessary for the House of Commons to implement it. Our point was that if the system which has been adopted now was going to become a regular system, the practical result would be that whenever money was required, the Government of the day could alter Acts as they pleased by coming to the House of Commons and getting it legalized by an Appropriation Act. That seemed to us to be the end of all financial control.

If, when the question was first raised, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had made the speech the Prime Minister has just made, the difficulty would never have arisen, because we should have recognized the necessity, under existing conditions, of the position taken up. But what happened ? When the point was raised the Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of recognizing that it was an irregularity and saying that the Government meant to redress it at the earliest possible moment, said there were hundreds of precedents, and that this was a quite proper proceeding. That was his answer to Mr. Healy.

MR. MASTERMAN : It was only last night that Mr. Austen Chamberlain made a definite challenge to me on the point. Until then no one had the least idea that this point was going to be raised.

MR. BONAR LAW : I really cannot understand the interruption. I did not hear, but I have read the Friday's statement of the hon. and learned Member for North-East Cork. The meaning of his statement was perfectly plain to me, as was the speech of my right hon. Friend, and I heard the speech of the hon. and learned Gentleman last night, and it is impossible for the right hon. Gentleman to say that that speech did not raise it.

MR. MASTERMAN : That was a perfectly clear and categorical challenge to me, asking whether I could promise legislation. I was not in a position to promise legislation.

MR. BONAR LAW : The right hon. Gentleman will not understand what I said. He said he did not understand that the speech of the hon. and learned Member for North-East Cork had raised this point. I listened to it. My right hon. Friend pointed out that the real point in the speech of the hon. and learned Member had not been touched upon by the right hon. Gentleman in his reply.

I do not think there is anyone who had read Friday's debate, or who was present last night, who doubts that the Government did not intend to take the course which the Prime Minister now says they intend to take. If they did intend to take it, apart altogether from the speeches of the learned Member for North-East Cork or my right hon. Friend, why should they not have made it plain to the House ? The importance of the matter has been recognized, but not exaggerated by the right hon. Gentleman, and I do say that no one in this House can doubt that this is another instance of a method of procedure to which we have become accustomed, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, having satisfied himself that his motives are good, and that what he means to do is for the benefit of the community, does not care twopence what method he takes, so long as he can carry it into effect.

MR. PRINGLE (Liberal) : We are entitled to claim that the Opposition all along have not appreciated this point, and that it is only due to the acuteness and ingenuity of the hon. and learned Member for North-East Cork that we have secured this point. I frankly admit that I am glad he has succeeded

in making this point, because I think every one who wishes to see these matters regularized must be glad that one who is possessed of the erudition of the hon. and learned Gentleman should put that erudition at the service of the House, and so maintain its traditions for financial regularity.

The Prime Minister's undertaking was made good by the passing in that session of the Act 3 and 4 Geo. V, cap. 37.

It was a sore business for the Treasury. To Mr. Asquith's repudiation of Lloyd George I ascribe the first break between them.

The Conservative leaders' backing of my arguments and the fear that the Speaker would refuse his "certificate" under the Parliament Act to the Bill as a "Money Bill" influenced the Prime Minister. Had this clumsy financial sleight-of-hand succeeded, the taxpayer would never have been safe from the smugglings of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to alter the law *via* Money Bills. Such Bills the House passes automatically as relating only to the annual estimates already voted. During the Great War, no doubt, the parliamentary eye winked at things affecting Money Bills deserving of criticism, but the humiliating surrender to the "panel" doctors afforded no excuse of emergency. It was pure party politics, designed to throw non-legal members off their guard and prejudice the taxpayer.

The Irish Party had been muzzled by the promise of £50,000 out of £1,825,000—less than 2½ per cent.—to be paid to doctors in Ireland already salaried under the Medical Charities Acts. The phrase "muzzled," perhaps, credits the Party with insight as to what was going on. They seldom understood anything needing pains or brains to investigate.

Putting the price of their acquiescence on the most sordid basis, Redmond should have demanded for Irish health benefits at least £300,000. The dead-weight value of his mere neutrality to Lloyd George in this case can never be appreciated by outsiders.

The *Daily Mail* wrote (13th February, 1913):

Yesterday Mr. Asquith stood before the House of Commons in the white sheet of penitence for the financial misdeeds of Mr. Lloyd George.

The methods by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer sought to prop up the Insurance Act with additional funds after the doctors' campaign had nearly wrecked it were indicted, and Mr. Asquith had to confess that he regarded them as undesirable, and has promised that legislation shall be introduced to regularize the proceedings.

It was Mr. T. M. Healy, with the Opposition at his back, who brought Mr. Lloyd George to book. For an hour last night he attacked the Chancellor with his bitterest invectives, but Mr. Masterman, in the absence of his Chief, explained it all away to the complete satisfaction of himself and the Liberals. At four o'clock this afternoon, Mr. Healy formulated his charges all over again, though decorating them with a completely new assortment of sarcastic

gibes, and Mr. Asquith, with no thought of sparing the feelings of Mr. Masterman, promptly rose and acknowledged the righteousness of Mr. Healy's contentions, and promised amendment.

William O'Brien and I regarded the Insurance Act, 1911, as unsuited to conditions in Ireland. There the Medical Charities Act of 1851 provided (after the Famine) for free attendance on the poor.

On all occasions we voted against Lloyd George's measure. Redmond's Party saw in it an endowment of the "Ancient Order of Hibernians" (dubbed Molly Maguires), a Catholic Secret Society modelled on the lines of Orangeism. In the Orange Lodges no Catholic, or person married to a Catholic, is accepted, so no Protestant can be a member of the Hibernians. Robert Emmett, John Mitchel, Butt or Parnell could not have been admitted to its ranks. Its organization (theretofore underground) came into public notice after the introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1912. It must not be confounded with the American A.O.H., which is a purely philanthropic body, not allied to the "Board of Erin."

I wrote my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
12th February, 1913.

I have triumphed over Lloyd George. No Minister was so humiliated. He has funked coming to the House since, but Masterman's reply last night was as insolent as his own. . . .

Seldom has there been such a vindication.

I think the Treasury in future will be more careful in their Estimates, and I am sure Asquith gave Lloyd George, or will give him, a wigging.

All the Ministers gathered to listen to me, and I could see they took a grave view of my speech, and of the support it received from the Opposition.

I have just got a copy of *Stolen Waters*, roughly bound, and am giving it to Dr. Mannix, the new Archbishop of Melbourne, who is sailing on Friday. He and Father Madden were here to-day.

CHAPTER XL

Belfast Threats (1913–14)

MY book on the Lough Neagh fraud was too "legal" for the popular palate. I spent two years in the Record Offices and Libraries of Dublin and London compiling it. My purpose was to place the facts on record for the benefit of the fishermen and to vindicate the peers who formed the minority in the House of Lords. Conservative papers, such as the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph*, noticed it handsomely.

The Times (4th September, 1913) greeted it with this accolade:

> Sophristries, insinuations, mere rhetoric, and all kinds of irrelevancies. Prejudice and ignorance are invited to pronounce judgment on what has already been determined by the highest judicial authority. . . . But no mere list of mistakes could correct the false impressions conveyed by innuendo, assumption, and special pleading. It is simpler to regard the whole book as one vast erratum.

It is hard to unravel the twisted webs spun centuries ago to deck out fraud in legal raiment. When exposed, it is excused by some as "statecraft."

I repeated the charges against Burtchaell in 1917 in *The Great Fraud of Ulster*, and renewed them in a public lecture in Dublin on 2nd December, 1918 (published in 1921). Arraignments accusing a public official of deceiving the courts by a perjured affidavit are unusual, but he made no reply. Now he's gone "and ta'en his wages." Had I not been implored not to pursue a man in ill-health, I should have invited the attention of the Attorney-General to his falsehoods.

The Partition Act of 1920 places Lough Neagh within the jurisdiction of "Northern Ireland." For fourteen years my exposures hindered any attempt to interfere with public fishing rights there. In 1925, however, a threatening notice was served on the fishermen, but no decisive legal action seems yet to have been taken.

William O'Brien, in the *Cork Free Press*, wrote in July, 1913:

> This is not the place to estimate in detail the historical value of the materials dug up. What can be affirmed without reserve is that Healy

has done more than any man since Lecky to furnish the Irish Gibbon of the future with new light on the most obscure problems of the Ulster Plantation, and with proofs that the Ulster Planters themselves were as grossly defrauded by the thievish Lord Deputy as the O'Neills and O'Donnells.

None of the courts which decided against the fishermen should be blamed, as they were deceived by an affidavit which went uncontradicted at the time, owing to the unblemished reputation which Burtchaell enjoyed.

When the Marconi scandal broke out I attached importance to it only as food for Party attack.

Sir George Cave made an icy analysis of Lloyd George's position, which was wonderful in power and balance, and a passionless summary of the facts. It seemed as if he were at the Day of Judgment summing up as counsel against a sinner, but presenting everything that could be said in his favour.

O'Brien urged me to join in the fray, saying it was " the chance of a lifetime." I refused, because Lloyd George, in spite of gyrations, was mainly on Ireland's side.

It was regrettable, no doubt, that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should speculate, but was it corrupt? True, Post Office contracts might be made with Marconi, but Sir Herbert Samuel made a fine argument as to that. Yet Sir Edward Grey insisted that both Lloyd George and Rufus Isaacs should apologize to the House.

The Master of Elibank had become a peer, and he also had to ask pardon in the House of Lords. Whether or not the Scribes arraigned the Pharisees, a lesson for Ministers resulted.

When I think of the thousand ways in which Ministers could make money, yet remain untainted, my verdict, after nearly forty years, is that, although the cloistral austerity of Gladstonian days may have been interrupted, the words of Gladstone himself in the case of Lord Bacon come in aid: " The judgment of history should be the judgment of charity."

After none of my tourneys with Lloyd George could I discern rancour (below skin-depth) in that buoyant Celt.

I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
9th April, 1913.

I spoke to-night, but didn't attack Lloyd George, although he deserves no mercy from us. I rather exculpated him.

Birrell said to me to-day he was disposed to appoint Moriarty Solicitor-General. He crossed the floor to call me out, and I saw his eye on me while he was talking to Asquith, and knew he was discussing the vacancy.

He began by saying he was tired of duffers, which I sympathized with.

He was frank in saying Chief Baron Palles replied to a request of his for information about Moriarty, and that Judge Ross had written him unasked in Moriarty's interest. I replied that I had previously consented to Moriarty, but that Campbell feared his Party would attack him. I promised I would not attack Moriarty.

Nevertheless, as he appealed for my view he might blame me if I did not freely discuss the disadvantages. He leant strongly on the Prime Minister's objection on a former occasion, as to Counsel marrying his client, which I said was no valid objection.

I thought the strongest point which the Opposition could raise was the Bankruptcy, and he said he would inquire into that, yet with such an air that I knew he would gloss it over. Previously I had shown that if what he wanted was an able lawyer he could have one, and advance Moriarty by making him Recorder of Dublin, and appointing O'Shaughnessy to the Law Officership.

To-day he replied that he wanted help, and not the mere advancement of Moriarty.

Scarcely had Birrell made Moriarty Solicitor-General than a leading English Tory came to me asking, "Where can I find the case of 'Silke against the National Bank'?" I replied (as the fact was), "I don't know." Apparently nobody could tell him, for he never attacked the appointment. Any lawyer, of course, could find the case in the Digests. It involved an important question in banking law. Moriarty at Doncaster backed a horse with a bookmaker named Silke, winning a few hundred pounds. An objection to the horse was lodged, but Silke gave Moriarty a cheque on the promise that it would not be cashed until the objection to the horse was decided. Moriarty, believing doubtless that the objection would fail, lodged the cheque and drew the money. A day or two later the objection was upheld and Silke sued the Bank for the amount of his cheque, and succeeded. Birrell held a letter from Chief Baron Palles in favour of Moriarty as to this transaction, but I felt uneasy lest it should be raised. I crossed to Dublin, however, to attend a dinner which the Munster Bar gave the new Solicitor-General. On my return to London I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
30*th May*, 1913.

Lloyd George came to me in the lobby to-day and said he wanted to see me about the payment of members. I replied unless he was prepared to do something upon Land Purchase, or for the Irish Labourers, I could not be squared.

He said he had nothing to do with Land Purchase, and could do nothing about town allotments. "Then," said I, "we cannot be squared, and we will oppose whatever you do about the Insurance Act." He said, "I suppose it is no use our discussing the matter?" I answered, "Not the least," so he left.

Last night we entertained at Gray's Inn, Maitre Labori, who defended

Dreyfus. The Duke of Devonshire was a guest. He told me he was "obsessed with Lismore," and that his children could not be got away from it.

House of Commons,
5th June, 1913.

The Government must be badly hit by the Marconi disclosures. There is *malaise* over the Liberals.

About this time George Wyndham died in Paris. It was only a week before that I met him entering the House as I was leaving for Ireland. I have mentioned that he asked me to dine with him, and that, all unconscious of his approaching end, I refused. When he passed away, I wrote:

London,
14th June, 1913.

I went to George Wyndham's funeral at Clouds, near Salisbury, yesterday. The family invited me to lunch afterwards, but seeing so many swells present, I made for the railway station. Tears stood in Balfour's eyes as the sods fell on the coffin.

All the Redmondites went to the Memorial Service at Westminster. O'Brien sent a wreath to the funeral in our eight names.

House of Commons,
July, 1913.

Lloyd George got the Government draftsman to draw for J. J. O'Shea the amendment to the Budget which he said he would accept from me as to the Reversion Duty clause.

I told the Tories this, and as they had a wider amendment down I am urging them not to let the Bill through on Thursday (as Lloyd George desires) unless their amendment is taken.

House of Commons,
4th August, 1913.

In reprisal for the Party's Opposition to Murphy's Kingstown Electric Bill I am blocking all private Bills, and have the Party in a hole. They are furious, to my great contentment.

Joyce's Bill about Limerick was blocked, to his consternation. I did not block it, yet he came to me on Friday interceding. He was so mad that he got Murphy's solicitor turned out of the lobby, and I immediately reinstated him with great dignity! I am sending a letter to *The Times* about the Government's connivance with the Party hacks who spite Murphy.

I spent the week-end at Norwich with Neil Primrose. The Cathedral, which the Duke of Norfolk built there, is one that would do honour to the first city in Europe. It is a glorious building, and the High Mass was sung by sixty choristers.

The nagging of the "Party" at William Murphy's enterprises was endless, and the Government connived thereat. He had a Bill to electrify Kingstown, which, when it was through Committee, Redmond got "recommitted," contrary to the practice of parliament, and then inserted clauses which were an afterthought of

the Town Commissioners. These embodied terms of purchase by them, and afterwards proved a boon to Murphy, but a loss to the ratepayers. The electric scheme, taken over by the town at considerable expense, was never set in operation. The Party game of trying to make Murphy a sort of St. Sebastian shot through with arrows was a failure, but it helped to change the course of Irish history.

CHAPELIZOD,
11th September, 1913.

To *The Times* review of *Stolen Waters* I sent enclosed reply. I have knifed the blundering writer.

Did you see Mrs. O'Shea's son's attack on William O'Brien? If not, get to-day's *Independent*. . . .

Soon O'Brien, in his anxiety for the interests of the minority in Ireland, saw Lord Loreburn, the late Lord Chancellor, who published a letter which created a mild sensation. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
13th September, 1913.

Lord Loreburn's letter on the Home Rule Bill pleases the Tories, but cannot lead to much. The *Chronicle* announcement that there must be a Dissolution between the Royal Assent to the Bill and the "appointed day" is no new doctrine, but is against the Redmondite contention.

We ought to point out the effect of that on the Irish situation which forces us to have two elections within a few months.

As to Mrs. O'Shea's son's letter to the *Independent* about O'Brien, your view that he was brought up in ignorance cannot be correct. Have you forgotten his letter during the divorce case, 1890, about "that awful brute, Parnell," addressed to his papa?

To seize on O'Brien's publication to boom a proposed volume by his mother was natural. She might have made thousands out of it any time these twenty years back. The notion, spread by Parnell, that Lockwood prevented him giving evidence is false. Lockwood told me he threatened to throw Parnell out of the window at consultation, when he said he would let the case go by default.

The conception of Parnell as a liar seems not to have occurred to William O'Brien.

By this time the Belfast opposition to Home Rule had become organized, and Carson threatened bloodshed.

The question of the separation of the Welsh Church from that of Britain was also fiercely fought. The Tories were better led by their chiefs than the Liberals.

I told Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
18th September, 1913.

There is great work at Balmoral. Balfour arrived there to-day. Any compromise on Home Rule must be in the direction of whittling down the Bill.

CHAPELIZOD,
23rd September, 1913.

In to-day's *Irish Times* there is a remarkable quotation from the London *Express*, which Aitken controls, saying Home Rule was dished, and that the Government would dissolve. You should get the paper to appreciate this.

Yesterday's Liverpool *Courier* (Tory) has an article, sent marked to me, saying that there is to be a Dissolution before anything else, and that this is certain.

Asquith, Grey, Churchill and Lloyd George met in London yesterday.

I therefore wrote to O'Brien culling these facts for his information, but saying I thought Lloyd George dare not consent to anything that would prevent the Welsh Disestablishment Bill becoming law next session, and that this could not be done unless the Home Rule Bill was passed.

I do not see my way through the situation, as put in the two papers. The *Express* indicates that Ulster was to be cut out, or given a separate Parliament, and Lloyd George and Churchill were always for this. That something is happening is plain.

I told O'Brien that the Carsonites had been to Lord Roberts asking him to lead them, and that it was Roberts recommended General Richardson, who has now commuted his Indian Army pension to escape loss by an Ulster rebellion.

The seriousness of that has struck the Government, who only want an excuse to abandon Home Rule. There is no enthusiasm for it among any of them. The Redmondites will throw the blame on Lord Loreburn if they are "sold" by the Cabinet. I think they will be "sold."

I had a note from *The Times* on Friday about the review of *Stolen Waters*, which I enclose. I sent them the condensation of my answer, which they ask for.

The more I consider the review the more its purpose appears due to the fact that I have grappled with every document of the plaintiff's title, and have left no point unsmashed.

CHAPELIZOD,
25th September, 1913.

I enclose *The Times* reviewer's reply, which is beneath contempt. I shall not notice him further. It was unfair not to print my complete letter, but its length provoked this.

Until *The Times* review appeared I never conceived that one of its writers would distort facts and dates, or ignore the effect of documents presented before his eyes. Still, it was part of the battle against Home Rule, and Home Rulers had to be discredited.

The Times is to-day freed from intentional unfairness towards Ireland. Even when of old it was hostile, it sometimes picked out Irish artists and soldiers for commendation. In 1881, a *Times* reporter, a vivid Ulster Tory, named Kernahan, came to me to complain that Parnell, in answer to an attack by Gladstone, had not made the most of some supposed official suggestion during a Chinese war, to "poison the wells." Kernahan cried out that Parnell, when defending the Land League, forgot this, "but," he

chuckled, "I put it into his speech!" I often maintained that its parliamentary and law reports (always skilful) deserved a national subsidy.

CHAPELIZOD,
29th September, 1913.

Redmond's speech contrasts with that of the Lord-Advocate Ure, who did not speak without Asquith's authority.

It would be unfair to give Belfast control over education, as Ure suggests, because Catholics are affected, and the only way Orangemen could be weaned out of their narrowness would be through some generous and truthful ideas penetrating their school-books.

We scanned at this time the lightest indication relating to the Irish cause. Of course none of us believed in the sincerity of the Government towards Home Rule.

Principle in Liberal politics perished with Gladstone. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
10th October, 1913.

Churchill's speech gives Redmond away. He has not promised what he did two years ago, that there would be a Dissolution between the Royal Assent and the "appointed day" before the Irish Parliament could legislate. This imports a Dissolution at a normal date, and at a time when only forty-two members would be returned from Ireland.

As to the exclusion of Ulster, Churchill has promised nothing, unless the House of Lords agree to pass the Bill *plus* whatever may be engrafted upon it at the next "suggestion" stage. Nothing can be so inserted unless at the request, and with the assent of, the Tories, and as they will consent to nothing, Churchill has merely thrown out a "feeler," which he knows the Tories won't accept. Thereby he may have met the King's scruples by a show of moderation, but this is a dangerous game, and he has inflamed Ulster by acknowledging their grievance and leaving it unremedied, while he chilled the Nationalists.

Redmond evidently has a pledge that the "appointed day" shall be fixed before the Dissolution, and sufficiently early to enable his Executive to be created before the Tories could strike—if they got a majority.

The Liberal Cabinet had crevices with which we were not acquainted and Ireland, unknown to us, affected the European situation. I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
11th October, 1913.

Both sides are engaged in a struggle for control of the "Sign Manual." If the King agrees to sign the Home Rule Bill on Churchill's terms, the Tories are done for. Evidently His Majesty wants an accommodation. Carson's speech indicates that he regards Churchill's reference to the Royal Veto not having been exercised for centuries as a cut at His Majesty. I differ, as it was not exercised because the House of Lords would let nothing pass to which the Crown could object, and anything the Lords swallowed the Crown could

agree to. Now the position is otherwise, and I think a case can be made by the King for deferring " to the sense of his people " before signing a Bill under the Parliament Act to which a strong opposition has been aroused.

Only for the respect with which F. E. Smith treated Churchill's speech I should suppose that he was throwing dust into the eyes of the public. English opponents, however, constantly consult together.

Tory reliance on Royal intervention was then a constant topic of conversation. I told Maurice:

LONDON,
14*th October*, 1913.

I hear from a Liberal lawyer (more or less in touch with the law officers) that the King consents to act on the advice of his Ministers. I have not been able to see anyone in touch with the Tories to-day to ascertain what is in their minds, but to-morrow I may see some of them in the Law Courts.

Redmond's speech bears out the view I took of Churchill's. He is safe to promise concessions, because any concession becoming law involves the acceptance of a " suggestion stage " by the House of Lords, and the passage of the Bill by the two Houses in an amended form by consent.

The possible action of His Majesty was canvassed everywhere, and I again wrote:

LONDON,
16*th October*, 1913.

The King, I am told, will not refuse to sign the Home Rule Bill when presented to him. The passage of the measure therefore, in some form, next year is certain. His Majesty has requested both parties to confer, and the Tories will not refuse the invitation.

Carson and his friends will agree to Home Rule for three Provinces, if Ulster is left out. The Government have asked Redmond to consent to some " compromise " over Ulster, and that a compromise will be made seems probable. The Redmondite formula of " No Partition," and " Ireland one and Indivisible " will vanish. It would be to our interest that the Province should be a unit for such a purpose, as we might get a majority, while it also consorts with Protestant pride that the whole of Ulster should be included, notwithstanding the supposed anxiety of the North for Southern Protestants.

Birrell was dispatched to Dublin on Tuesday to communicate the Cabinet decision to " the boys." They require an agreement before Asquith speaks on Saturday week. Churchill spoke with Asquith's approval. Unless Redmond holds out, which is unlikely, it appears as if in the end Home Rule will be passed as a consent measure, with the North cut out.

Labby's *Life* publishes my letters in 1885 about Gladstone and Chamberlain, but I have not dipped into it yet.

Redmond and his friends ignored the existence of an extreme party of Nationalists. Small in numbers, but firm in opinion, they hated the Redmond domination. In their minds Redmond's harvesting a big price for his lands showed insincerity. Underground currents from America also swayed them. Still, the out-

break which occurred three years later, due to the Great War, was unforeseen. I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
20th October, 1913.

I spent the week-end with Max Aitken and saw Bonar Law, who spoke confidentially on the situation. The Tories are as much in the dark as ourselves as to what is going to happen.

Bonar's idea is that the Government are fooling Redmond, and that when it comes "to the pinch" Asquith will offer him the alternative of a General Election, or the exclusion of Ulster.

Knox takes a serious view of the feeling in the North, and says their pride will never let them submit to a Catholic Parliament after all that has happened. If there is bloodshed there will be bitter feelings for years, no matter who wins. Knox says the North will never settle down in the way we calculate.

The information I had as to the arguments Asquith used at Balmoral against the use of the Royal Veto was correct, but neither side can predict what will happen. The King is anxious for a compromise, and Tories like F. E. Smith, who is a friend of Winston's, would be in favour of a "Coalition" ministry in case Redmond refused to exclude Ulster; but there is no prospect of this yet.

The Tories don't see what they are to gain by an Irish settlement. It would banish their best cry at the next election if they assented to Home Rule. The King advises a Conference, and lets each side know the other's mind, which is proper and advantageous. I cannot see why O'Brien urges a Conference, which can only end in Ulster being in some way excluded, either administratively, or otherwise.

It is not enheartening to look back on those days. Yet I am persuaded we did our best.

LONDON,
24th October, 1913.

Lord Portsmouth called at my chambers to-day. As far as I could judge, it was in order to report my views to Lord Lansdowne.

I think it likely there will be some offer to the Ulstermen, with Redmond's consent. The latest suggestion was that Ulster should be excluded for the first five years.

I am assured that the King will sign whatever is presented to him in the shape of a Bill, irrespective of consequences. But the Liberals are afraid of bloodshed, and are considering compromise.

After some months, I told my brother:

LONDON,
15th December, 1913.

O'Brien has requested me to get an interview for him with Bonar Law. In accordance with his request I arranged the matter, and wired that he could see Bonar any day this week.

Churchill goes about saying he will leave the Cabinet if there is any attempt to coerce Ulster. The Tories know this. So Carson has only to "keep it up"!

The Cabinet are meeting to-day, and Lloyd George thinks the thing to do is to make an offer that will look well for the country, and be refused. They propose to exclude Ulster for a period of years. To this the Tories will respond by demanding that Ulster's entrance must depend upon its own decision, and on this the negotiation will come to an end. Whether Asquith will then force his Bill through remains to be seen. The King will not veto it against the advice of Ministers.

His Majesty's steadiness and constitutional action make part of the history of this period. I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
18th December, 1913.

I saw O'Brien last night, and am taking him to-day to meet Bonar, but this can only turn out a disappointment.

I was told by Max that the Tories would not agree to anything except the exclusion of Ulster, with its right to "stay out" until it wished to come in. This is said to be Carson's final determination, but Lord Lansdowne may force a compromise on the hotheads.

The late Lord Lansdowne acted as a moderator in the struggle. He was sagacious in managing his property in Kerry, where his house at Derreen, he thought, commanded the finest prospect in the world, whether by sea or land. He was devoted to Ireland, and only wanted peace. His house there was burnt in 1922, and he rebuilt it in 1926. The clergy secured the recovery of much of his furniture when the revolt fizzled out.

I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
Christmas Day, 1913.

Bourke Cochrane, of New York, who has been seeing T. P. O'Connor, tells Moreton Frewen that T.P., Dillon and Redmond have informed Asquith of their acquiescence in Partition.

Devlin holds out, and therefore, if he persists, the Bill must be killed, and the Government along with it—because we could not vote for anything of that kind.

T.P., in his American letter, foreshadowed the abandonment of Ireland's claim to the Post Office, a fortnight before Asquith spoke on the subject.

Churchill tells his Tory friends that he will resign rather than consent to the "coercion" of Ulster.

I fear Carson's bluff will win. If so, there will be nothing for it, except that the Government should dissolve, and then the Tories may be in office before twelve months.

The *Daily Chronicle* announced recently that the Welsh Disestablishment Bill would be taken first next session. I did not believe this until I heard of the surrender to Ulster. It is a pretty situation for Redmond.

No one knew from day to day what to believe. The "jelly-fishness" of Redmond was, of course, a constant factor. I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
5th January, 1914.

The *Evening Mail* states that the Liberals intend to limit to ten years the exclusion of four Ulster counties. T.P.'s American letter raised no objection to anything except "permanent exclusion."

Now they are in a hole after Asquith's speech accepting Carson's propositions.

Murphy says his editor told him that our people were so sick of waiting they would take anything.

LONDON,
15th January, 1914.

The Conference has been fruitless. Bonar Law speaks to-night. The conversations were not private, and I understand they are not to be kept secret.

Asquith offered to withdraw the Post Office, the Customs and the Judges, and to give Ulster local autonomy, but Bonar declined, after consulting his colleagues.

Lord Portsmouth consults me as to "franchise" points, and is in touch with Lord Lansdowne, and sometimes sees the King.

They might postpone the operation of the Bill until the 1st January, 1916, on the ground that a General Election must take place in the interval, and that the second reading was less catastrophic than civil war, and then make changes, including the eviscerations which Asquith offered Bonar Law.

This would embarrass Redmond, and it adds a fresh stumbling-block.

T.P. told Bourke Cochrane that they had agreed to the exclusion of Ulster, and that it was Devlin's resistance prevented the offer being formally made.

Moreton Frewen says Winston is perturbed, and did not agree that Asquith was on his side against Lloyd George. He said Winston had no support in the Cabinet except, perhaps, Grey, and John Burns, and that Lulu Harcourt hated him.

If he resigned the Admiralty, the Sea Lords would resign with him, but I don't believe he will do so.

It was a time of confusion and indecision, and Ireland was a cockpit for British parties. I wrote:

LONDON,
19th January, 1914.

You and I are in agreement that the Tories would part with their electoral "bread and butter" if they consented to any compromise over Home Rule. They are split over Tariff Reform, and have only "Ulster" to unite them, but O'Brien is so intense that he will not see this, and thinks the Tories should have a "Round Table."

Such a Conference could only be successful in dishing them. Yet O'Brien is of the mid-Victorian opinion that Ireland occupies a place of importance in English minds.

The mass of the English regard the question as practically settled. Ireland is "hoff," as the waiters say, with politicians unless they can use it mechanically, as Carson is doing, by threatening civil war.

The fact that he has to make such a threat to arouse interest is the best proof that the English would not otherwise care about Ireland.

I see nothing to stop the Government going through the session as usual.

Churchill is to have his way about the Navy, and if he did not, he and the Sea Lords would resign, and this the Government could not face. His demand is for four extra Dreadnoughts, of which three are to replace those promised to Canada. For this he has an unanswerable case from the Cabinet standpoint, as he was allowed last year to send a memorandum to the Canadian Premier, Borden, urging the necessity for the ships.

He is therefore only asking for one battleship more than was declared necessary last year. He paid Lloyd George a visit on Saturday, and I was told Asquith was on his side as to the Navy. Once he gets his way as to this his views about Ulster will undergo modification.

The Times on Saturday said Carson would review three regiments of 3,000 (or 3,500) men each. The *Sunday Times* yesterday gave the number as 3,500 all told, and said that none of them had rifles. The *Daily Mail* to-day says that this recruiting has stopped officially, as he has got the 100,000 he requires!

Carson's influence has acted as a safety-valve for the Orangemen, as they would have got up sporadic riots, if left to themselves! The situation depends on whether Asquith has the nerve to meet them unflinchingly.

Dillon last week complained in Dublin of Birrell's absence from Ireland, and his neglect of the situation, especially as regards Larkin!

O'Brien is right in his view that if Redmond had been conciliatory at the outset, and offered some representation and power to the Orangemen, the present situation would not have arisen.

I again wrote:

LONDON,
26th January, 1914.

An Englishman (nephew of a peer) said to me there would be civil war in England as well as in Ireland, and that Willoughby de Broke and his men would ride up to London and attack Asquith, and that the soldiers would not resist! I never heard such dire threats.

He said the railways would be cut, and the telegraphs torn down, on the ground that Asquith obtained the "Parliament Act," with a pledge that he would reform the House of Lords and establish a Second Chamber, before the Home Rule Bill was passed, and that this is what the electors understood at the General Election of 1910.

Now, they protest that he has jockeyed them, at Redmond's instance. I was astonished at this vehemence, and his belief that Asquith would be funked.

James Campbell says Ulster would form a "provisional government" the day the Home Rule Bill became law, and that the Belfast Protestants would never allow themselves to be ruled from Dublin. I asked if he thought the British would allow them to seize the Custom House in Belfast, and he said their men would take it and get shot down, and that the moment Protestant blood was shed Asquith's life would not be worth much! They are relying on funking the Ministry. Will they succeed? With Birrell in charge, anything is possible.

It is evident there will be a hornet's nest in Down and Antrim, which will be stirred up to influence English opinion on the Tory side. Some of them hope to get the King to veto the Bill, although this was not the wish

of the more responsible. Yet as the time draws near I fancy the extremists' views will prevail. If they can get Lord Lansdowne and Bonar Law so to advise the King no one can tell the result.

They are holding meetings all over England. Things will be at fever heat in the House of Commons before long, and it is in that atmosphere the session will go on, down to the date when the Home Rule Bill receives its third reading. If in the Orange crucible things have been made red-hot in Parliament, His Majesty may, they think, require an election before appending his signature.

Besides, the weakness of ministers must be reckoned with. The by-elections may determine Ireland's fate. The most interesting feature will be whether Asquith will crystallize his offers to Bonar Law into "suggestions" for Lords' amendments.

Ulstermen declared they would not abide by the ballot or Acts of Parliament, but would make themselves a nuisance unless they got their way, just as Trade Unions threatened to suspend communication, or cut off fuel. The tactics pursued by British miners on strike found resemblance in the politics of 1914. Northern extremists (professing the utmost loyalty to the King and the Union Jack) announced they would prefer the rule of the Kaiser to that of a Dublin Parliament. The Liberal Cabinet, which was carrying a heavy cargo in English and Welsh politics, was unsteadied. I wrote:

LONDON,
31*st January*, 1914.

One cannot always keep saying that the finance of the Home Rule Bill is putrid. I said so once!

As to Bonar Law, I noticed while we were discussing politics last Sunday that Max differed from his Civil War conclusion in a way which I believe represented the English Tory view.

Yesterday Lord Hugh Cecil said that Home Rule without Civil War would be better than Home Rule with Civil War, which I think was a stroke at Carson.

James Campbell spoke of Southern Protestants being engaged in barricading their houses and getting ready for defence. They have raised the devil and cannot lay him, but Belfast is the danger core.

Campbell's interest is distinct from Carson's, as he spoke of himself as having the guardianship of the Southern Unionists.

The worst of the situation is that it will be handled (like the Larkin strike) by stranger-fools, instead of by native resolutes. Dublin Castle created Larkin, and if Home Rule passes, its dispositions in Ulster will be idiotic. The soldiers will have no heart in the business, and the heads of the police still less.

God save Ireland from Birrell as Chief Secretary, if there is going to be trouble.

Keeping as I did on friendly terms with Conservatives as well as Liberals, I was often entrusted with their political confidences;

I disbelieved in Redmond's grit or Dillon's judgment, and hovered sometimes on the outskirts of both English camps in order to seek an opening in which some settlement for Ireland could be wangled. I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
10*th February*, 1914.

The Party are in a fix—or rather, would be, if the Opposition had skill. In spite of Asquith's speech pointing to the exclusion of Ulster, their speakers thundered in a dull way to save their faces.

I made a speech last night intended to be satirical, which has been the subject of praise by Liberals, and as the result, Asquith came up and shook hands with me as I was sitting by the fire in the Library at 7.30, quite unaware of his presence!

I asked him were they going to exclude Ulster, and he said not, but I do not believe this. The Party received him without cheers as he rose, and in silence as he sat down. They were collapsed, having evidently been told by Redmond at their meeting previously, what had been communicated to him in Downing Street last week.

Max Aitken outwitted the Press as to the interviews with Bonar at his house in Surrey, which Asquith spoke of, and received a letter of thanks for his arrangements!

The offer made to Bonar was to drop the Post Office and the Customs, and give Ulster a Council with supreme control over police, education, and judiciary. The Liberals say the question is practically settled!

T.P. told Max to-night that he always said the question would be "settled by consent"! I met Carson as I was leaving the House, and strongly remonstrated with him as to the line he was taking. He was quite reasonable and good-natured over it.

A Liberal muttered to me that the King will not sign the Bill unless Ulster is excluded! Carson is trying to get the best terms he can for the general body of the "loyalists." He could not speak to-night, as he has neuritis.

I have been passing the word to the Tories to be moderate, but Austen Chamberlain was fierce. Nevertheless, the Irish Party sat silent, and Redmond smiled feebly. They are routed, as far as I can see, but things change continually, and it may be in the end some other composition will be accepted.

It is not the occasion for sectional moralizing, and we should not drive Redmond to despair. O'Brien has been so badly treated that he may take a more personal line. My mind has been influenced by Knox towards the view presented by Carson, that if the "stage-fright stage" is overcome, the North might join us voluntarily, but otherwise would never do so.

The settlement of the Eastern Question has taken hundreds of years, and when Bulgaria saw victory within her grasp it was snatched from her. If the division of Ireland were to be permanent I would not agree, no matter what result followed; but one cannot help being affected by the thought that it would be possible to secure a better Bill for the rest of Ireland, and that afterwards the North would join us.

What the Ulstermen want is something to "save their face"; and if they had been met by a policy like O'Brien's they would be now reasonable.

I made at this period a speech to a Tory Club (at Moreton Frewen's request), and beforehand had a chat with the ablest and

most genial of the Belfast members, the late James Chambers, K.C., afterwards Tory Solicitor-General. He agreed with me that Asquith's Home Rule Bill held no portent of danger to his co-religionists, and I tried to persuade him that he should in derision of the measure move to alter its title to "Local Government (Ireland) Bill Number III." Carson, however, was other-minded.

I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
11th February, 1914.

My impression is that the exclusion of Ulster will be proposed by the Government, and accepted by Redmond. To-night Dillon cheered Lloyd George very pointedly at a passage which showed that this would be the plan. I expect they are either concealing the situation from Devlin, or that he has not the parliamentary instinct to discern what is being arranged, if he has not also surrendered.

Lloyd George's speech to-night was delivered after consultation with T.P. He said Carson's speech made a new situation because he referred to Redmond as his "countryman" He also buttered Carson enormously.

I believe all has been arranged behind the scenes. Bonar Law's speech affords proof of this. Last night a pressman told me that the Liberals were saying everything had been arranged, but I told him it was not true. Now I think the other way.

It is a pity O'Brien was not here. There never was such an occasion from our point of view. I could have struck in and destroyed Redmond, who opened the door for surrender to Ulster. Carson knows the outcry that will be raised by the Southern Unionists if this settlement is accepted.

Possibly the thing may end in the House of Lords altering the Bill which, as it now is, is doomed. I fancy the next few weeks will be spent in discovering a "formula" for Redmond to couch on!

O'Brien disliked attending the House of Commons, and scarcely had patience to sit on its benches. This was a drawback, as the scene there shifted from hour to hour and much could be done by personal conference. I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
13th February, 1914.

Dillon is going about talking to the Liberals in favour of the exclusion of Ulster. They all know that but for Devlin it would be arranged.

Dillon has been saying the contrary up to this. He now says, "How can we coerce Ulster with our own record against coercion?" and that we cannot face Civil War as a beginning to Home Rule. The Party are in a state of collapse.

It is said the King insisted on the paragraph in the Address about "conciliation," and that when a Minister objected, His Majesty said, "It is my speech. Surely I can say this much"—or words to that effect.

Devlin cannot give in, but I see Dillon arguing with him constantly. Lord Roberts said in the Lords last night that no officer would fight Ulster,

but that they would not disobey orders, and would resign. Several hundred Army officers sent a round-robin to the King declaring they would resign if asked to attack the Ulstermen.

All Parties leant on the Monarch for advice, and His Majesty naturally consulted the "elder statesmen." Of this I conveyed to my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
17th February, 1914.

The King lunched with Balfour to-day, and spent a couple of hours with him over the Irish question. He also had been consulting Rosebery, and it is evident this counts.

The Government have not made up their mind one way or the other. One of their counter-plans was to propose a "Home Rule within Home Rule" for Ulster. That would make the Bill more unpalatable for the Redmondites, and drive them into accepting "exclusions."

Home Rule for Ulster would breed a set of officials with vested interests, whom it would be hard to dislodge. It would be like the townships around Dublin.

Weeks were spent in negotiations. On the 9th March, 1914, on the Second Reading of the Bill, now in its third year (to secure the application of the Parliament Act), the Prime Minister again threw out suggestions for the exclusion of Ulster.

He began by saying that he saw no hope of a conference to solve the antagonism between Northern and Southern opinion; and indicated that at least for a limited period the whole of the Ulster counties should be excluded.

Bonar Law declared he listened to this with interest and pleasure.

I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
12th March, 1914.

Apparently Devlin was not persuaded by Lloyd George yesterday, and from the tone of the *Daily News* and *Chronicle* to-day, there will be no further offer from the Government. My speech has compelled them to nail their colours to the mast.

Duke, K.C., came to me to say that it was one of the finest ever made. This praise from such a man would be absurd if it were not sincere and spontaneous. I met him by chance. Anyhow, it had the effect of keeping the Liberals solid against further concessions to the Orangemen.

On the 19th March, 1914, Bonar Law moved a vote of censure, regretting the refusal of the Government to formulate suggestions for the amendment of the Home Rule Bill. The Curragh mutiny then occurred, through the attempt to "feel the pulses" of the officers privately, instead of giving them orders to march—which they would have obeyed.

I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
25th March, 1914.

Seely, the War Minister, and Lloyd George are dissatisfied with the situation.

The retirement of Carson and his friends to Belfast last week (which has not been so far explained) is said to be due to knowledge of the truth of the rumours of the intention to proceed against them. There had been a conference at the Irish Office with the Fighting Services, and the Chief Secretary. It is asserted that the decision arrived at (which determined Carson) was to arrest him and fifty others, and to raid the offices of his League in London and in Ireland.

In a later letter I added:

When Carson left for Belfast the Government summoned the Irish Commander-in-Chief, Paget, on Thursday. Seely gave him instructions as to proposed action. Paget returned to Ireland and called his officers together, telling them there would be a blaze on Saturday. General Gough then refused to agree to march, and so did some others he consulted. Paget was summoned to London.

By this time, not knowing the temper of the officers at the Curragh, Churchill ordered war vessels to sail, and Lloyd George went to Huddersfield to back up the proposed action. When General Paget apprised the Army Council of the temper of the officers they summoned Gough to London, and Seely demanded that he should be cashiered. The Army Council declined, as they said officers at Aldershot would mutiny if officers in Ireland were degraded.

Then Seely began to realize the seriousness of the situation, and told Asquith what was going on. Asquith quailed, because he had been worked on by Lord Roberts and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The King remained neutral, and there is no truth in the yarn put forward in the *Freeman* and *Independent* against His Majesty, alleging that he acted in a partisan way. On the contrary, the Tories complained of the neutrality of the King.

The next thing was that Asquith threw over Churchill, Seely and Lloyd George and refused to back up their action. He told Seely to go to Gough and square matters with him somehow. Seely tried this before the House met yesterday, but Gough would not be squared, unless he had a written guarantee that he would not be asked to serve against Ulster. Seely first got a formula drawn up that Gough would not be asked to act except in case of "civil commotion," but this did not suit Gough. Finding that nothing else could be done, Seely authorized Sir John French to give Gough this assurance in writing.

When I spoke last night (my speech is not reported in the Irish Press) I mentioned the rumour that Gough left for Ireland with this assurance, and it turns out to be true. The debate to-morrow will hinge on this document, and it may be that Seely will be driven to resign, or that other members of the Government (if Asquith stands by Seely) may go. Rumours allege that Lloyd George may resign, in order to head the populace against the Army and the aristocrats! It seems impossible that the Government can carry on if the White Paper to-morrow confirms any part of these rumours.

RT. HON. SIR EDWARD H. CARSON, M.P., IN OPPOSITION.

Vanity Fair, Nov. 9, 1893.

Lying there must be, but under the influence of debate some gleams of truth must emerge.

Last night the Government seemed dished, but to-day Asquith's device extricated them from what appeared to be a hopeless position. The impression left on my mind is that the incident, instead of doing the Government harm, will serve it with the masses of the people, and tend to bring about a rapprochement with the Labour Party.

The moment the Government showed that the Cabinet was not responsible for Seely, that moment the situation was saved with their own men, who were yesterday loud in protest. The English public don't take up things with the same quickness as ours, and it may be supposed that the crisis is not over. In my opinion it is, unless the Tories get the officers to resign afresh. The spirit in the House against the officers was tremendous, and this cannot but affect the Army.

I have not compared the assertions in these letters with the records of the time, and print them only as thumbnail sketches. A further comment ran:

LONDON,
26th March, 1914.

As no one now believes the newspapers on either side, I let you know my opinion of the upshot of the debate last night. It is: That the Government have emerged from it with the loss of a few tail-feathers, but substantially uninjured; and that the Home Rule Bill will become law.

The Tories may organize a further mutiny in the Army, and it may be that the officers in Ireland will persist in resigning; but nothing struck me more than the extraordinary and historic determination of the Radicals to face the Army crisis at all hazards, although it might have brought down the Government. This sprang chiefly from the Labour Members, John Ward in the first place, but soon the entire Government Party caught fire.

No doubt the Ministry are lying, but they lied principally to save their faces with the Court, and not because they disagreed with the sentiments of the rank and file. They have not told a tithe of the truth, but if it should be dragged from them it will not discredit them with the electors, because it is clear that their supporters are far in advance of themselves. They lie to placate Ulster, and the Front Opposition Bench, but the mass of the Liberals want war against these elements, and would welcome it. The Ministry, in fact, lags behind its supporters, and can do nothing extreme enough for them.

We who lived through the Gladstonian epoch are troglodytes compared with the Liberals of to-day. They would rejoice at a crisis with the Army, or with the Ulstermen, and think the Government have gone too far in concession and moderation.

Redmond insisted, in return for agreeing to the "exclusion" proposal, that some demonstration should be made in Ulster, and that, even if warrants of arrest were not in course of preparation, Churchill and Seely should make some show of force to overawe the Belfast volunteers, or compel the acceptance of the six years' exclusion.

A Labour member, John Ward, had made an attack on the intrigue of the Army against parliamentary decisions. It was not

only powerful, but persuasive, and wrought a great effect. Ward, originally a navvy, was of such strength that in his youth he held up a cofferdam with his shoulders in some harbour to allow his mates to escape. He was the parliamentary hero of the Carson crisis.

CHAPTER XLI

The Outbreak of War (1914)

THE landing of German guns for the Orangemen at Larne by the *Fanny* on 24th April, 1914 (with the connivance of the police and the Army and Navy), the raising of the Ulster Volunteer Force, the " Covenant " to resist the law if Home Rule passed, the vows of preference for the rule of the Kaiser to that of an Irish Parliament, the threat of Sir Edward Carson that he would " march from Belfast to Cork," led to the National Volunteers being established in the South and to subsequent rebellion.

The *Fanny* could easily have been intercepted at sea, yet her cargo was landed without the interference of the Fleet, and was distributed with the connivance of the R.I. Constabulary. I wrote my brother :

CHAPELIZOD,
26th April, 1914.

The Ulster " gun-running " gives ground for the suspicion that it is connived at by Government officials. The vessel had been for a fortnight in the offing, and if it had been smuggling brandy would long before have been seized. Even foreign trawlers have been stopped by the *Helga*.

If the Ulstermen have 20,000 rifles, and as many men, the British Army could not cope with them, and certainly the police could not. True, cannon would scatter them, but Redmond will hardly recommend a " whiff of grape-shot." It is a pretty kettle of fish.

On the 1st May, 1914, the Prime Minister announced on the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill, " We shall make ourselves responsible for introducing an Amending Bill in such a manner that the two Bills shall become law at the same time." Thus Partition was formulated with the assent of the Redmond Party. The European War was not then threatening, nor probable. I wrote Maurice :

DUBLIN,
10th June, 1914.

Ministers do not intend a Dissolution, but the King may insist upon it as a condition of his assent to the Home Rule Bill. He may either say, " Dissolve, and I will sign if the people approve " ; or, " Let my signature and the Dissolution be concurrent." If Ministers were left to their own devices they would stick to their jobs !

A by-battle meanwhile supplied amusement. I had been defeated in North Louth in 1910 by Mr. Hazleton, who was also elected for North Galway.

On petition he was unseated (23rd February, 1911) on the ground of "corrupt practices, undue influence, bribery, treating, illegal practices, payments for conveyance of voters to and from the poll, and false statements of facts in relation to Mr. Healy's personal character," committed, of course, by agents. He was away himself when nominated and did not arrive in Ireland until the contest was over, yet he was condemned in costs which amounted to £2,000. The costs were a "Party" liability, as Hazleton had been nominated and elected in his absence. He was not pressed for payment during four years, although he refused to offer a compromise. Then an urgent demand for payment came, and to escape liability he applied to be made a bankrupt.

He resigned his seat for North Galway, but announced that he would stand for re-election in a month, when his discharge from bankruptcy (as a debtor without assets) had been accomplished.

Thus he abandoned £400 a year as M.P., and proposed to reacquire it when his bankruptcy had wiped out the costs.

This ruse we met by moving a new writ for North Galway to compel him to seek re-election and resume his salary before his certificate in bankruptcy could be granted. The Redmond Party were furious, but their servility to Mr. Asquith was now repaid by Asquith's connivance in their warfare against myself. With the help of the Government they carried an adjournment of the motion to issue the writ. In the debate on that motion, Redmond's whip deplored that he could not ask the House to negative it absolutely, as, if he did, the writ could not be moved again that session. He protested against our intervention in trying to get the writ issued and bemoaned it feelingly.

To this we answered that Mr. Redmond had taken a similar course in February, 1893, in the Co. Meath vacancies, and Mr. Tully in the case of Cork in 1904. We made plain that Hazleton's tactics were planned to rid himself of a legal liability declared by the Courts.

His Party possessed ample funds to meet the costs, but he refused to allow them to be paid. Still, the Liberals, including the Prime Minister, to the number of 252, voted against the writ being issued, in order to enable the bankrupt to secure re-election as a man freed from liability, and then enter on the enjoyment of his full parliamentary salary.

None of our opponents knew that the motion to delay the writ could not take effect beyond that day. The issue of a writ is a matter of "privilege," and we were determined to renew the motion day after day. The Government could not find time for such debates, and we felt that they must soon be shamed into allowing the writ to go. Next day we moved again. The pinch was sore. Mr. Dillon, now better instructed in the law of Parliament, announced that his Party did not intend offering further opposition.

The goadings of Lord Hugh Cecil brought up the Prime Minister. He declared that (as every one knew) it was part of the "comity of parties," unless the circumstances were "most exceptional," that the motion for the issue of a writ should be left to the Whips of the Party to which the member who vacated the seat belonged, and that the North Galway seat had "only been vacant six weeks."

We replied that the circumstances were not only exceptional, but unprecedented, and that the rule relied on was qualified by the further rule that it lay upon the Party to which the ex-member belonged to discharge its duty to the constituency quickly and regularly. Besides, that rules governing writs were made for the benefit of the constituencies, and not for the convenience of individuals or parties, as otherwise constituencies might be disfranchised indefinitely.

The writ, therefore, was issued that day (8th July, 1914). Hazleton was at once re-elected for North Galway, contrary to plan, and re-endowed with a salary of £400 a year. The Bankruptcy Judge then assigned half his salary for the benefit of creditors. The connivance of the Government to thwart the collection of a debt levied under orders of the High Courts was hardly dignified, especially as Mr. Asquith was such a distinguished lawyer. Later on this capture of the salary of Mr. Hazleton led to an appeal to the House of Lords. The result appears at page 557.

The summer of 1914 wore on without a settlement of the Home Rule question. Rumour centred on the question of the exercise of the Royal prerogative. On the 20th July, 1914, the Prime Minister informed the House of Commons that he had been:

"Authorized by the King to announce to the House that, in view of the grave situation which has arisen, he has thought it right to summon representatives of all parties, British and Irish, to a conference at Buckingham Palace, with the object of discussing outstanding issues in relation to the problem of Irish government.

Invitations have been issued by His Majesty to, and have been accepted by, two representatives of the Opposition, two representatives of the Ulster Unionist Party, two representatives of the Irish Nationalist Party, and two of His Majesty's Government. I am glad to add that at the King's suggestion, Mr. Speaker has consented to preside over the conference, which I hope may begin its proceedings to-morrow. In the meantime, we shall not proceed to-day with the second reading of the Irish Amending Bill, but ask the House to deal with other Orders which appear upon the Paper."

On the previous 9th March Mr. Asquith declared that a "conference without anything in the nature even of a preliminary basis of agreement would tend rather to frustrate than advance the end in view."

Nevertheless, Redmond and Dillon attended the Buckingham Palace Conference. They had jeered at Belfast's "wooden guns," and sneered at Sinn Feiners as "hopping fleas." Now, although details are unpublished, the belief is that they yielded as to four Ulster counties, but jibbed at surrendering Tyrone and Fermanagh. The Buckingham Palace Conference dispersed in fruitlessness, and this confirmed the forecast of Mr. Asquith on the 9th March.

The Home Rule Bill at that date had been three times passed by the House of Commons. Under the "Parliament Act" it was entitled to the Royal Assent, despite its rejection by the House of Lords.

On 26th July, 1914, arms were landed at Howth to equip the Irish National Volunteers. In August Redmond insisted that this force should be placed under the control of his Party. A minority of the volunteers, led by Pearse and Burgess (sons of Englishmen) with John MacNeill, objected to parliamentary control, and formed a military organization of their own.

Europe was now on the verge of conflict, and this transformed the situation. Before Germany and England were at war I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
4th August, 1914.

I don't think the Government have any option except to support France. "A dinnerless man means two for supper."

Redmond will be embarrassed by the declarations his speech will arouse amongst the "extreme" element. I fancy he would not have made it without getting his price as to Home Rule.

Of the diverse causes which led the Kaiser into action the Irish situation was one. He had an agent, Baron von Kühlmann, in Belfast, lured there by the talk of Orange sympathizers. For,

although the American Ambassador at Berlin declared the threats of Carson " the most successful bluff in history," the German General Staff thought otherwise. So did the Austrians. Some princelings of Austria were then visiting Scotland under an Irish tutor, and, hurrying homewards, visited London to call at their Embassy. There they were assured that England, owing to the Irish situation, dared not enter the war.

The Liberal Cabinet was fissured. The Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, was for confronting Germany with a frank declaration. He dared not make it however in time, being hampered by pacifist ingredients in the Cabinet. A more unscrupulous Minister would, without consulting his colleagues, have told the Germans that if war was declared England would join France.

Grey had to hobble on diplomatic stilts, fearing that the Nonconformists who then ruled the House of Commons were for peace at almost any price. Neither he nor his Government desired conflict or conquest. Their plight on the Sunday when they learnt that Germany had declared war against Russia was pitiable.

The night before, Winston Churchill remained at the Admiralty awaiting news. Lord Beaverbrook's war book depicts the scene. The first message from abroad was pacific, and Churchill began to play Bridge. During the game a telegram came announcing that Germany was at Russia's throat. This involved France. Churchill, in his shirt-sleeves (owing to the heat of an August night), said to his partner, " Hold my hand till I come back," and put on his coat.

The British Fleet, concentrated for a Royal Review at Spithead, had not been dispersed, so he went to the telegraph office and wired the Admiral " Mobilize." This word would cost the taxpayers a million, whatever happened, as mobilization involves the taking in of stores. He next called at Downing Street to see Asquith, and received approval of his action, subject to a Cabinet next morning.

When Ministers met on the Sabbath at 10 a.m., McKenna demanded why, without authority, he had mobilized the fleet. The questioner had himself been First Lord of the Admiralty, and this was a formidable thrust. Winston answered, " You can get a new Minister for the Navy if you disapprove, but you can't demobilize the fleet."

Lord Morley and John Burns resigned. Sir John Simon was also inclined to retire. Lloyd George remained uncertain, and sat silently downcast. The French Ambassador, Cambon, called and

begged help for his country, saying, " If only you send the band of the Grenadier Guards."

The Cabinet adjourned for lunch, and when it reassembled, Winston said he thought he could secure from the Conservatives a declaration of support if war was inevitable. Belgium had not then been invaded, and everything depended on that.

A fresh adjournment took place, and he saw F. E. Smith, who undertook to visit Lord Lansdowne and Bonar Law—the Tory leaders in Lords and Commons. Bonar Law, unsuspecting a crisis, was away golfing.

Towards midnight Sir Max Aitken, M.P., appeared in the Cabinet room with a letter signed by Bonar Law stating that he and Lord Lansdowne would support the Liberals in any measure which the Government thought necessary.

Next morning an ultimatum was sent to Berlin warning the Germans against trespass, as Belgium's inviolability was guaranteed alike by Britain and Prussia. The Kaiser, believing that Carson's threats had handcuffed England, ordered his troops to take the Belgic " short cut " to France.

He had some pretext to justify this, but it has never been publicly relied on. When Stanley discovered the Congo, the British refused to take it over, and Stanley went to Brussels for help. King Leopold annexed the territory and sank money in it. A struggle then began between him and the British Foreign Office. A section of the English Press discovered that the son of the old friend and correspondent of Queen Victoria was a shuffler, and perhaps worse. When he came to London to negotiate he had to stay at Claridge's Hotel, although he had often been housed theretofore in palaces. The Congo Treaty was held up by the Foreign Office.

The late E. D. Morel, M.P., conducted a skilful campaign against it which affected the Press. " Red rubber " was his slogan. Faked photographs showing that the hands of natives in the Congo were chopped off unless they produced so many pounds of rubber weekly were shown round. Questions by Sir Charles Dilke also delayed ratification of the Treaty. The campaign at first was tinged with a " No Popery " flavour. I then began to ask counter-questions favouring Belgium. Sir Charles came to me in his impressive way, and vowed that Morel's activities were purely humanitarian, and if I would drop my attacks, Morel would give up the charge that Protestant missionaries were excluded. Dilke lent me a yellow-backed French volume by a Belgian ex-Jesuit impugning Congo administration, which tended to justify English suspicions.

Irritated by the controversy and the delay (which Morel provoked, helped innocently by Dilke) King Leopold was alleged to have made a bargain with the Kaiser under which Germany was granted a "right of way" through Belgium in the event of war with France. The French Ambassador at Brussels got hold of the document through one of Leopold's confidants, and had it photographed. He showed the sun-print to the British Ambassador, who went to the Belgian Prime Minister to ask if he sanctioned such an arrangement. The Belgian Cabinet was summoned, and Leopold was called on to telegraph a cancellation, which he did. The Kaiser, after receiving it, chose to regard the grant as one which could not be withdrawn, and in the reign of Leopold's successor marched through Belgium to his ruin. Morel acted simply as a German agent throughout. He was sent to jail during the Great War, accused of German propaganda. Yet he was afterwards elected M.P. for Dundee, just as the German spy "Lincoln" was elected for Durham pre-war. Dilke was moved only by patriotic considerations.

When war broke out the mass of the Irish people favoured the Allies. Letters to my brother ran:

On Board the *Leinster* to Holyhead,
9th August, 1914.

Redmond lunched with Asquith yesterday, and it will seem a treasonable repast unless he secures the Royal Assent to the Home Rule Bill. His Party are to meet to-morrow, and half the "Volunteers" will mutiny unless the Bill is passed.

The Government is willing to arm them and provide uniforms on the terms of their not being called upon to serve "outside Ireland"; but there is division about accepting English control. The newspapers are suppressing the row, but there is unrest and distrust of Redmond.

This boat is full of soldiers and officers—the soldiers singing and playing the concertina. "Come back to Erin," "Killarney," and "Old Lang Syne" predominate. We started an hour late owing to the Cork train being delayed by troop trains, and we shall be further delayed in England. Our mail in Dublin is now delivered two hours late each morning.

These were days of racking anxiety.

House of Commons,
10th August, 1914.

The Government did not make up their minds until this morning as to the course they announced to-day. They intended up to Saturday to declare that when the House resumed they would proceed with the "amending" Home Rule Bill as to Ulster. The Tories protested, and prevailed. Carson told me his Volunteers were in such a rage at the proposed breaking of the "truce" that they trampled on the "attestation forms" which they had intended sending in to enlist.

Some weeks later I went over again to try to ascertain what was afoot as to Home Rule, but got little information. I wrote :

LONDON,
1st September, 1914.

O'Brien showed me a letter to Lord Kitchener, who agreed to see him to-day. I understand O'Brien is to have a meeting in Cork. I suggested that we should declare willingness to sign a joint address with Dillon and Redmond to exiles abroad, explaining our motives. He thought this a good idea, but how approach Redmond ?

So I went to Asquith, who had been holding a Cabinet meeting. He was engaged with Simon, and received me cordially. I told him the purpose of my coming, and he was moved. " This," said he, " is most important, and I will never forget it." He said he needed encouragement. I left.

The reason of his speech to-day was the refusal of Redmond and Dillon to agree to our suggestion. There was a scene in the House, but Asquith pleaded, when Dillon rose, that there should be no fresh discussion. The Party grew restive, and evidently considered themselves sold. I sent for O'Brien at 7 p.m., as he hadn't come to the House. He visited Kitchener at 3.30 o'clock, and found him friendly, and we determined to say nothing, but must be here on Wednesday.

CHAPELIZOD,
6th September, 1914.

Redmond is in a bad way over the Home Rule Bill. He did not leave London until Wednesday, trying to apply pressure. Carson's speech was truculent, and there is no intention of applying Home Rule to his preserves—in which I fear Tyrone and Fermanagh will be included.

The Royal Assent to the Bill under the Parliament Act was given on 18th September, 1914, as also to another Bill suspending the Home Rule Act. Bonar Law talked of hanging Asquith on a lamp-post, but the ill-fortunes of the War soon submerged the Irish question.

CHAPELIZOD,
21st September, 1914.

The Cecils took the point that the Home Rule Bill which the Speaker should endorse must be the original Bill deposited in the Lords.

Carson and the extremists were in favour of a resolution by the Lords, directing the clerk to retain custody of the original Bill to prevent the Royal Assent. That this must have gone some length is proved by the fact of the two divisions by which both the Welsh and Irish Bills were adjourned by the Lords, in spite of the Government.

Redmond's appeal for recruits which appeared on Thursday is so well written that O'Brien thinks Stephen Gwynn must be the author. It helped to prevent the triumph of extreme courses.

I advised the Tories against extremes which would leave indelible bitterness. The Cabinet are divided. Asquith pledged himself in writing to Bonar Law (who told me so) that the Home Rule Bill would not be proceeded with during the War.

In September, 1914, I went on a holiday to Canada with Sir Max Aitken, M.P., and there first realized from the drilling of the university students in Toronto what a world-wide convulsion the Kaiser had provoked.

On my return I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
28th October, 1914.

The Redmondites will agree to no truce with us. They are afraid that if we were in the Party their fame would be diminished. Max used to see Redmond with Lord Murray during the negotiations, and is convinced that, although I might be tolerated, they will never forgive William O'Brien!

The Government having guaranteed there will be no coercion of Ulster, Carson can do what he likes. Naturally Bonar Law said he would support him now that he knows no resistance will be necessary. The Redmondites are up against the Orangemen, the Budget, the Insurance Act, and Recruiting.

LONDON,
12th November, 1914.

There was a great deal of Party spirit shown in the House yesterday in the "spy" debate.

I hear that an English Catholic officer, who was recruited into the Ulster Volunteers, was sent for by the War Office, and had to exchange, as he was told the Orangemen would not obey him. They are a tough crowd to handle just now.

LONDON,
15th November, 1914.

Redmond's "Volunteer" programme has been smashed, and his name does not appear to the appeal for recruits issued by the other three. O'Brien thinks he has been frightened by the *Irish World* of New York.

Of a speech I made in November, 1914, the *New Witness* said:

We have seldom read a speech which contained more wisdom and patriotism applied to various subjects than that which Mr. Timothy Healy delivered in the House of Commons on Monday night. Nothing, for instance, could be sounder than the remarks he made on the financial assistance which it is proposed to give to the City. . . .

Mr. Healy further earned the gratitude of all decent people by his spirited protest against the attempt of wealthy Puritans to prevent the serving of rum to soldiers. He expressed the general feeling when, after Mr. Tennant had laboriously answered innumerable and vexatious questions as to how, when and why the men were given alcohol, he asked, "If the hon. Gentleman proposes to allow a number of teetotallers to bully the Government in this matter." That our soldiers should be begrudged their rum is bad enough; that a handful of Chadbands should be able to coerce the Government into stopping the allowance is unthinkable, but unless definite action is taken, and Mr. Healy's policy supported, the danger is likely to be realized. The

men who heckle the Under-Secretary of War as to the amount of rum served to men up to their waists in water are not in the least concerned for the better payment of soldiers' wives ; and are notably inconspicuous on the question of pensions to their widows and children.

I advised Maurice :

CHAPELIZOD,
10th December, 1914.

Redmond has gained nothing by the placing of Home Rule on the Statute Book beyond a verbal resolution in its favour. The Ministry will be so immersed in larger problems, owing to the War, that they will patch up any compromise with Carson. There will be no one left inside the Government to make a fight for Ireland, and there is no one in the Liberal Party capable of doing so.

The artificial split created by Redmond in the Party tells against the Irish Cause. Our people are not pro-German, but think the price too high for the kind of Home Rule that has been " granted."

Cattle-driving again is started, which is due to the disappointment at the failure to finance Land Purchase.

I wrote him again :

CHAPELIZOD,
6th February, 1915.

I saw F. E. Smith, who was returning to the front next day. He doesn't think much of the British generals, but believes the Germans will be shifted by August. Kitchener is hopeful, and his army will be one of the best-equipped that ever left England.

Smith said to Neil Primrose in my presence that Asquith had given written pledges to Bonar Law that the Home Rule Bill would not be passed, and had broken them. I knew this, but was surprised it should be blurted out, and therefore think that when the War is over the Tories will charge that the Act was passed by fraud, and is a nullity.

CHAPELIZOD,
15th May, 1915.

Lloyd George's outburst yesterday against the Irish Members indicates that Redmond misled him in his interviews into thinking " it would be all right."

Unless the War takes a brighter turn the announcement of Haldane as to Conscription will embarrass Redmond.

CHAPELIZOD,
19th May, 1915.

I have been saying that the Government could not last, and that a Coalition was inevitable. Now it has been brought about.

A feature of the Coalition Ministry for Ireland was to replace the Lord Chancellor, Sir Ignatius O'Brien, by James Campbell, the Conservative leader, afterwards Lord Glenavy. As this would have deprived the Irish Party of the power of making magistrates, T. P. O'Connor was sent to Asquith to threaten that the Irish race

would be brigaded against him if such a deed were consummated. The arrangement was, therefore, abandoned.

Later on, as the Party became more discredited, the change was carried out, on Lloyd George becoming Prime Minister. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
2nd June, 1915.

Murphy went to London three days ago, at Lord Northcliffe's urgent instance, to "settle the Irish question." Of course, it will come to naught. In the annals of this country, was there ever such play-boyism as in the present crisis?

Carson is marking time to prevent criticism. Asquith, convinced of the impossibility of an Irish settlement, has handed over the difficulty to Lloyd George. Lloyd George thought there were fireworks to be enjoyed and the "glamour" caught him. Now he doesn't see his way to an Irish picnic.

Lord Northcliffe told Murphy that he could have a dukedom if he could produce a plan of settling the Irish question in the way that both the Irish and English people could accept. Murphy declared he was not a magician, and did not care to be a Duke! I wrote my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
6th July, 1915.

Lloyd George's object is to drive out Asquith, but the Tories are standing by Asquith, who, when the Coalition was formed, told the Liberal meeting which was suddenly called, that he would resign if any question was raised as to the supply of munitions. Knowing this, Dalziel flouted him last Thursday.

It may be he went too far, but he was seconded by Sir Charles Henry, another of Lloyd George's intimates.

The Cabinet had three meetings since Saturday, and Asquith went to France last night, which was the reason he could not attend Haldane's meeting. There Haldane suggested that his "old friend Lloyd George" was just as responsible. Lloyd George's scheme was to have an immediate election, if he could have had himself made Prime Minister.

Asquith will insist on getting from the Generals at the front an explicit statement as to the military situation, so that he can compose the mind of Parliament.

L.G. has made it up with Churchill, and promised him the War Office if Kitchener was driven out, provided he himself became Prime Minister. Are they a whit better than ourselves as squabblers?

CHAPELIZOD,
1st September, 1915.

As I was leaving London for the mail I met Ellis Griffith, who took the defeat of the Allies up to the present as a matter which everybody knew.

I had seen Bonar Law, who said things were very bad, and that if he had known what he now knows, he would not have joined the Coalition. I

think this is reasonable, for the Tories were taken in, and had not the least idea of the true state of affairs.

From the way *The Times* and *Daily Mail* are criticizing the Government an exposure or an explosion is certain. Yet if the Powers hold together they must win—though after frightful losses in men and money.

Lord Northcliffe took a most courageous course in criticizing the conduct of the War. One of his newspapers was publicly burnt, and he himself was practically boycotted. Yet he was on the right track, and held his way despite ignorant clamour. I spent a few days in London at this time, and felt the sensations of an air raid. When I got back to Ireland I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
12th September, 1915.

The Zeppelin raid last week on London was awful. Bombs fell near the G.P.O. and Liverpool Street Station, and frightened every one in the theatres. Guns firing from all points added to the horror. The failure to bring down the Zeppelins or to dispatch bomb-throwers against German cities to let the " peaceful " German population get a taste of their own broth seems odd.

LONDON,
17th September, 1915.

Dillon made a good speech the other night against Conscription, but was careful not to pledge himself absolutely against it in all circumstances. Only that I was alone, I was disposed to rise and express agreement with him, but held my tongue, and left the House after Thomas's speech, which was very impressive. The waste of money in the War is appalling.

LONDON,
21st October, 1915.

I am sure Carson must have Lloyd George behind him. Churchill's letter to the Navy League was not a buoyant document.

My wife and I now visited Blandford Camp where our eldest son was in training, to bid him good-bye, as the Naval Division was under orders for Gallipoli. The scene at the station—the carriages were strategically marked for Woolwich—was impressive. Both my wife and my son's wife held up splendidly, although we feared we should not see him again—a fear which fortunately proved unfounded. A fine song in Welsh was chorused from one of the carriages, and in another carriage a private gave a comic imitation of one of the officers, which was loudly applauded by his comrades—the officers themselves standing by laughing. It was 2 a.m., and raining as the train rolled off. Next night I got back to London and went to the House of Commons with a heavy heart. There I found that the Government had passed several stages of the Ulster Canal Bill, as a piece of Treasury economy, without warning the Irish members. I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
28th October, 1915.

Carson's resignation [as Attorney-General] apparently has been discounted by appeals from high places. There was to be a stampede, but it failed, and L.G. has trotted back to the Liberal paddock.

He was very civil to me yesterday, in cancelling the stages of the Ulster Canal Bill, which they had snatched. I gave Birrell "the devil's tattoo" over it and shamed every Englishman who listened—probably fifty. When I rose Dillon withdrew the clan from the House, but gradually they crawled back. I welted the Irish Government and made such a holy show of the business that Liberals whom I didn't know congratulated me. The Irish Party, having allowed the Bill to be read a second time without comment, set down motions for its rejection the moment I got the stage abandoned. I had that night come back from Blandford, where I saw Joe [my son] off for the Dardanelles.

Carson told me he resigned because of the failure of the Government to come to the rescue of Serbia. The Kaiser said he sent his best General (Mackensen) to smash its gallant army after it had beaten the Austrians. The Serbian *debâcle*, no doubt, was terrible, but it was not easy to see what Asquith could do.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
3rd November, 1915.

The Lloyd George intrigue is scotched, and the Tories won't follow Carson, much as they are disgusted. A feeling of *malaise* is general, but what can be done?

I was dining to-night at Gray's Inn and found the Germans had sent a bomb right through our dressing-room, another on the roof, and two in the yard. Fortunately little damage was done, owing to the pluck of the servants. The hole in the ceiling is about three feet square.

The Public Bill Office people told me there was a great run by Irish Members on Hansard for my speech against the Ulster Canal Bill.

Dillon, to show his aloofness on the occasion, stood at the bar jingling money or keys in his pockets, and then sat down near the Serjeant-at-Arms. I have had letters from Ulster priests thanking me about the Bill. One mentioned that the Cardinal lately said, in the presence of Canon MacCartan, that he would rather live under the Orangemen than under the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who would yet be a scourge to the clergy supporting them.

Carson and his friends keep actively at work behind the scenes, and no reliance can be placed on anything in the newspapers.

Last night, although Kitchener handed over the seals to the King at 8 p.m., the Press Bureau ordered the morning papers not to mention Kitchener's name! If he sulks and refuses to go abroad, or to take command anywhere, the people will be stunned by his resignation.

It had for some time been noticeable that when Kitchener spoke in the House of Lords his speeches no longer commanded the attention which had greeted them earlier. The peers, I was told, grew listless and doubtful when he rose. I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
8th November, 1915.

Kitchener is being forced West, and tendered the seals to the King on Thursday before he left. The King may not have accepted them, but, none the less, he will not be allowed to return to the War Office. I think the Government were right to suppress the *Globe* even for telling the truth.

When the *Globe* was suppressed, its editor came to me to try to induce Sir John Simon, the Attorney-General, to allow its publication to be resumed. The paper had been a bitter enemy of ours, and we once got it censured by the House of Commons for breach of privilege. Nevertheless, that was in far-off days, and Sir John Simon in the handsomest manner yielded to my representations, on a guarantee that in future the paper would respect the orders of the censor. To Maurice I confided:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
14th November, 1915.

Affairs are in a bad way with the Government. Sir Edward Grey's statement to-day was the worst I ever heard.

They are sending men to Salonika, but how this will help the Serbians I don't know. The forces at the Dardanelles will have to retire or surrender. Joe is there, I suppose, by now.

The Cabinet is split and has lost the confidence of the House. The Tories are dissatisfied, and openly say so.

Only that the mob have their stomachs full, very little would provoke an attack on the Government. This is being freely said. Carson's revolt for the last two days in refusing to attend, and staying in the smoking-room, is significant. If he forces the adoption of Conscription, there will be further rows in the House, although the Labour Party have grown tame. . . .

While I was dining with Frewen at White's Club the guns began, and a Zeppelin passed aloft. All the windows in the Strand near the Lyceum Theatre are smashed. A man was killed in Lincoln's Inn. Still, the Zeppelin didn't remain long, and the assault was less severe than the former one; although as many were killed, but the injury to property is less.

Grey I regarded as too fine a gentleman to be Minister for Foreign Affairs either in war-time or when war threatened. A good liar or a Bottomley would have done better for England. His scruples in my opinion added a costly charge to his country and to Europe.

LONDON,
15th November, 1915.

Lloyd George, in spite of Lord Lansdowne's statement yesterday, wishes to have an election in December, and to come back Prime Minister. I can't make out whether Bonar Law and his friends will remain in the Government, but it is possible they will retire if holding on to Gallipoli is persisted in.

Between Lloyd George's intrigues and the unrest of the Tories, a Dissolution may be forced.

About this time I had to argue in the House of Lords the appeal of Hollingshed *v.* Hazleton. The latter, who had petitioned to be made bankrupt, found on re-election for Galway that the Court of Bankruptcy had power to make his parliamentary salary available to pay his debts. As already stated, Judge Boyd awarded half of it to his creditors. The Court of Appeal reversed this decision, holding that the salary of an M.P. was not attachable. The House of Lords restored the order of Judge Boyd, and reversed the Court of Appeal, although the opposing counsel, Denis Henry, a man of marked ability, said, as we were robing, that he would not be called upon to reply. I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
18*th November*, 1915.

I received congratulations in the Four Courts when I went back there on the Hazleton argument in the Lords. Denis Henry, who was "contra," told my solicitor, Seddal, on the boat last night, that it was "the ablest he ever heard." Hazleton said to his friends that I had treated him far more kindly than his own Party did.

Thus the campaign to drive me from Parliament cost the Redmond Party dearly. Mr. Hazleton's enforced re-election for Galway led to the enunciation of the doctrine that M.P.'s could not shirk their debts, and the House of Lords saddled him with costs far larger than those incurred in the Election Petition—which he had refused to pay.

In 1918 the rout of the Irish Party by Sinn Fein left him without seat or salary, and his counsel, the late Sir Denis Henry, M.P. (afterwards Chief Justice for the Six Counties), approached me to urge as a favour to himself that I should let his client be discharged from bankruptcy on payment of a small proportion of the debt. I agreed, and thus the victim of the Party's malice escaped through the portals of the Bankruptcy Court, which he had so airily entered.

Of course, the sixteen years' fight in which I had to cope with Redmond's and Dillon's forces was costly to myself, but the public drew the conclusion that if the vendetta against a Nationalist was so ill-judged and unsuccessful, their handling of Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster opponents of Home Rule must be marred by still great unwisdom. Thus their press agent, T. P. O'Connor, in April, 1914, had described Sir Edward:

The worst and final difficulty of the Tories to-day is Sir Edward Carson. I asked a man who knows him well what was the secret spring of Carson's extraordinary purposes during the last two years. He is not a strong man physically. He has a poor digestion, sensitive nerves, bad sleep, and a

melancholy temperament. In short, he is not the kind of man to lead a forlorn hope when men have to play for their lives, and yet he had carried the enterprise through with skill and courage. The answer I got as to his purposes is that vanity is one of the chief ingredients of his character. Vanity, I have found in my political experience, is the most refracting of all lies in the lives of many politicians. It explains the inexplicable. It makes honest men adopt dishonest methods. It makes truthful men into professors of political mendacity. It turns men mad who are otherwise sane. It is the explanation, secret and undiscovered, of many of the tragedies in the lives of parties and nations. Its victims become some of the most dangerous of men. I never put down vanity as the mainspring of Sir Edward Carson, but now I see luridly the justification of his psychology. You have only to look at him to observe that he is suffering from a severe attack of swelled head, or what is more scholastically termed "Megalomania."

Apart from the Irish question, the daily incidents of parliamentary life had to be encountered. When the Excess Profits Tax was proposed, I supported it, but condemned the refusal of an appeal in Ireland. I wrote my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
22nd November, 1915.

Under the Budget the citizens in Cork, Dublin, etc., will have no right of appeal in the case of Excess Profits, and are for the first time left to the mercy of the Income Tax Commissioners. You should do something about this.

I see no reason for McKenna's refusal to allow the ordinary Irish law to prevail. I gave him a shot to-night about it, and said I would raise it on Report.

In the result the Chancellor yielded, and appeals were allowed in Ireland.

I had experience of Appellate tribunals in England, and was struck with the fairness of the Commissioners towards the taxpayer against what is misnamed the "Crown."

CHAPELIZOD,
27th November, 1915.

Carson opposed the Indictments Bill of the Government, and told me he intended to press his objection. He may be at the bottom of the scheme for forcing a Dissolution. I gathered from F. E. Smith that they were hardly friends now. . . .

Outside the towns few Irish Protestants have enlisted as privates, nor will they do so. They say the Kaiser is a good Protestant!

Redmond in 1914 insisted that the National Volunteers, which had been formed to resist Carson's threatened march from Belfast to Cork, should be placed under the control of the parliamentary leaders. Pearse, who went into rebellion in 1916, opposed this, and was said to have been knocked down at the meeting by one of Redmond's M.P.'s. John MacNeill took Pearse's side and soon

after Asquith's visit to Dublin in August, 1914, to seek recruits, a split took place in the Volunteers which, though apparently slight at the time, proved formidable afterwards. I noticed that in 1916 the Volunteers, who had cut themselves off from Redmond, began to march in armed formation through Dublin. I witnessed a rally on St. Patrick's Day, 17th March, 1916. About 500 men filed past the General Post Office. They were quiet and orderly, but their port was not impressive.

This was five weeks before the Easter rising. Neither in England nor Ireland had the public an inkling of what was brewing. I wrote Maurice:

TRAIN FROM LONDON,
29th March, 1916.

There must be a fresh intrigue against Asquith. The English Members tell me it has no effect on popular feeling. The Scotch Members say the contrary.

It is a pity O'Brien would not haunt the coulisses for a while. T.P. now joins Dillon in denouncing Lloyd George.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
10th April, 1916.

It is impossible to predict what will happen. If Lloyd George resigns, the Tories will go with him, and it is then doubtful whether Asquith can re-form the Government. They may patch it up between now and to-morrow. Kitchener is not giving trouble, but perhaps another is. Curzon is in a resigning mood. Winston's return from France is ominous. Seely is here, but friendly to the Government, and unaware that Churchill is back.

Carson is having his revenge on Bonar Law, who, he expected, would have resigned with him, and is trying to force him out. The Tories yelled with triumph (like in the Roman amphitheatres over the death of a hated foe) at Carson's speech.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
11th April, 1916.

They patched up the trouble last night, but Lloyd George says Asquith this morning receded from the arrangement. Lloyd George is so bitter against Asquith that he is determined to go, and the Tories will be driven to follow him.

John Burns remarked, "The higher the monkey goes, the worse he shows his tail." Perhaps between now and Tuesday there will be such newspaper pressure from abroad and the Colonies, and remonstrances from the Constituencies, that the thing will be patched up.

F. E. Smith told me he was in favour of a secret session on Tuesday. It would be a drama to watch, but one's emotions are divided between Dublin and Westminster.

On the day this letter was written there was a Lobby rumour that the Irish Government meant to arrest the militant Sinn Feiners, but that Redmond went to Birrell and objected, as Carson's Volunteers had been allowed to arm and deploy with impunity.

I discussed this news with Moreton Frewen, who was in a nursing home, and went to O'Brien's hotel to tell him of it. I left that night for Ireland. Thence I informed my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
12th April, 1916.

Lloyd George has practically cut himself off from the Liberal Party, and Churchill, too, means to go into Opposition. They fear the War will end in a draw. . . .

CHAPTER XLII

The 1916 "*Rising*"

ON Easter Monday, 24th April, 1916, a bolt from the blue fell on Dublin. Pearse and Burgess (latter styled Cahal Bru) led a minority of the minority opposed to Redmond's control of the Volunteers, into revolt. John MacNeill tried to stay them, without effect. Yet his effort was rewarded with penal servitude.

Pearse had appeared on Redmond's platforms in favour of Home Rule, but, being disgusted by disappointments, he called his men to arms and occupied the principal buildings in Dublin. They hardly mustered a thousand, and their resistance did not last a week. They were tried by a "Field General Court-Martial" after the "field" was bare of combatants. Fifteen leaders were shot, and many hundreds were sent to penal servitude or interned.

After their surrender, no arrangements for decent custody were at first possible. This led to conditions which left a memory as bitter as that enkindled by the executions. In the Rotunda Gardens there were herded together in the open, hundreds of men and women from Saturday till Monday without any sanitary or other provision. Men gnashed their teeth at the shame to which both sexes were exposed. No British soldier or officer was responsible. The person blamed was an Irish Inspector of Constabulary.

The horror may have been inevitable before decent arrangements could be improvised, but it made a seed-bed of hatred. The police inspector was killed at the first opportunity. Feeling favourable to the Allies in the War swung round after the executions.

I called upon a Scotch colonel in charge of the prisoners to try to recover some Gaelic MSS. posted by Canon O'Leary. He thought the manuscript was burnt in the G.P.O., and as for the prisoners, he owned their treatment was rough, but chirruped: "You know, they failed to give us notice that they would require our hospitality, and we were taken by surprise." It was a good answer.

On Sunday, 30th April, 1916, William Murphy called at my house as I was about to leave for London on the first day when communication with England was restored after the rising.

I warned him that opinion had veered round against the Government owing to the executions. He admitted this, and promised that his newspaper would be guarded. Yet, without his knowledge or approval, a leader was printed by it four days later, which haunted him till his death. When I returned from the House of Commons I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
May, 1916.

William Murphy spoke very feelingly when I told him to advocate amnesty in his paper, and to bring out John Redmond's acquiescence in the sentences, while blame was showered only on himself.

He said he did not know of the articles in the *Independent* recommending "vigour" until his attention was called to them afterwards.

He was greatly affected by the thought that he had been accused of advising the shooting of Connolly, and said that, so far from its being true, he used to pray for Connolly owing to the antagonism he showed him. He admitted that at first he felt bitter against the insurgents, owing to the burning of Clery's and the Imperial Hotel, but finding the Tories gloating over the executions and imprisonments "every drop of Catholic blood in my veins" surged up, and he began like others to pity them.

In addition to the executions by Courts-Martial, news of the slaying of four persons by lawless methods intensified feeling. On the second night of the rising, Captain Bowen Colthurst wrongfully arrested three pressmen who had no connection whatever with the outbreak and lodged them in Portobello Barracks.

He then headed a raiding squad, in which one of them, Sheehy Skeffington, was led captive into the danger zone. At the Catholic Church near by, Colthurst met a boy named Coade leaving after evening devotions. Asking Coade if he didn't know martial law was proclaimed (it was not), he drew his revolver and killed him, as the lad lit a cigarette. On returning to barracks, Colthurst ordered the three pressmen, two of whom were editors of papers not unfavourable to the Government, to be shot. He was not in command of the barracks, and acted "on his own." General Maxwell was at first blamed for this, but he did not arrive in Dublin until the following day. Still, in the bloodshot vision of the time, Maxwell was held responsible by the populace. On 26th April, Colthurst was court-martialled, and charged with three of the murders; but Coade's death was not brought forward.

I attended the trial to watch the case for Mrs. S. Skeffington. Lord Cheylesmore presided, and as regards the defence of insanity raised on behalf of the prisoner two things impressed me. First: that Colthurst was proved to have become a "Bible convert" in India after a wild life. Second: that in 1914, in the retreat from

Mons, he refused to go back, and led his men towards the Germans. He sat throughout the trial with clouded brow, gazing downwards. I do not think he was shamming madness, although I at first suspected it.

The tribunal convicted, but declared him insane, and he was sent to Broadmoor Asylum, from which few emerge. Yet he was soon discharged, and it is believed was given half-pay. Compensation to the relatives of the slaughtered men was paid, save to Mrs. Skeffington, who refused to accept it.

On 16th October, 1917, an inquiry by Sir John Simon, K.C., Lord Justice Molony, and Denis Henry, K.C., took place at the Four Courts, Dublin, into the murders. I appeared for Mrs. Skeffington, and, as eighteen months had elapsed, I thought it fair to Sir John Maxwell to mention, in opening the case, that the crimes were perpetrated the day before his arrival. For this the evening edition of the *Freeman*, in type an inch square, headed its report, "Mr. Healy's defence of the Government."

On this the late Archbishop of Dublin commented:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, DUBLIN,
16th October, 1917.

DEAR MR. HEALY,—

Have you seen the infamous misrepresentation in the *Evening Telegraph* across the front page in big type, "Mr. Healy's defence of the Government"? I feared you might miss it.

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

I thanked His Grace, and ignored the slander.

Members of the Courts-Martial in 1916 which tried the insurgents were affected by their bearing. Colonel Blackadder, who presided, soon resigned his commission. He and his fellow-officers were anxious to save the lives of several prisoners, especially Major McBride, but the accused wished to die. McBride's speech was repeated to me by the Crown Prosecutor somewhat as follows: "I was never a Sinn Feiner. I knew nothing of the plan to start an insurrection. I came into Dublin on Easter Monday from Kingstown to attend the wedding of a relative. Finding a rebellion on, I decided to take part in it, as I always detested British rule. I thank the officers of the Court for the fair trial I have had, and the Crown counsel for the way he met every application I made. I have looked down the muzzles of too many guns in the South African War to fear death, and now please carry out your sentence."

Had he remained silent his life would have been spared. The officers of the Courts-Martial hated their task.

Amongst the prisoners was an acrobat named Con Colbert. He had insisted on taking the place of his "Commandant" when surrender was resolved on, saying to him, "You're a married man. I'm single, and you'll be shot. Resign." "Never," said the Commandant. "Then," said Colbert, "we'll depose you." So it was done, and Colbert gave the surrender, and was sentenced to death. On the morning of his execution a soldier pinned on his coat a patch of white cloth, intended to indicate his heart, but on the wrong side. "My heart isn't there, you fool!" laughed Colbert. While the change was being made his Franciscan confessor said to him, "Colbert, it's unfair to disturb a man going to die, but for years I have begged God for a favour which He has not granted me." "Well, Father Aloysius," said Colbert, "when I meet Almighty God, what you want is the first thing I'll ax Him for."

The last message of Kent, the Irish piper who played before the Pope at the Vatican, was only made known after ten years. On the 9th July, 1926, this appeared as written by him from the condemned cell.

I bear no ill-will towards those against whom I fought. I found the common soldiers and the higher officers human and companionable, even the English who were actually in the fight against us. Thank God, soldiering for Ireland has opened my heart and made me see poor humanity where I expected to see only scorn and reproach.

I have met the man who escaped from me by a ruse under the Red Cross. But I do not regret having withheld my fire. He gave me cakes!

When the internees of Easter Week were consigned to London jails, they were visited by the late Laurence Ginnell, M.P., who told them that the news of the executions was cheered in the House of Commons by the Irish Party. This had a profound effect on them, and the story was persisted in by Ginnell for the remainder of his life. He was so sincere that he was incapable of invention.

Yet I am satisfied he was wrong. William O'Brien and Maurice Healy were in the House at the time, having been marooned in London by the cutting off of communication with Ireland. Neither loved the Redmond Party, and each separately assured me that although there was slight cheering in other parts of the House, none came from the Irish benches. Most of the Irish members, indeed, were absent for the Easter holidays. Still, Ginnell's persistence would not down, and his war-cry became a factor in the hatred aroused against Redmond's followers. So Ginnell,

an uncouth man, yet learned and industrious, became a force. When Lord Morley was preparing the *Life of Gladstone*, he employed him, on the recommendation of Dillon, to assist in researches in the British Museum for details of the career of the Liberal statesman. Ginnell maintained later that Gladstone's unfavourable opinions of Catholics were shrouded by Morley. A barrister without briefs, Ginnell wrote a book on the Brehon Laws, and another on the alleged Bull of Adrian IV (purporting to give Henry II dominion over Ireland). Afflicted with a harsh voice he had an unsympathetic manner, and was not "good to look upon." His invention of "cattle-driving," had it been thought of in 1881–2 (before legislation tempered the heat of agrarian fever), would have shortened the reign of landlordism. The Wyndham Act had in his day made half the peasants owners of their farms and the rest expectants. So there was only a narrow scope for his tactics. He styled his plan "the hazel"—a sceptre used on beasts' backs.

Ginnell was originally an upholder of Dillon, but his uncompromising methods led to his expulsion from the Party, and therefore he was allowed by the Sinn Feiners to retain his seat for West Meath in 1918. Being hardly a workable colleague, he was dispatched on missions to Argentina and the United States. Imprisoned often, his sufferings led to his early death. I defended him on appeal at Clerkenwell Sessions for giving a Gaelic version of his name to secure admission to a jail where insurgents lay. When convicted, he refused to allow a "case stated" to be taken from the decision, although I told him we had an unanswerable point. The Crown counsel, Sir Archibald Bodkin, appreciated his appetite for martyrdom, and consented to let him off costs on the assurance that he would not appeal. Ginnell then sat in court to await arrest, and was crestfallen at hearing that it would take days before the busy Clerk of Arraigns could make ready the warrant for his detention. So he returned sadly to his lodgings.

I wrote my brother:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
2nd May, 1916.

I had a long talk with Bonar Law and arranged for him to meet O'Brien to-morrow. He says there is no chance of a settlement except on the basis of the exclusion of Ulster. The exclusion he spoke of was for "five or six years." I don't think O'Brien will yield. There is no doubt the Redmondites have agreed.

Come over for Thursday. The Redmondites are crushed and broken-looking. Sir Mark Sykes, a Tory Catholic, says if Ireland is not settled with "we shall lose the War." The heroic deaths of the Munsters in France were confirmed to me by Ben Tillett, M.P., who was there.

The action in Ireland of the military has aroused bitterness, and I am beginning to feel some myself. Bonar Law has undertaken, if I send him a statement as to Alderman Kelly's treatment, to have his claim settled. I will not, therefore, raise it in the House. The officer who stole Kelly's clothes has been sent back under arrest.

I had a note from your son at the front saying that Bowen Colthurst, who shot the three prisoners in Portobello, is a religious maniac.

Asquith went to Dublin in May, 1916, to stop the further execution of Sinn Fein prisoners. All the Commandants of the Rising, save one, had then been shot under decrees of courts-martial. His intervention, however, saved many lives, and I felt grateful to him for putting an end to bloodshed. When he returned to the House of Commons I went to his room behind the Speaker's Chair to thank him. That room had been Gladstone's and Balfour's, and was not unknown to me. I was ushered in, ahead of waiting generals and admirals, and mentally craved their pardon. Next day I received this note from the Prime Minister:

10 Downing Street,
London, S.W.,
23rd May, 1916.

My dear Healy,

Before I go to bed I must tell you how much touched I was by your kind words this afternoon. You know well that I am a true friend of Ireland, that now for thirty years I have done what I can for her welfare and her future, and that nothing afflicts me so much as the agony of recent events. I will do *all I can*. And may I now appeal to you, whom I regard as an old and most valued friend, to contribute all you can (and it is much) to a final appeasement?

You cannot doubt that such an appeal comes from the heart.

May I add that through all these trying years I have appreciated and shall always remember the consideration—might I almost say personal affection—which you have never failed to show me.

Yours always,
H. H. Asquith.

The Home Rule Act had then been hung up for nearly two years, and on the 25th May, 1916, the Prime Minister announced Lloyd George's appointment as mediator in the Irish difficulty. I had the day before, at the request of Bonar Law, accepted Lloyd George's invitation to see him. The meeting came to naught, as did also one I held with Carson, arranged by Lloyd George.

Redmond, foreseeing impending doom, accepted the principle of the partition of Ireland. Dillon would not yield Tyrone or Fermanagh to Orange sway. I commented to Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
7th June, 1916.

If Party hacks are any indication, the "partition settlement" is cut and dried. All the place-hunters in the Four Courts are for sacrificing the six counties. Redmond does not care about anything except himself. Devlin is touring Ulster, as he did before, in the interests of a "settlement."

William Murphy went again, to London last week on a telegram from Lord Northcliffe, and has seen Lloyd George, thinks the conversations are merely *pro forma*, and that the Government will present a Bill omitting the six counties, and then it will be "take it or leave it" for us—with the Party conniving, and throwing the blame of rejecting the scheme on its critics.

Murphy stayed in London at Lloyd George's request until Thursday, but Kitchener's death may change matters, as L.G. may wish to go to the War Office straightway, and the Irish cause then will sink into small significance in his eyes.

The mode of crushing the rebellion by Maxwell has inflamed opinion in America, and the Cabinet have had representations from Washington on the necessity of a settlement with Ireland.

O'Brien was of opinion we should have swallowed Anthony MacDonnell's old Bill, which I opposed, and in the events which have happened he may have been right, but it seemed otherwise at the time. Now another offer is to be made.

The *Irish Times* printed an account of a Convention in Belfast of the "Covenanters" addressed by Sir Edward Carson on the 7th June, 1916. It announced that he spoke to the delegates for over an hour, and devoted another hour to hearing their views:

Sir Edward Carson related the history of his leadership from 1911 to the abortive Buckingham Palace Conference. He pointed out how the whole situation had been altered by the outbreak of war. It was Ulster's duty to give her undivided support to the Empire in carving out victory. He had given that support, and would continue to do so until the end. With the rebellion in Ireland most people had said this was the end of Home Rule, but this had not been the case. Mr. Asquith had come to Ireland for the purpose obviously of gaining time. He came back to the Cabinet, and the Cabinet had decided that the Home Rule question should be settled. He, as the leader of the Ulster Unionist Party, was asked would he confer with Mr. Lloyd George, and he conceived it to be his duty to do so, but he made it plain that, whatever might be suggested, the decision must be given by the people of Ulster, and whatever might be the decision, he would abide by it and convey it.

The proposal which Sir Edward was asked to place before the delegates was, that six of the Ulster counties should be excluded from the operation of the Home Rule Act during the pleasure of the Imperial Parliament, but there was to be no county option, and there would probably be a branch of the Home Office in Belfast, which would administer the six counties. Statistics were given of the loyalist and Nationalist populations of the entire province, and also of the six counties. The delegates were asked to consider

carefully whether, in view of the fact that the Home Rule Act is on the Statute Book and that there might be no Unionist leaders to move its repeal, it might not be advisable to accept the offer made. . . .

It is the feeling amongst Unionists in Belfast to-night that the Cabinet intend to settle the Irish question on the basis of the exclusion of six Ulster counties, if necessary without the consent of the Irish Unionist and Nationalist parties.

This shows that the original Partition plan of the Government was not to set up a Belfast Parliament, but to keep the Six Counties under the control of the Home Office in London, with a branch office in Belfast. I informed my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
10*th June*, 1916.

Devlin has swallowed partition, and so did the entire band. The *Independent* attacked them. Lloyd George and Herbert Samuel complained to Murphy about it. They were coached to do so, but Murphy will not take the slightest notice.

The only reason the Government want to do anything is fear of America, and not love of Ireland or us. The longshoremen in New York refused to handle munitions, and the "funerals" got up for the Dublin dead in April were attended by millions in U.S.A. . . .

No settlement is possible with the Orangemen, who are as much responsible for the European War as the students of Sarajevo.

While delay would have been in Redmond's favour in abating feeling, fresh bitterness will be aroused by the failure to produce a settlement.

I don't know if the Dublin view has spread to Cork, but amongst moderate Catholics who were intensely loyal, I find nothing but Sinn Fein sentiment. I don't care to mention names, as letters are opened, but one man whose son was burnt alive at Suvla Bay said he would rather now the Germans won.

I never knew such a transformation of opinion as that caused by the executions. Besides, the looting by the soldiers and ruffianism against innocent people—the ill-treatment of the prisoners, the insolence of the military in the streets, the foul language used to women, and the incompetence shown by officers, have aroused a contempt and dislike for which there is no parallel in our day. The small boys are singing, "Who fears to speak of Easter week!"

Lately the military have changed their tune, and the wind that blew north three weeks ago is blowing south to-day. All to no purpose. They have lost the hearts of the people beyond all hope of retrieving their mistakes. Clerics have discovered that "the probable hope of success" needed to justify rebellion does not necessarily mean military success, and that Pearse achieved his object, and "builded better than he knew." His executioners would now give a good deal to have him and his brother back in jail alive.

The prospect is appalling, and the Cabinet are searching for a solution. It is no use trying to apply the laws of arithmetic or cold reason here. It is comic to see Dublin City Hall occupied by soldiers in fear of a new rebellion on Monday, and the planting of artillery on points of vantage. Every one is laughing. A current joke is that the temperature is "98" in the shade!

When Kitchener perished, Lloyd George denounced the folly of the War Office in dealing with Irish recruiting and Irish regiments. After the war broke out Dillon called on Kitchener, who told him that "he knew all about Ireland." Kitchener was born in Kerry, and a letter of his was published showing that his love for France had been enkindled by stories heard from Irish peasants, so that he enlisted as a private in the French Foreign Legion in 1870. To confirm Lloyd George's censure of the military, the case of the Tyneside Irish Volunteers may be cited. Although they joined up in large numbers, they were refused the title of "Tyneside-Irish." Major Cowen, son of the eloquent Joseph Cowen, M.P. (then owner of the *Newcastle Chronicle*), presented them with harps for their caps and Gaelic badges, but the sages of Whitehall refused to allow these to be worn. Major Cowen also gave them Celtic bagpipes, but these were "contrary to regulations." Their band might play "Over the Garden Wall," or "Sally in our Alley," but "God save Ireland," or "The Wearing of the Green" were taboo.

At the front the corps got no recognition in dispatches, save under some unintelligible number, and was finally so shattered that, without any record of its gallantry or achievements, the survivors were scattered amongst Labour battalions. As "Tyneside Irish," its fame would have won recruits, but this did not strike the Authorities. In Ireland when a green flag was presented to a newly-recruited regiment at Mallow by a Conservative lady, its display was forbidden.

Knowing that Partition was in the offing, I suggested every expedient I could think of to avert it. Frequent conferences were then common between opposing leaders. I believed that economic questions in spite of religious bogies would ultimately govern the result, yet that for some time there must be a recognition of Orange prejudice. I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
15th June, 1916.

I am going to try a new experiment to-night. I have agreed to see Lloyd George at seven at his request, and shall propose the following alternative to "partition." When he brings in his Bill to exclude the six counties I shall propose to give the counties a plebiscite between its acceptance as a whole, or the acceptance of Home Rule for all Ireland, under the following system: Two registers of voters to be prepared—divided into those over £30 and all other valuations, each section to return one member for the Irish Parliament, plus the same right to return one member for every county council, district or local ward in corporations or towns. This would give the Catholics of Fermanagh, Tyrone and Derry the advantage, in being in the excluded enclave, but being able to vote for a united Ireland: and the Protestants would have the inducements of securing their co-religionists

throughout all Ireland a substantial representation, and in some areas almost a majority in local institutions.

If this became acceptable to Irish Unionists (when debated in the House of Commons), the part creating the separate enclave might be dropped and the Bill passed for all Ireland without an excluded area.

The figures of voters above and below £30 valuation are:

	Above.	Below.
Ulster	21,890	57,498
Leinster	25,013	89,114
Munster	24,500	101,748
Connacht	6,175	115,912

I would make the lower franchise " manhood suffrage " with six months' residence. ' Manhood " to include woman suffrage. I shall let you know result of the interview.

LONDON,
16*th June*, 1916.

The Wizard liked my plan, and afterwards Rufus Isaacs [Lord Chief Justice] came in. He explained it to him, and suggested I should see Carson on Monday. He will be away until then. I have written Carson. He may be in town for a moment to-morrow, and if he asks me to stay in London I will do so.

Men like John Barry are keen for a settlement, and I gather that Bishop O'Donnell has affected Cardinal Logue.

The war created a revulsion in opinion as to Ireland, owing to the necessity of coaxing the United States to join in. In the House of Commons there was much questioning of the Government regarding the rebellion. Dillon was constantly in conference with Ministers in London, and when in Dublin the Under-Secretary, Nathan, visited his residence. I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
18*th June*, 1916.

Gavan Duffy yesterday brought to me an American lawyer, Boyle, who has been sent over to help in the Casement trial. He has come with the approval of the British Ambassador, Spring Rice, as a friend of President Wilson. He was given an interview by Sir E. Grey at the Foreign Office, and told Grey that, in consequence of the Dublin executions, the Irish in America had turned pro-German, that the three Cardinals there signed the appeal for help for the rebel families, and that a Requiem Mass was said in every church in America, by order of the bishops, for the men shot. . . .

I have had a long talk with John Boon, the old " tapeworm " of the Exchange Co. He has been to Spain to stem German propaganda, and said the effect of the rebellion on the Spanish was disastrous to the Allied cause. They had, however, been more or less pro-German before.

A funny thing he told me was that a speech of Birrell to his constituents denouncing Philip II as a tyrant, was made great use of by the Germans, as the Spanish regard Philip " Segundo " as their greatest king! Birrell, unconscious of his lapse, has selected Spain as the place for his vacation. Rum world!

Redmond is completely dished. I don't suppose Carson will agree to

more than he has done, and he is being criticized in Orangeland for an infraction of the "Covenant" in making a compromise. Now that Lloyd George is at the War Office his interests in a settlement will slacken, and then there will be no one to pull the Irish cart. . . .

Unless Carson agrees to some such scheme as mine the Redmondites will swallow whatever is brought forward. The defect in my plan is that such a system of voting could not justly be applied to the counties proposed to be excluded, as there the Protestants have adequate representation, and it would be unfair to increase it, or deprive Catholics in Tyrone or Fermanagh of their weight. The Catholics now control Enniskillen Urban, and Fermanagh County Council, also Tyrone County Council.

William O'Brien has also met Carson.

When I went to see Carson, he was the same friendly fellow that he had always been, but would not budge an inch. The only thing gained by my visit was tea with Lady Carson, whose father and uncle I knew well. Her father, Colonel Frewen, when soldiering in Ireland, occupied my house at Chapelizod, and I thought she had been born there. She said it was not herself, but her sister, who came to light at that spot. Colonel Frewen told me that he daily whipped fifty trout out of the Liffey on my stretch of the river. He still visits Ireland every summer to fish in the West. I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
19th June, 1916.

I saw Carson, who was friendly, but doubtful. He will submit the plan to his friends to-morrow, but meanwhile, I have heard from a different source that the Tories in the Cabinet, led by Long and Lansdowne, will resign if anything is done. They deny that they consented to give Lloyd George powers.

I returned home to gauge opinion when Redmond determined to swallow the Partition proposals, and wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
23rd June, 1916.

Feeling amongst the Tories in the Four Courts is that Redmond will "pack" his convention in Belfast, and that he will carry a "rigged" verdict. This will create a new situation, as it will show the Southern Conservatives that they are in a bad way, and will open their minds to alternative settlements.

In that view I opened up my plan to Denis Henry and Arthur Samuels, and they took kindly to it. Samuels said it would be practically to Repeal the Union if we gave them such a franchise as I outlined, and that we should pay no taxes to England.

The fact is that if Redmond carries the day in Belfast it will only open up a new phase in the struggle. It will embarrass him and dissatisfy the people, and make him more likely to entertain such a solution as I have projected.

I saw Asquith on Tuesday. He was very nice, and said I "was always

helpful." Carson, however, seemed entirely in the hands of his sternest friends, and not disposed to initiate anything.

The Long-Lansdowne position has been squared, although Long's letter was threatening. The moment the Redmondites accept Partition officially we can propose no alternative scheme, as the lesser of two evils.

Redmond called a "Convention" in Belfast to accept partition on the basis that it would be for a limited period. Bargainers who yield "an inch" forget that opponents will graft "an ell" on their proposals. By threats of resignation, he, Dillon, and Devlin carried their way for partition in a meeting which had been carefully "hand-picked." The result proved that the political machine can "go everywhere and do anything" except go straight. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
30*th June*, 1916.

Lord Lansdowne's statement yesterday in the Lords shows the poor judgment exercised by "the boys" in packing their Belfast Convention. They have got the Government into a difficulty, and I am told by Unionists that Carson and the Northerners will do nothing to help them.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
5*th July*, 1916.

The Ulster regiments at the front have been badly cut up. A settlement, if proposed, may go through, but I should not like to be in Redmond's shoes. . . .

The Ulster Forces raised by Carson were delayed for training at Ballykinlar, Co. Down, nearly a year, in the hope that the War would be ended without their having to go to the front. Some Nationalists argued that this delay was the result of an arrangement between Carson and the War Office, and that no such long training was necessary. When they were ultimately dispatched to France, they behaved gallantly and suffered heavy losses. So great was the wailing in Belfast that Carson for the moment lost popularity there. I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
6*th July*, 1916.

Partition will go through. The Tories to-morrow will kick a little, but their meeting will pass the scheme.

Ronald MacNeill told me he would support it, and, of course, Carson and all the Orangemen will do so. Walter Long sent Lord Robert Cecil to Devlin yesterday, and Joe is said to have surrendered "Police, Post Office and Customs." Cecil said he would have given up more if he knew what to ask for!

What then will be left for the Irish Parliament to do? There is to be no election to the Irish House, but members are to be co-opted by the Government to represent the Southern Unionists, and the Irish members are to retain their seats and their salaries here as usual during the War. . . .

Arthur Balfour has passively accepted Partition, and said it will be "an interesting experiment"! It is a strange ending (if it be the end) of the Home Rule struggle.

The shepherds of the Irish Cause had to run the gauntlet of powerful enemies in Lords and Commons. Although Partition was not passed until 1920, its enactment was discernible four years earlier. I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
7th July, 1916.

It is the support of Lord Northcliffe that has carried the thing.

If it be true that it is Herbert Samuel who is drafting the Bill, it will be as narrow as it can be made. In the chequered history of Ireland this is the most extraordinary phase that has arisen.

CHAPELIZOD,
14th July, 1916.

The Government are trying to mark time to see can they beat the Germans.

Bonar Law has lost control of the Tories on the Irish issue, and there is a fissure in the Conservative ranks thereon.

Bonar Law, although half an Irishman, was bitterly against Home Rule. His honesty, simplicity, and old-world detachment from selfish considerations, were transparent. Chamberlain pushed him forward to a seat in Parliament because of his acquaintance with the problems of free trade and protection learned in Canada. I often wrangled with him about Ireland almost to quarrelling point. Indeed. I once told the host at whose house we met that I would never speak to Bonar again—so fierce was he against my arguments for Home Rule. I wrote Maurice:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
25th July, 1916.

Redmond has left the Irish Cause in a worse position than it was ever placed in, by his concession of the six counties, as it can't be obliterated.

I hear a rumour that Kitchener's ship went down, or was wrecked by mines.

The first account of the drowning of Kitchener was conveyed to me while I was defending Sinn Feiners before a court-martial at Richmond Barracks presided over by Lord Cheylesmore. He had condemned Lodi, the German spy, to death in the Tower of London, and severity was expected from him. Yet he gave great weight to the remorse of John McEntee for his part in the rising of Easter week.

By this time Redmond had not only become unpopular, but hateful to the populace. Yet, beyond trying to steer the Irish barque

to shore according to the best of his judgment, he had not sinned. He was merely a weak man shouldering a burthen beyond his bearing.

Amidst these uncertainties I visited Lord Devonport in Wales in order to go to see the Irish prisoners in Frongoch. Father Stafford, P.P., who behaved so bravely with an Irish Regiment against the Bulgarians, was in spiritual charge there. He told me that the French generals thanked him for the gallantry of his regiment, which had served as a rear-guard in the French retreat. I wrote my brother:

DENBIGH, N. WALES,
11th August, 1916.

I came here to visit the Internment Camp at Frongoch to see how the Irish prisoners are treated, and hear their story. I expect to see them to-day.

My experience at the Frongoch camp, although brief, was not without its lessons. I did not know the prisoners, but wished that any alleviation of their condition which my visit could induce should come into force. I first asked for a Mayo editor named Doris. A censor was present, drawn, I think, from Belfast. The denunciations of Doris of his arrest were pungent. He said his paper had condemned the 1916 insurrection, and that his imprisonment was caused by his brother—a member of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Here the censor declined to allow the interview to continue. Then I was asked whom I further wished to see? I replied that one of my constituents was in jail, and requested that he should be produced. In he came in his shirt-sleeves, a splendid actor. Lord Devonport inquired why he was there. Doris, the poor innocent victim, attributed his imprisonment to domestic causes, but this Mitchelstown (Co. Cork) internee said sweetly: "I was arrested owing to the fact that I was always a supporter of the protection policy of the late Joseph Chamberlain." I knew, of course, that he was there because of an intercepted letter to America declaring that Redmond could never again pass through Ireland except in an armoured car. I wrote Maurice:

LONDON,
18th August, 1916.

I applied for a permit to visit the Sinns in Reading Prison to-day, but got no reply. I then called at the War Office and saw Brade over one of the War restrictions. They prohibit the export of linoleum to Holland on the ground that the Germans make boots of it! I told him I wish they did, and that if so, they should be encouraged, as such foot-wear would not stand a day. The fact is that the Germans are exporting linoleum to Holland,

and that both Holland and Sweden manufacture the stuff themselves. There seems to be little practical sense on the soldier-side of the Government.

Lord Derby came in while I stood storming at Brade and met me with the funny thrust, "You are failing, Tim!" We laughed heartily. He could take in a business point, but not his wiseacres. May not the German pundits be as bad?

Soon I was in the middle of the inquiry which Asquith ordered into the murder of the four civilians in Dublin during the rebellion. It was presided over by Sir John Simon, who made an admirable chairman. The heads of the Army there were nervous lest additional scandals should be probed, but Sir John's rulings were firm against anything of the kind. It is due, however, to the memory of a Protestant Irish officer who was killed in France soon after, to say that he privately gave me the utmost assistance as to what went on in Portobello Barracks before the prisoners were shot by Colthurst's command. The son of Lord FitzGerald, the late Lord of Appeal, also added valuable hints on military points.

DUBLIN,
28th August, 1916.

The Commission in the Colthurst case has adjourned until Thursday. Sir John Simon was fair. The terms of reference restricted him, and he had a colleague in Denis Henry to cope with.

Every one is satisfied that we have done better than we had a right to expect. Bringing Lieutenant Dobbin back is a humiliation to the military. We have thrown new light on events. The Tories are mad over the disclosures, and the *Spectator* on Saturday had an attack on the holding of the Commission.

The Government are in a difficulty as to the King Street murders. Of course, the military will allege sniping, and the evidence would be contradictory, whereas here they have no excuse. The giving of half-pay to Colthurst, and the transportation of the doctor to Africa because he would not certify his insanity, impress the public.

Feeling rises against the Party. It is hard to see how Redmond can be rehabilitated. We have been vindicated in a most unexpected manner. Half the Redmondites would not be re-elected, and none will be returned for Dublin. Ulster is certainly lost to them, and where will they gain a foothold?

The *Dundalk Examiner* on Saturday printed Æ.'s poem on the insurgents, which shows that the censorship is weakening. There will be little esteem for Martial law or for soldiers' decisions after the Skeffington disclosures.

The Asquith Government would not allow the evidence or the findings of the Commission to be officially published, but as the newspapers were given free rein during the sittings this was not felt. Redmond avoided all questions which might give trouble to the Government, but Dillon took a more Irish stand. The Rebellion and its sequels ended both their careers.

The Redmondite surrender to Lloyd George in accepting Partition was sorely felt by the Ulster Catholics. Their leaders descended on Dublin to hold a protest meeting in the Phœnix Park, and of it I told Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
17th September, 1916.

Tyrone and Derry priests were here last Sunday, and are in great fettle. The Redmondite organizers are working like commercial travellers through their districts. The kick against Dillon in Swinford seems to me the most remarkable of all. The *Independent* cold-waters the business. The *Herald* did not even mention the Park meeting against Partition, much less report it. . . .

Duke [Chief Secretary] asked me to lunch on Wednesday, and I did not like refusing, but when I knocked at his Lodge door I was told he was not in, and went home. Perhaps he thinks he named another day. Chalmers has retired as Under-Secretary, very honestly.

The Government have dismissed, via the recently appointed Committee, several postal officials because they were Volunteers. They are trying to shift MacDonagh's brother and other Excisemen to England because they are Gaelic Leaguers. Sir Henry Bellingham wrote me a protest in one case, and I have written R. McKenna.

Everything that could stir up bad blood is being done by the Castle, and there will be the inevitable "reprisals" some day—a pleasant outlook!

Chalmers's sudden retirement struck us as very odd, because up to that every Englishman or Canadian sent to Dublin was cocksure that he was entirely competent to deal with Ireland. Chalmers, however, declared that he knew nothing about Irish affairs, and retired. This was for me an inexplicable miracle! For why should any official confess that he could not understand the country he was to govern? Strange to say, there is no statue anywhere to Chalmers.

CHAPELIZOD,
29th September, 1916.

I met Duke last night at Dartry [William Murphy's house]. The others present were Sir A. Chance, Waldron, M.P., Erskine Childers, and Father Finlay. Duke was not in favour of Irish conscription, nor is General Maxwell. I said it could only be passed by a native Parliament, and he did not dissent. Plainly, it will not be originated by Irish officials, whatever the Government may be driven to by Carson and the London papers. I pressed for the release of the Sinn prisoners, but could see there was no chance of it.

I understand from an outside source that all the men in Reading Jail who were leaders were offered release if they agreed not to take part in politics, and they all refused. They are not ill-treated in Reading, but it is very cold there. It is one of the coldest prisons in England. . . .

Duke seems nervous about Co. Cork. He referred to the tone of O'Brien's paper, saying it was giving him concern. He is honestly trying to find some way of settling the Home Rule problem, and Partition will not be revived,

as far as he is concerned. He evidently met Irish Tories who complained to him that England had swindled us. He asked, "Are we English then a nation of thimble-riggers? How can you complain of being swindled and denounce the project which was offered you?" I replied, "The fact that the offer was only made to twenty-six counties, and that it was not carried out (added to the bad faith previously shown), entitled men to say we are swindled." He is an honest man, and I should be sorry if O'Brien did anything to "queer his pitch," until he gets an opportunity to show his mettle. He was at first very "black" with me, until I explained that I tried to keep the appointment for luncheon, which he said was for Thursday. I thought it was for Wednesday, and am sure that was the day fixed.

I asked Erskine Childers how he came to write a book on Home Rule finance, being an Englishman, and he laughed, saying he was hardly that. His figures captured Murphy. I did not read the book.

I had with me to-day a solicitor with his client, a Dublin publican named Phil Shanahan, whose licence is being opposed, and whose house was closed by the military because he was in Jacob's during Easter week. I was astonished at the type of man—about forty years of age, jolly and respectable. He said he "rose out" to have a "crack at the English," and seemed not at all concerned at the question of success or failure. He was a Tipperary hurler in the old days. For such a man to join the Rebellion and sacrifice the splendid trade he enjoyed makes one think there are still disinterested Nationalists to be found. I thought a publican was the last man in the world to join a rising! Alfred Byrne, M.P., was with him, and is bitter against the Party. I think I can save Shanahan's property.

The botch-work of the Generals in France, of which every Irish household seemed to know, coupled with the methods adopted to suppress the Dublin revolt, had a profound effect. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
6th October, 1916.

The *Daily Telegraph* and *Express* have joined in the cry for Conscription. The *Express* sent a man to me yesterday for my views privately. As this is Bonar Law's organ I infer that the Tory section of the Cabinet will press it, in order to kill Home Rule. No parliamentary opposition from Redmond could stop them, and nothing but the fear that Irish conscripts might refuse to serve could prevent its application. It would not be possible to enforce it in Ireland if the priests backed the people.

CHAPELIZOD,
29th October, 1916.

In the West Cork election the Party, while not officially appearing, will do their best to provoke a contest.

Bishop Kelly, of Ross [a Dillonite], was the leader of the Partition settlement among the Hierarchy.

A released prisoner told me that when the new *Freeman* building was complete they would attack it! The chickens of the Insurance Act have come home to roost. Ours is an interesting country.

William O'Brien's candidate was beaten in West Cork, which until then supported his policy. I commented:

CHAPELIZOD,
18th November, 1916.

The West Cork election in its way is as decisive as the Kilkenny election of 1890. The Redmond Party will be encouraged, and I have told Father O'Doherty, P.P., that it signed the death warrant of Catholic Ulster.

The Party, however, thought the event a splendid portent, unwitting that it was brought about by the Sinn Feiners who abstained. The death of James O'Kelly, M.P., led to an election in Roscommon. I told Maurice:

LONDON,
1st February, 1917.

Redmond is so poorly that he will be unable to attend the opening of the session. Roscommon is snowed up, and all the West has six feet of snow on the roads, so the election will be a town affair.

The Government recently were afraid of America cutting off supplies, but that is no longer apprehended.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
7th February, 1917.

Never was there such a winter. The coughing in the House to-day was extraordinary. I was about to finish that sentence in another way when Asquith came up and shook hands. The odd thing was that he had passed me a minute before. He must have remembered, and supposed I thought he had cut me!

So far not a word has been said by the leaders as to the Speaker's Franchise Report. Lloyd George has not come to the House. Asquith's rôle seems to be to give assurances of co-operation, but to adumbrate the possibility of pinpricks from others. You should publish that note the Speaker sent you as to the Franchise Committee, unless it is marked "private." Who else, having received such a compliment, would allow his light to remain under a bushel?

The Roscommon election result was greatly helped by Count Plunkett's expulsion from the Royal Dublin Society. Father O'Flanagan was such a Redmondite hitherto that he vehemently supported Partition last summer, and wrote publicly in its favour.

The "Ancient Order" supported Plunkett against Devine, their President.

Sinn Fein sentiment will be resisted less strongly in places where there was no "anti-Party" organization. When the Irish take sides they stay on that side.

There is no sign of peace in the talk of politicians about the War. Nevertheless, Max thinks it will come.

I suppose you got a leaflet from Mrs. Meynell showing that her son Francis is in jail as a "conscientious objector." Extraordinary for an English lad.

At this time my brother had a Cork Improvement Bill which he was anxious the Ulster Tories should not object to. I wrote him:

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
8th February, 1917.

I have seen Sir John Lonsdale and Colonel Craig, and the latter said to me, "Tell Maurice it is absolutely settled that Sharman Crawford will back the Bill." I have not seen Crawford as I have only just come down.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
15th February, 1917.

This fool-Party are throwing away the chance of their lives to abolish the Grand Jury and the harangues of judges, by not insisting on the extension of the English Suspensory Bill to Ireland. I stopped it last night to insist that the Government should reconsider the exclusion of Ireland. I went to Scanlon [M.P.] to-day, and told him how important it would be to deprive the Judges of a platform for their attacks next month. He went to Dillon, and I offered to leave the whole management of the debate to them, without effect. The message I got was that they "were not interfering." I told Scanlon I would avail of this as a characteristic proof of their incompetence.

The Government are uneasy about the state of Ireland. Dillon has been telling them there will be another insurrection.

LONDON,
18th February, 1917.

I lunched with Sir John Simon yesterday, and he had been seeing Asquith. I could see that they will strive to advance the Franchise report of the Speaker. I dined with Neil Primrose, who told me a day had been promised for the debate, and that the Prime Minister was not in the least averse from proceeding with the Bill. I told Neil they should place the Government draftsman at the Speaker's service, and let the Speaker be responsible for the Bill. F. E. Smith is in favour of the scheme, and went so far as to say that the Speaker should make a speech and introduce it.

I would go home but I want to see if I can amend the Grand Jury Amendment Bill. Smith told me that James O'Connor [Attorney-General] wired that nobody wished the Bill to extend to Ireland. I spoke to Swift MacNeill and he confessed O'Connor was wrong, and saw the importance of doing away with such a platform for the judges as the Grand Juries biannually afford.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
20th February, 1917.

The Party is discredited in the House, and every one thinks Redmond is done for. Dillon has made a speech against the Government on Salonika, loudly cheered by the "pacifists," but perfectly loyal in tone. He spoke of "our troops" and "our army," and was anxious for the Allied success.

I did not know the Chamber of Commerce had passed a resolution in favour of the English Grand Jury Bill applying to Ireland. James O'Connor prevented the Government accepting my amendment. F. E. Smith openly said so, and it disgusted even Swift MacNeill, whom I had got to see the folly of O'Connor's attitude. Scanlon seconded me, to save the Party's face, but they were evidently under instructions not to support me, as only four or five were in the Chamber, and the rest did not come in.

With the slightest pressure from the Party F. E. Smith would have agreed to the amendment, but in face of the opposition from the Attorney-General for Ireland how could he have yielded to me alone, and I said so. When I see James O'Connor I will give him some chunks of my mind.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
27th February, 1917.

The *Daily News* says that conversations about Home Rule have been re-opened. It also says James Chambers has been appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
6th March, 1917.

There is great interest in the T.P. debate to-morrow, but most of it will evaporate when they know that Lloyd George has been seized with a diplomatic chill. He has arranged this ailment, and T.P. is quite cheerful at the calamity which has befallen his country and his Prime Minister..

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
23rd March, 1917.

Bonar Law sent for me on Wednesday night to say that he had heard from William O'Brien, who said he was coming over to see him, and that he wished me to tell O'Brien there was no necessity, although he would be glad to talk with him if he came. There had been delay in his acknowledging the letter, so I telegraphed this to O'Brien, and that Bonar Law was writing. I hope he did so. Next day Bonar Law announced in his speech that they would make another effort to settle the Irish question, so I hope O'Brien did not think I was putting him off, as Bonar Law did not advise me of his intention to make this announcement.

I don't suppose the Tory Party will give him any encouragement, as they are playing the Asquith game to " down " Lloyd George. There is an article in the *Daily Express* to-day recommending a Dissolution on the ground of the Asquith intrigue, and that otherwise Lloyd George will be smothered. Asquith has given notice to thank the Speaker for the Franchise Committee Report, and his resolution urges on the Government the necessity of legislation on the lines of your Committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
18th April, 1917.

Bonar Law said to me to-day he didn't think anything would come of their Irish proposals, and that the case was hopeless. I asked him if he could tell me what they were, and he said no, as they had not yet been submitted to the Cabinet. Now that they have got over the Parliament Act trouble, I suppose they will look forward to the Franchise Bill to give them an excuse to dissolve

Balfour has gone to America, and so have Joffre and Viviani.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
2nd May, 1917.

Cork Improvement Bill passed the Report stage to-day, and it is for the Agent to fix third reading. Colonel Gretton spoke to me bitterly though good-humouredly about it, chaffing about Ford's Works.

I am staying on until next week for the Lloyd George statement. It has been postponed because of the Longford election. The Government know Redmond's nominee will be beaten. All the young generation are against the Party.

The Irish mail did not sail from Kingstown this morning, and the submarine peril is increasing.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
14th May, 1917.

I had enclosed from O'Brien, and replied that I understood from Bonar Law privately that the statement would be on Thursday. Dalziel says they don't know what to say, and that no definite announcement will be made. They hope to win the War without settling with Ireland.

I have not been allowed to see the draft Franchise Bill, nor have I done anything further about it. I don't see why there should be a Local Government Register, distinct from the Parliamentary; nor why, if women are to have the Parliamentary vote, they should not enjoy the Municipal vote on the same terms.

Since I wrote above, I have seen Bonar Law, and told him not to make the Ministry ridiculous by postponing the statement until after Thursday. I believe it will be then made. I think all that will be said will be that they can do nothing, because the Nationalists will not take "county option" for Ulster, and if it was granted by a bare majority the Protestants would be so infuriated that they would drive out the Catholics from employment in Belfast.

The Government at one time had the idea, which Lloyd George mentioned, of a Commission, but I told them not to make themselves a laughing-stock. It is a miserable state of things.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
15th May, 1917.

I was afraid that the Franchise Bill was not going to be applied to Ireland, but understand it will be. There must have been some doubt about it, as the Redmondites are hostile to an extended franchise.

Every one will know to-morrow what the Home Rule proposals will be. I understand they are the same as the *Manchester Guardian* suggested yesterday—the exclusion of the six counties, but some joint board between them and the twenty-six, for certain purposes. The thing is repugnant, but the Party will take it rather than be diddled altogether.

CHAPTER XLIII

Peace—but not for Ireland (1918–20)

THE Government proposals on Home Rule took the shape of nominating members of a "Conference" to be held between Orangemen and Nationalists to see could they sink their differences. This was an unlikely prospect, even in war-time. Bonar Law, heckled by his supporters as to whether they were to be bound by its decision, frankly replied, "No." Thus ended any chance of the Conference doing good, even before it assembled. I wrote my brother:

HOLYHEAD,
17th May, 1917.

The Orange Party may not have their decision as to the Convention ready for Monday, and may ask for an adjournment. Subject to that, I returned to London on Sunday night, in consequence of the Franchise debate being fixed for Tuesday and Wednesday. I should not like to be absent from a division in favour of a democratic franchise and woman's suffrage. I fancy you are of the same way of thinking.

I appeared to-day in London before Sir James Woodhouse's Commission for Alderman Kelly, who was shabbily treated by the Irish Rebellion Commission. F. E. Smith was on the other side, and acted extremely well. He suggested a settlement, which I accepted, and drove him afterwards to Downing Street to settle the amount in the taxi.

I was congratulated by my English junior and solicitor on the way I presented the case, which was technically a difficult one to state. My clerk told me of a word which I never heard before, which is now in vogue, that I was a good man to "wangle." I understand it means, between court work and private pressure, to effect a settlement.

CHAPELIZOD,
2nd June, 1917.

I met Duke [Chief Secretary] by chance in the Phœnix Park, as I was driving home. He is dead against Partition, and convinced me that the English don't want it, and regard it as no settlement. . . .

I gather that the Ulstermen are unwilling to attend a Convention, making it a condition precedent that the prisoners are not to be amnestied. This is paltry, but I am not sure of it.

CHAPELIZOD,
3rd June, 1917.

I believe we have accomplished what O'Brien wanted, that Partition should not emerge from this Convention. If Duke becomes Chairman such a result will not take place.

I dined with Murphy last night. Duke had seen him to invite him to become a member of the Convention, so that the *Independent* will be less hostile. Horace Plunkett had previously called on Murphy to try to secure a blander note from his paper, but Murphy was not to be moved.

The blunders of the Redmondites have filled the North with suspicion. The *Freeman* had some explanation of their abstention from voting for the Franchise Bill to the effect that they knew there would be a large majority, and went away.

Redmond's entourage, who were in the House, abstained from voting. P. O'Brien, W. Archer Redmond, John O'Connor and others would not have done this without a hint, as they were on the premises. Devlin left for Dublin that evening. I don't know what became of the rest. The Division Lists will tell tales against such "democrats."

The Convention was constituted by Lloyd George from representatives of the Irish Party, and of the Orange Lodges, with influential Bishops of the Catholic and Protestant Churches. He appointed Sir Francis Hopwood, now Lord Southwell, Secretary —a most persuasive official—with the late Erskine Childers as assistant. The summons to Childers reached him by wireless while he was fighting in the air against the Germans. The Sinn Feiners were left unrepresented, and Wm. O'Brien declined to join. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD
14th July, 1917.

Murphy has accepted Duke's invitation to attend the Convention. Horace Plunkett told him the reason the Government did not openly agree to the Referendum was that the Orangemen were getting restive, and would not attend the Convention if it was granted, as it might be regarded as an encroachment on Bonar's pledge to them.

The Tories in South Dublin made some bargain with the Irish Party, agreeing not to oppose Hearne in that constituency.

The loss of ships and the Mesopotamia debate have left the Government weaker. The concession by the Kaiser of the Prussian franchise extension will make it harder to exclude Ireland from the new Bill, as it would leave Lloyd George open to gibes.

CHAPELIZOD,
7th August, 1917.

James O'Connor, as Solicitor-General, has no power in the Castle. He is never consulted on policy. The seizure of the Kilkenny paper and the prohibition of the Beresford Place meeting, when the police inspector was killed, were done without his knowledge. The Castle gang are hostile even to Duke, and there was never a time when Orangemen were more dominant.

Murphy sent me a pamphlet containing a plan for Home Rule to be circulated by Sir Horace Plunkett and "Æ." as theirs. A central parliament, four provincial councils, and no Imperial taxation or representation. I sent it to O'Brien.

Denis Henry told me he heard Carson and Redmond were in agreement, but the country has now gone beyond their pacts and compromises.

Sir Horace Plunkett, instead of Duke, the Chief Secretary, was made Chairman of the Convention. The Orangemen appointed "watchmen" to picket the Northern members and "hear their confessions" daily. Accommodation or composition was thus made impossible, as nothing against Orange consent would be allowed. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
29th August, 1917.

There is a rumour that Duke wanted to arrest De Valera, but that Horace Plunkett said he would resign if he did so. Yet it is hard to see how they can go on prosecuting the small fry and letting the Tritons slip the net.

From Dillon's speech to-day and the note Gwynn sent to Galway, I think the "Party" dodge is to have a Dissolution before the Franchise Bill can pass. They have a complete understanding with the Orangemen, who are fooling the Redmondites with the pretence that they are yielding something towards Home Rule. But if the Orangemen secure, by a Dissolution on the old register, a majority of the Ulster seats, they will assign this as a reason in the new Parliament for doing nothing about Home Rule.

If the Mountjoy hunger-strike ends in the death of any of the prisoners it will lead to further mischief. The Redmondites will be beaten as a Party at the polls, but they will have lost us Ulster. The Sinn Feiners won't attend Parliament, and Ireland will be represented by twenty Orangemen in the House.

I feel that Carson has again befooled Redmond, and very little would make me come out publicly on the subject. Dillon's praise for the Convention which he refused to attend, and his demanding further time for its deliberations, is absurd. Their insincerity and folly make me prefer the Sinn Feiners.

CHAPELIZOD,
6th September, 1917.

O'Brien is back, and kept up lively interchanges with me from Parknasilla as to the Convention.

I met on legal business this week a brother of MacDonagh who was shot, and afterwards Dr. Hayes, accompanied by the new M.P. for Kilkenny, Cosgrave, with Corrigan, solicitor—all jail-birds! I found them very reasonable and pleasant fellows. . . .

My clients told me that after the Longford election their cards in Lewes Jail were marked "M" for misdeamenour, which is absurd, as they were convicted of treason and sentenced to death.

Now the persons convicted of rebellion and those interned in Frongoch were set free. Reports from America, coupled with the clement spirit shown by Bonar Law, under the advice of Duke, Irish Secretary, helped towards their release. I told Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
12th September, 1917.

Murphy is not hopeful of the Convention, and thinks it no better than a waste of time. On the other hand, he says Sir Francis Hopwood and Sir Horace Plunkett are hopeful, and that the Ulstermen's talk in private is different from their public utterances. . . .

It seems a pity that no record of the debates will be preserved, though Provost Mahaffy strongly contended for it.

Cosgrave's speeches show moderation.

The " Cosgrave " so mentioned is now President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State. The temptation to released prisoners to make " showy " speeches then was great, and it is pleasant to light upon a private record that it was resisted by at least one leader.

CHAPELIZOD,
15th September, 1917.

It seems to me that James O'Connor's appointment as Solicitor-General has led to more petty smarts by the military and police than would have taken place under a Tory regime.

I see, to-day, the arrest of a labourer in Clones, and his lodgment in Armagh Jail on suspicion, because he was born in America.

The Mitchelstown proclamation, and the way it was carried out, appalled me. I cannot think Duke is responsible.

Dublin Castle then housed enemies opposed to anything like kindly administration. Officials and military chiefs met at the Kildare Street Club, and there policy was shaped. The late Sir Henry Robinson, head of the Local Government Board, who published two volumes of reminiscences after his retirement, was the most plausible opponent the Nationalists had.

Of the " Convention," I informed my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
19th September, 1917.

Sharman Crawford, M.P., stopped me in the street yesterday, and the following conversation ensued. " How are things going on at the Convention ? " I asked.

" Damn badly," said he.

" I always thought you fellows would never yield," I replied. He nodded assent, and passed on.

Murphy's speech (printed in reply to the criticisms on his opening remarks) was good. He was more extreme than I expected—not the " extremeness " of a wrecker, but representing the genuine opinion of a man who feels that half-measures would be worse than useless.

From all I hear, the people have turned with positive hatred from Redmond and his Party, not merely because of the failure of Home Rule, but for their attitude about the prisoners and the executions.

Written every few days to my brother, my letters reflected the wavering notions conveyed to me from day to day. Lord and Lady Granard took a splendid town house to entertain the members of the Convention and other friends, and did everything that courtesy and hospitality could do to make the gathering a success. Lord Dunraven, in spite of his age, was a constant attendant and stood always firmly on the side of full Home Rule.

CHAPELIZOD,
24th September, 1917.

Lord Granard told me on Thursday that the Southern Unionists in the Convention were "all right," and that the Ulstermen were less hostile than was supposed. Granard's view is that the Convention will agree to a scheme, and that this will be carried into law. He made the statement that the Government were going to provide ninety millions for the completion of Land Purchase, and were going to do so on the old Wyndham terms. I wrote this to O'Brien.

Hugh Barrie referred in a recent speech to O'Brien's proposition of 1914 to safeguard the Ulstermen, and wrote me to-day for a copy of O'Brien's plan, issued as a Manifesto when he resigned.

Until I met Lord Granard, I felt that the obstinacy of the Orangemen would make the Convention hopeless, whereas now the idea seems to be that there will be such a "majority" report that its influence will overbear opposition.

Now came an event which moved Ireland more even than the executions of the previous year, or than anything since the hanging of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien in Salford in 1867. It was the death caused by forcible feeding of a hunger-striking prisoner, Thomas Ashe, a former national schoolmaster, who had defeated a large body of police in the rebellion of 1916. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
26th September, 1917.

The death of poor Ashe in jail is a bad business. It is a misfortune for Duke that he has no law adviser of more weight than James O'Connor. A big funeral procession will breed excitement, not to speak of the inquest itself.

I was retained by the next-of-kin to appear at the inquest on poor Ashe.

CHAPELIZOD,
13th October, 1917.

The Ashe inquest will persist throughout next week. Without having a scrap of information when we began, I have driven the prison authorities from pillar to post.

Isn't it extraordinary that the German naval mutiny was two months old before we heard of it?

I hear Kevin O'Higgins is a very clever speaker. His father tells me the Queen's County M.P.'s will go the way of the rest of the Party at the polls.

The Convention in Trinity College was still running at this time, and the Sub-Committee now decided to proceed to London for guidance. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
19th October, 1917.

The sub-committee of the Convention meets in London on Wednesday, and Murphy thinks it will end in the refusal of the Orangemen to make any concession, and lead to its collapse.

You did well over the Franchise Bill. The Party have not dared to chuck it because of the threat of Redistribution, but they will yet do so if they can.

We have not much to grumble at if we get the Bill, provided a fair Boundary Commission is appointed. If just men are nominated, the Tories cannot secure a majority of the Northern seats.

At the Ashe inquest we have twisted the Jail officials into a black knot.

At that inquest the police selected the coroner's jury—a mixed tribunal which embraced all shades of politics and religion. The Morgue was crowded every day and room and seats were almost fought for. The Press reported every word which fell from counsel or witnesses, and the Crown was ably represented by the present Judge Hanna. To secure a unanimous finding from such a jury containing many supporters of the Government and enemies of Sinn Fein seemed impossible, but the impossible happened, and a verdict condemning the treatment of Ashe was returned after a hearing that lasted nearly a fortnight.

CHAPELIZOD,
15th November, 1917.

The Ulster Tories are pretending as to the Redistribution Bill contrary to what Skeffington, solicitor, writes, that Tyrone will not yield them a seat. Throwing part of Newry into South Armagh is bad, and is intended to steal a seat from us in Down. If Skeffington is wrong about Tyrone the Ulster controversy will turn on the arrangements in Down, Antrim, and Armagh, including Belfast.

The L.G.B. have played into the hands of the Orange extremists by its Boundary arrangements.

Sir Henry Robinson, Vice-President of the Local Government Board (already mentioned), was in constant conference with the Ulster Tories as to the shape the Redistribution Bill should take. A joke of one of them was that a Tyrone Tory slept in his office.

Carson's resignation from the Admiralty now created a stir. He and I remained friendly, despite political conflict, and I asked him why he retired. The Serbian *débâcle* had just taken place, and his answer was that he could not get Asquith to decide anything.

"If he would only do something," he complained, "I would have held on, but he will not come to any decision." Carson was a favourite at the Admiralty and with the Navy.

CHAPELIZOD,
23rd December, 1917.

The Convention is at a deadlock, as far as the Ulstermen are concerned, but Lord Midleton, for the Southern Unionists, favours a scheme of Home Rule on the basis that Ireland surrenders Customs to England as its contribution—about eight millions a year!

The end of the tedious Convention was now approaching. It was hopeless from the start, being framed on false and shallow

lines. I could not blame either Lloyd George or Duke for this. The Redmond Party, swollen with importance after eighteen years' dominancy, could not believe they were routed. Neither could the British Government, whose slaves they had been. O'Brien, like myself, knew that they were dead, but the Cabinet could not be persuaded of this, as it had been so long upheld by Irish votes. All were blind to the fact that the new voters—men and women—under the extended franchise would be mainly on the side of the extremists. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
4th January, 1918.

The Ulstermen have not budged in the Convention, and won't yield an inch. From this it would seem that Lord Midleton's scheme would not extend to Ulster, but Redmond hinted that it would be imposed on them if they did not accept it.

I asked Murphy what was the difference between it and the Home Rule Act of 1914, and he said it gave us more than the Act as it conferred powers over internal taxation. He thinks that the Government or the House of Lords will whittle down anything that the Convention by a majority passes. . . .

As I write, Horace Plunkett telephoned urging me to see him to-morrow. Lord Granard tried to get me last night to his Reception, so you will see that the compromise of Lord Midleton's has been carefully planned. I suppose it imports that the Government means to do something.

I saw Sir Horace Plunkett as he asked. He was thoroughly genuine in his desire for settlement, but Murphy complained that he "gave too much rope" to certain speakers.

CHAPELIZOD,
6th January, 1918.

Sir Horace Plunkett is not hopeful about the result of the Convention, as the Ulstermen will agree to nothing. They hold by Bonar Law's guarantee that nothing will be done to which they do not assent. . . .

At dinner, I found Duke interested about the Shakespeare controversy. He thinks Shakespeare did not write the plays, but that Nicholas Bacon, who, he said, was a "recusant" and an exile, was largely their author. Duke said "Venus and Adonis" could only have been written by a classical scholar, and this no one suggested Shakespeare to be. He could not, however, explain Ben Jonson's contemporary poem in praise of Shakespeare.

CHAPELIZOD,
8th January, 1918.

Lord Dunraven called on me to-day and spent an hour. I wrote O'Brien that his conversation amounted to this: That a Home Rule Act would pass in 1918 for all Ireland, and that the Government had already made structural arrangements for the assembly of the new legislature! He said peace was near-hand in France.

Lord Granard is expected to be Viceroy in a new Irish administration. I found him a courageous man when he was Assistant P.M.G. He always defied the London officials in favour of Ireland.

My allusion to Lord Granard was guess-work. If the rumour had come true, the appointment would have been highly acceptable.

Lord Dunraven's belief that the defeat of the Germans was near at hand turned out to be more accurate. Yet it was founded on faulty information, for in the following March Ludendorff's push advanced his army many miles. But for the wisdom of Lloyd George in uniting the allied command, no one could have forecast or hindcast the problems of that time. I wrote Maurice:

ON BOARD THE *LEINSTER*,
16th January, 1918.

Murphy yesterday was in great blood because Devlin and Bishop O'Donnell threw Redmond over in the Convention as to Customs taxes and hoisted colours for Murphy's demand.

Redmond set down a sort of preamble to Lord Midleton's resolution after the first word, "that," accepting it; but he was forced to withdraw it, and to declare that his previous speech was made solely on his own behalf. Redmond said, had the event taken place in public, his leadership must have ended.

This explains the paragraphs in to-day's *Times*. The Ulstermen are as inflexible as ever, and the question is, what Lord Midleton will do if an amendment containing a demand for Customs is inserted in his resolution!

Murphy was strong against Redmond's jelly-fishness, and said he was continually giving away one thing after another, until in the end nothing was left!

Redmond's physical collapse came when Devlin and the Northern bishops sided with Murphy on the question of taxation.

The inability of the "Leader" to gauge the change in public feeling amazed both friends and opponents. He would not be warned. A predominant figure in Ireland for eighteen years, he now could not realize that his throne was crumbling. Surrounded by rivals lusting for ascendancy, the last thing he presaged was downfall.

Eighteen years before, on being elected Chairman of the re-united Party, he begged me to get Murphy to buy the *Independent*. Murphy provided £17,000 to save him, but he kicked away the ladder on which he had climbed.

America had been assured by T. P. O'Connor that, "when a Dublin street-railroad proprietor named Murphy got tired of wasting his money on newspapers all would come right." Murphy never got tired.

At the Convention he opposed every compromise on Irish fiscal claims. He would not trim. He never got vexed. His Bible was Erskine Childers's *Finance of Home Rule*.

The fiscal controversy raised by Childers as to Home Rule was new to Murphy, immersed in business as he was. Never captured

when sentimental ideals were presented, he rejected peaches painted on canvas. Anchored on realities, he could not be flustered or driven from his purpose.

Following the extension of the franchise, a Redistribution Scheme, framed in 1918 by Sir Henry Robinson of the Irish Local Government Board, was so unjust that Bonar Law conceded its re-consideration. Robinson re-considered it, and decided that it was perfect. Of his decision I told Maurice:

LONDON,
18th January, 1918.
(1 a.m.)

Nothing is to be changed in the Redistribution of Seats in Ulster from the recommendations of Sir Henry Robinson.

The attitude of the Speaker in backing the Ulstermen proves what a humbug the Dublin Convention is. If there was to be a Home Rule settlement, no one would care about Redistribution.

The Speaker's arrangements will result in leaving the Carsonites in a permanent majority of three in Ulster, viz.:

	Tory.	Nationalist.
Antrim	4	0
Armagh	2	1
Derry	2	0
Derry City	0	1
Down	3	2
Donegal	0	4
Cavan	0	2
Fermanagh	0	2
Monaghan	0	2
Tyrone	1	2
Belfast	8	1
	20	17

There has therefore been no gain and no result from the Convention, except possibly the securing of a seat in East Down. If we lose it we shall be in a minority of five in the Province, which we hitherto held by a majority of one.

Young Redmond travelled in the boat with me, but did not appear in the House, and it seemed as if he was on a "mission" to the Government to tell them the Convention was "bust," unless help came by Tuesday next. An effort will be made to keep it going till then.

Sinn Fein has proved unexpectedly right.

I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
28th January, 1918.

A priest who is stationed beside Newry writes that Dillon and Devlin got a warm time in S. Armagh on Sunday, and that "Long John" was in tears over this "ingratitude." The hopeless Unionist candidature looks like a camouflage to enable the Orangemen to come to the poll for the Redmondite.

Memory does not carry me back to this election, nor to the name of the man whom Dillon started. Whoever he was, he captured the seat and the Party rejoiced. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
2nd February, 1918.

Griffith this week publishes in *Nationality* the following telegram from Jerry MacVeagh to Redmond, sent on the 17th January:

"Chairman (Mr. Speaker), wishes make adverse majority North Fermanagh. Have refused to agree. He will wire you.

"I suggest you reply that if we lost our rights in Belfast, Antrim, and S. Derry, we should have compensation in East Down, Tyrone and Fermanagh. Agree moreover make S. Tyrone safe and give up Wicklow. Jer."

This shows that the Speaker consulted Redmond, and that Griffith alleged that MacVeagh's suggestion as to Tyrone meant that they should give up a safe Nationalist seat in Wicklow to make a safe seat for a Tory in S. Tyrone. This is not my interpretation of the message.

James O'Connor is to get Barton's judgeship on 1st March. He has come to the conclusion that Murphy is right about Customs, and has so reported to Duke, but the defeat of the Sinn Feiners in South Armagh must worsen matters as to Home Rule.

During the War Europe was like an aspen tree fluttering at every breeze. Each nationality amongst the conflicting countries rightly regarded its own claims as foremost. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
10th February, 1918.

I have not heard from Murphy since he went to London, but the S. Armagh election has finished the hope of an undivided Ireland.

The Sinn Feiners may have blundered, but I wish them success. The Cardinal refused to receive de Valera, but received Count Plunkett.

His Eminence is against Republics and Revolutions, but his priests are against the Party, and he is in a dilemma.

There is not now the smallest chance of the Convention agreeing to a Home Rule scheme, and the Government are in a hobble about America.

CHAPELIZOD,
17th February, 1918.

Yesterday I saw O'Brien at the Shelbourne Hotel. He mentioned that John MacNeill had been with him, but said, in reply to my inquiry, that he would not adopt the Sinn Fein policy, and would not again stand for Cork. I said this represented my own feelings.

He would not fight a Sinn Feiner any more than I would, but if a "Party" candidate only had to be faced he would hardly shrink from the ordeal! That is my own state of mind.

As to the T.C.D. Convention, F. E. Smith's "Why don't they go on talking?" is as worthy of a place in history as Larkin's "To hell with contracts"!

No one touches the Irish question without getting his fingers burnt.

Soon after this, I heard for the first time, and with great regret, that Redmond was in bad health. He was never one to

complain, and outwardly appeared as robust as ever. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
1st March, 1918.

Murphy says John Redmond was seriously operated on in a London nursing home, and that Surgeon MacArdle and Dr. Cox have gone over. I am sorry for the poor man.

Murphy's account of the Convention is not cheerful. He said Lloyd George's letter asked that all fiscal questions, save direct taxation, should be left over until after the War, when they could be reconsidered.

Lord Midleton's scheme, Murphy said, was far better than this, but now the Southern Unionists want to withdraw it, and adopt Lloyd George's. He says Sir Horace Plunkett, being anxious to secure something from the wreckage, blocked his speeches and motions several times, but that he is going to get to grips with him and try to have a definite vote on Colonial Home Rule. I asked him why, if he was being toyed with, he did not withdraw altogether, and he replied because he could not trust the Party-men to remain firm after he left.

The Ulstermen favour everything to delay matters, yet Murphy sees no advantage in bringing things to a head by resignation. I see nothing clear in the situation, nor any hopeful sign. Lloyd George's letter promised to support Land Purchase and increased housing grants, but Murphy said they should get these in any case.

Lloyd George's letter was a bombshell for the Nationalists in the Convention, and had its terms been published before it assembled they would never have agreed to take part in it.

As the Convention was about to break up, John Redmond died in London, a disappointed man. When his remains reached Kingstown for burial (in Wexford) no clergyman of the Archdiocese of Dublin met the coffin—so intense was the bitterness against his policy. Great honour, however, was done it at Westminster Cathedral, and in his native town.

Although Redmond was more than eighteen years Chairman of the Irish Party, the section which wished Dillon to occupy that post never felt cordial towards him. He was seldom allowed his own way, or given their confidence. His brother William, on his last appearance in the House of Commons, said to a friend, "I hate the gang trying to control my brother, and I am going back to France to get killed."

John Redmond's temper was nearly imperturbable. When he met annoyance through the action or inaction of his so-called "colleagues" he retired to the smoke-room and silently consumed a cigar.

The position he held required a dominant and daring mind, but this he did not possess. William O'Doherty, M.P., one of my

opponents, told me that when he reproached Redmond for not standing up to me, Redmond answered, "Healy would wipe the floor with me."

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
15th March, 1918.

O'Brien sent me his article on Redmond's death in the *National News*. . . .

Lord Dunraven cheerily said to me to-day that the Convention would come to an agreement within a week. "Including Ulster?" I asked. "Oh, no," said he, "but the Southern fellows."

I don't think he realizes that Murphy's attitude has since been backed by Devlin and Bishop O'Donnell.

There is great annoyance amongst Ministers that Lloyd George's letter to the Convention should have been put in circulation—I don't know by whom.

I cannot think there were good grounds for Ministerial annoyance at the publication of Lloyd George's letter. The Cabinet may have been annoyed with Lloyd George for over-frankness, but how could they suppose that the letter would not see the light? It was a State Paper of high significance. On getting back from Parliament, I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
23rd March, 1918.

Asquith sent his secretary, Sir John Barran, to me on the Monday when the debate was raised about the Press. Asquith afterwards came to where I was on the second bench, and chatted about Spencer Leigh Hughes's speech, which was indeed brilliant.

Oddly enough, I had a note from Lord Northcliffe thanking me for my speech on the occasion. This Government is like the "Hunted Hind," oft doomed to death, yet fated not to die!

Duke has returned to Ireland, and the farcical Convention proceeds proceeding!

Murphy told me on Tuesday that they carried by six votes a motion of Sir Anthony MacDonnell's to accept the proposals outlined in Lloyd George's letter. In the minority were Murphy, Bishop O'Donnell and the Orangemen! In the majority were Stephen Gwynn and Lord Midleton's crowd. The Orangemen then for the first time demanded the exclusion of Ulster.

I don't know how long this absurdity will continue. We have a Ministry *capable de tout*!

Dillon was elected Chairman of the Irish Party after Redmond's death. This made small improvement in the political situation. I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
1st April, 1918.

I have not seen Murphy for a fortnight, but am sure Horace Plunkett's efforts can only lead to some half-baked unacceptable scheme. If the Govern-

ment are so foolish as to accept the demand for Irish conscription it can be met by the alternative demand for full Home Rule. As the Orangemen will never let them grant this, it would be safe to say " tit for tat."

The Convention finally dissolved in nothingness, and afterwards it came to light that arrangements had been made by the Post Office to tap the correspondence of its members. Dr. Mahaffy, Provost of Trinity College, provided accommodation in the University for its sittings, and the postal authorities, without arousing his suspicions, apparently vied with him in courtesy. Free postal and telegraphic privileges, denied to the British Houses of Parliament, had been conferred unsought on the Convention. A fully-staffed and equipped post office was set up inside Trinity College, with a posting receptacle, from which collections were made.

Such elaborate and expensive provisions for a body whose deliberations might conceivably have ended in a few days displayed uncanny forethought. For there was a postal pillar-box close to the entrance gate of T.C.D., and a head telegraphic office in College Green within a few minutes' walk. The prodigal arrangements for the correspondence and telegrams of the members of the Convention seemed considerate, but a signed " frank " in each case was required. Thus it befell that a typed copy of a private letter from a member of the Convention to a parliamentary colleague in South America reached Dublin Castle before its abortive labours ended.

Downing Street daily learnt the prevailing atmosphere in Dublin, and as the mercury in the bulb at T.C.D. rose or fell, the Cabinet was advised as to how it could vary its proposals.

War conditions prevailed. Under the " Defence of the Realm Act " the Censor was entitled to open letters. Still, it was a convenience to the Government to know what letters to examine. Those posted in T.C.D. under the franking privilege needed not to be tapped where the " franker " was on the Orange side.

The Post Office Acts authorize the opening of specified letters, under warrant from the Postmaster-General, but that official was no party to violating the correspondence.

The Chairman of the Convention, Sir Horace Plunkett, wrote daily accounts of its proceedings to His Majesty. Tired of Ireland, Lloyd George sent a letter withdrawing a promise of concession which he had made before it assembled.

A scandal later arose as to a letter of Mr. Asquith's after the intrigue to oust him from the Premiership had succeeded. Put in the bag of the American Ambassador, the ex-Premier's communication arrived marked " Opened by Censor." Lord Balfour, the

Foreign Minister, apologized; but the girl who broke the seal was told by her Chief that she had acted rightly.

The correspondents of members of the Convention got no warning such as is given by the words "Opened by Censor" on their envelopes.

The leading Nationalist who attended, His late Eminence Cardinal O'Donnell, posted nothing in T.C.D.

In 1918 Ireland had got no farther towards Home Rule than when the Tories went out in 1905. Increased taxation came with the Liberals, who also made the Wyndham Purchase Act a dead letter.

Then the Government, of which Lloyd George had become Prime Minister, determined to impose "Conscription" on a people smarting under the failure of their rulers to redeem their promises.

In Britain compulsory service was introduced by stages, but Ireland was suddenly told that her whole male population from 18 to 50 years must become soldiers, without any offsetting advantage. Three hundred thousand Irishmen had volunteered for war service, but the Censor allowed no newspaper to tell the tale. The official element opposed to Home Rule spread the story that only "Ulster" had done its part.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin in May, 1918, summoned a conference to devise plans to resist conscription, composed of Messrs. Dillon, Devlin, de Valera, Arthur Griffith, William O'Brien, and myself, with three Labour representatives.

We came together at the Mansion House, Dublin, and there for the first time I met de Valera and Griffith. The latter were unlike in type—Griffith, a silent, solid, impressive and highly-educated man; de Valera, tall, spare, spectacled, schoolmasterly, of Jewish cast, and as chatterful as Griffith was reserved. He could not pronounce either the thick or thin "th," and his "dats" and "tinks" grated on the ear. Still, a resourceful fellow.

To him belongs the credit of proposing that the Conference should send a deputation to Maynooth, where the Irish bishops were sitting. When this was agreed to, the problem arose as to who should go. On my name being suggested, I demurred, saying I was unaccustomed to meeting bishops or archbishops. "Oh," said de Valera, "there's nothing in that. I have lived all my life among priests." I asked, "Have you lived all your life among bishops?"

Ultimately, as William O'Brien persisted in refusing to go, I yielded, and to Maynooth we hied, de Valera and I in the same car. As we left the Mansion House the street in front was packed

with young men, who cheered frenziedly. De Valera got an equally warm welcome at Maynooth from the students, and thus I got an inkling of the mood of a new generation.

We addressed the bishops, over whom Cardinal Logue presided. Then we retired to allow their lordships to deliberate. On being recalled we learnt that a resolution against Conscription had been agreed to unanimously. This was a great event, and made Conscription in Ireland impossible. Distrust of the War Office as well as the refusal to grant Home Rule were main ingredients in the decision. Added thereto was the rumour that Irish regiments would be flung into the forefront, deprived of Irish officers, and would be sacrificed to spare the soldiers of other countries. The delay in sending Carson's Ulster Volunteers to France after they had enjoyed a longer training than other recruits increased suspicion. Besides, the impression left by the treatment of the insurgents of 1916 in prison was intense. For Michael Collins was "created" by his internment in Frongoch.

I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
3rd May, 1918.

Much history has been made since we parted in London. The bishops at Maynooth were extremely cordial, and it is extraordinary how the English Press misconceive the position. The Archbishop of Dublin has been especially staunch, but he is getting old, like the rest of us, although thoroughly sound. The appearance of Dr. Fogarty struck me very much amongst his fellow-prelates. The universal cessation of work on Tuesday week in protest against Conscription was remarkable. . . .

Bonar Law and his friends must regret the way they treated us in the Conscription debates. There was nothing in O'Connell's time to compare with Irish unanimity against Conscription. For the first time Nationalists have all the selfish elements on their side, which were heretofore the buttress of Castle rule.

While the Conference was sitting at the Mansion House, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Cavan. Arthur Griffith stood as the Sinn Fein candidate and Dillon opposed him. Griffith was arrested before the polling day, but was triumphantly returned while in prison.

I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
7th May, 1918.

Dillon's Party had a great chance of reviving their influence by standing aside in the Cavan election, and letting Griffith be returned unopposed. John's folly will spell obliteration, although we shall disappear with them. We had it out at the Mansion House Conference, but Dillon was adamant.

Lord French is alleged by his detractors to be stupid. Probably they

wanted to get rid of him in England, and pitchforked him here. Happy the Isle of Man and Sark, so free from intrigue!

Lord French, although not allowed to show it, was a sterling friend of Ireland. He loved the country and the people, and would never permit a word to be uttered at his table in detraction of the Irish priests. A soldier with little knowledge of politics, and simple at heart, he accepted every story told him by the officials of Dublin Castle. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
11th May, 1918.

Although machine-guns are mounted on the Bank of Ireland, I do not believe there is the smallest prospect of a rising. Yet a handful of extremists have succeeded in subtracting soldiers from France by causing a military panic.

Lord French reported to Lloyd George that Conscription would be successful, and that the soldiers would only have a "cake-walk" to squelch resistance. Lloyd George is furious with the Catholic bishops, and his "Nonconformist conscience" is aroused. Neither of them understands this country.

In Cavan both candidates expect to win, but I think the odds are on the Sinn Feiner. Nearly all the priests are on Griffith's side.

I had a letter from Mgr. O'Riordon from Rome, thanking me about the Irish College. I replied that the suggestion came from you.

Until there is an election on the extended franchise, no one can tell what is the right policy for Ireland, and by that time you or I will not have responsibility for affairs. If the Sinn Feiners win Cavan, they will carry everything. It was silly of Dillon not to make a virtue of necessity, and say he would not oppose a member of the Mansion House Committee. This reservation would prevent its being drawn into a precedent, in view of his small chances before the final crash comes.

I regard the Asquith cycle as over, yet feel sure Devlin can still be fooled by Lloyd George.

CHAPELIZOD,
17th May, 1918.

"Anti-conscription" is the most remarkable movement that ever swept Ireland. Your apprentice [Kevin O'Higgins] was handcuffed by police before his father and mother to take him in the train to prison, and all Tullamore turned out to see him off, including the priests and Christian Brothers. His mother kissed his handcuffs.

Travellers in the train so put the police out of countenance that the handcuffs were taken off until Dublin was reached, when they replaced them to stow him in Mountjoy. He is to be brought to-morrow to Portarlington for trial. Seeing that his brother was killed in France, and that another brother is in the Navy, the police might have spared his parents such indignity.

Lord French has come round against Conscription. On his original visit to London he reported to Lloyd George that he could round up all the cities in a week. Then they had Sir William Byrne, the Under-Secretary, before the Cabinet, and he warned them against it, but they were indignant,

and told him he had "cold feet." It is alleged that his berth is now in jeopardy, although he gave honest advice.

Lloyd George came back from France raging to attack the bishops. Possibly this inspired the "No Popery" cry in *The Times*. The French Ambassador, Cambon, wept over the prospects in Ireland, and said it was madness to waste troops there when the French reserves were almost exhausted.

Lord French is represented to be in a mood of desiring a quiet time, and not to allow his name to be handed down to history as another Lord Carhampton. There is no faction here favourable to Conscription. James Campbell was summoned to London to answer Sir William Byrne's arguments, but he confirmed them. Then the Government hit on the plan of a triumvirate, consisting of James Campbell, Lord Midleton, and Judge Ross, but not one of them accepted—Midleton saying he would act, provided his views about the future Government of Ireland were accepted, but even this the Cabinet would not agree to.

Then they sent over Lord French and dismissed Sir Bryan Mahon as Commander-in-Chief without the formality of as much notice as would be given a butler. Mahon was against Conscription, and if French takes the same line after a week's experience, it will be a "drop" for Lloyd George. The Government cannot agree on any form of Home Rule, and are in the devil's mess.

On the day I left London to attend the Mansion House Conference against Conscription, I was in negotiation with Lloyd George as to the proposed Home Rule Bill. He said, when I told him I was starting for Ireland, "Stay, and I will show you my Bill to-morrow." I replied, "Send it to my home address." "I could not," he replied. "The Sinn Feiners would intercept it in the post." "Well," I answered, "that is a tribute to their ingenuity, but I am going to Dublin to-night, to confer as to Conscription." Our unanimity alarmed Dublin Castle, and de Valera and Arthur Griffith were soon arrested and deported to England.

I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
21*st May*, 1918.

You are right in saying that Ireland did not see our arguments against the Party, but has hearkened to men like de Valera. What of that? In the end the people have come round to our opinions, and I don't care by what road or by what reasoning. Our enemies are in the dust, and snigs at Dillon and Devlin at the Mansion House Conference have made them squeal.

Once Dillon stood up to de Valera there, asking, "Do you mean to drive me out of public life?" De Valera stood up, too, and disclaimed such an intention. So the scene ended.

After the arrests of de Valera and Griffith they wanted not to admit the Sinn Fein twain (Kelly and MacNeill) on Monday, nominated as alternatives to the imprisoned pair, and maintained that the Lord Mayor should nominate two other men. "Tame cats, or Sinn Feiners?" said I, and Dillon was furious. Then the two "substitutes" for Griffith and de Valera marched in, and he hadn't a word.

The Sinn Feiners will make war on us in due time, but meanwhile I enjoy myself! Walter Long is coming here to-morrow to try to patch up some Home Rule settlement. Only for him, there would have been universal arrests in Ireland. He told Lloyd George and Bonar Law that he would not only resign, if the repressive campaign was begun, but would go into violent opposition against them. This alone saved the situation.

They have no evidence to implicate the Sinn Feiners whom they arrested, yet condemn them to that hell-hole, Frongoch, fuller of rats than St. Helena was alleged to be.

Duke was forced out because he was honest about Home Rule. I was asked by James O'Connor [Solicitor-General] to meet Shortt at dinner before the arrests, and refused.

Shortt was the only Chief Secretary up to that who declined the hospitality or membership of the Kildare Street Club—the chief Unionist meeting ground. Walter Long had been member for South Dublin, and chairman of the Irish Unionists. He was a relative of a Wicklow landlord, Fitzwilliam Dick, and had a great affection for the country. Broadened by his English upbringing, he never supported the narrow leanings of the Orangemen, although at one with them in his main object of upholding the Act of Union. He had been rejected by an English constituency on some obscure question about Protestant ritual, but the Irish Tories in South Dublin gladly accepted him as an opponent of Sir Horace Plunkett, who was condemned for his unpardonable efforts to improve Irish agriculture at the behest of Arthur Balfour. Balfour saw Plunkett's merits, but when he first nominated him as a member of the newly-created Congested Districts Board none of us had heard of him, and asked each other what Tory device this was.

Walter Long and his secretary, Sir William Bull—another bluff Tory—came to my house at Chapelizod on a wet day and went over my electrical gadgets with as much interest as if they were their own. They were most kindly in speech towards the prisoners, which affected me much. When I told Long of the sad details of the deportation of Mrs. Clarke, whose husband had been shot in 1916, he cursed the Irish Government. Yet so staunch was he to the Unionist cause that when he left Ireland to become Colonial Secretary a special wire was laid from Dublin Castle to Downing Street to enable him to observe every emanation from the Castle vat. The day he came to see me was one of the darkest of the Great War. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
24th May, 1918.

The arrests are stupid. The denial of the cloak offered to Mrs. Clarke by a friend on Kingstown pier when she was to cross the Channel, and the taking her away from her five children, days after others had been arrested, doesn't

improve one's temper. It should have been enough for them to shoot her husband and her brother, without depriving her children of their mother.

At the Mansion House Conference, before de Valera's arrest, he had been deputed to draft an address to President Wilson, to be taken to America by the Lord Mayor. On Wednesday we were all given copies of that document. On its consideration yesterday Dillon vowed he would never agree to it. That night I sat up until 6 a.m. excising and amending it. I thought O'Brien was at the same job, and appointed to meet him at his hotel at 2 p.m. yesterday. When I read my version for him he warmly approved, but said Dillon would object to anything. So I asked him to propose as his own what I had cobbled. He refused.

We met at four o'clock yesterday at the Mansion House, and Dillon denounced de Valera's production afresh, and said nothing would induce him to agree to it. I remarked that I had spent the night trying to reconcile his views with de Valera's by a paper of my own. This did not mollify him, nor did he accept my offer to read it. At length either Egan or the Lord Mayor said, " Could we not hear Mr. Healy's document ? "

By this time I was reluctant to consent, and said unless it was a unanimous wish I did not care to read it. The Lord Mayor, however, took silence for consent, and called on me to go on. When I had finished, I expected the usual " bucket of cocoa slops " made famous by Lloyd George. There was a pause for a few seconds, and then Dillon broke silence with the astonishing remark, " That is a magnificent State Paper. It is one of the best I have ever heard."

I kept silent, and Dillon added, " I move that it be given a provisional second reading, and that it be circulated and considered at our next meeting," saying that he assured me, on account of the differences of feeling between us, of the sincerity of his admiration ! I thanked him and said that anything good in the document was of de Valera's inspirers (principally those of a University professor who helped him).

A weird incident then happened. Alderman Kelly objected to a passage about the deaths of the Irish soldiers and their gallantry in the War. I replied that it was one which I had at first struck out of de Valera's draft, but restored after reflection, in order that it might gratify the families of the dead, coming from such a source ! I went round to where Alderman Kelly sat and showed him the manuscript with de Valera's words obliterated by me, and then marked " stet " [stand]. He was instantly mollified !

Professor MacNeill next objected to a paragraph as to the possibility of an Irish Parliament consenting to Conscription. I replied that these words were also textually taken from de Valera's document ! Thus the only criticism of my handiwork came from two Sinn Feiners, and related to phrases employed by their own leader !

William O'Brien whispered in my ear, " This is a terrific triumph." I asked him to recall what Talleyrand said when he heard of the illness of the Austrian ambassador, " I wonder what he means by it ? "

O'Brien cannot attend next Tuesday as he is writing a book, but said that " after the unanimity of the reception of Mr. Healy's paper, of course, my presence is unnecessary."

The arrested Sinns all had notice of their intended capture, but decided, out of deference to the bishops, that there should be no resistance, on the ground that Conscription had not yet been enforced—otherwise bloodshed would have drenched the opening steps of the Government.

These were tense moments for Ireland, deceived as it was by politicians ignoring or not knowing the Gladstone tradition.

CHAPELIZOD,
15th June, 1918.

I have applied for a passport to travel to London for Wednesday.

It is a nice commentary on the "Sessional Order" of the House against obstructing the passage of members to Westminster that a policeman in Ireland can hold up its entire representation.

William Murphy spoke to me twice very warmly in praise of my American "address," which is a great thing from so cold a man. We are getting it printed on parchment for the Lord Mayor to take with him to the American Embassy next Wednesday for dispatch in the President's post-bag from London. They cannot stop it there unless they cable Wilson for instructions and for permission to open it. The Embassy might refuse to accept the letter, but as it is American soil I don't see how they could throw it out after the messenger who delivered it.

Lord French is now against Conscription, but the Government hope to enforce it in October, if his voluntary scheme fails.

The Protestants won't come forward to help to make up the voluntary quota demanded.

CHAPELIZOD,
21st June, 1918.

I went to London with the Lord Mayor on Tuesday night. He wired me yesterday that everything passed off well as to the delivery of the Address at the American Embassy.

The Ambassador, Page, was on his holidays, but when the Lord Mayor was announced on Wednesday the *Chargé d'Affaires* fixed yesterday morning to receive it.

It was well the document was delivered before the announcement of Curzon in the House of Lords last night!

Griffith's victory in Cavan gives Dillon his death-stroke. Griffith's arrest made his return a certainty. Yet Dillon could not see the portents.

President Wilson did not even acknowledge the Address, although he replied to a rebuttal thereof by Sir Edward Carson and his Belfast Committee. The President's blindness to the Irish situation was later on a factor in his downfall. The Senate of the United States printed the Address amongst its records on the motion of Senator Phelan of California. On the 6th August, 1918, as I was reminded nine years later (*Sunday Express*, 22nd May, 1927), I made what was practically my last appearance in the House of Commons. It took the shape of a parliamentary prank which Lord Beaverbrook indulgently recalled to celebrate my 72nd birthday:

"Like most other people who have sat in the House of Commons, I am sometimes asked who was the greatest parliamentarian of my time.

"If the term is used in its widest possible sense, it would be a complex task to give a correct answer. But if 'parliamentarian' means the greatest

master of the forms of Parliament, the greatest artist in getting things to happen there in the way he wanted, then I would always answer unhesitatingly, ' Tim Healy.'

" He knew not only every form of the House and every trick in the game, but he also knew humanity, and he could play on the House as a musician would on the organ—just putting in or taking out the stops while the instrument responded.

" When I first went into the House of Commons I was fortunate enough to make a friend of him, and sensible enough to realize my good luck.

" I sat at his feet and studied his methods with close attention. Writers make an ideal picture of the leader of an Opposition, considering long the state of opinion in the country on an issue—connecting with his colleagues —sounding the Whips—asking after local opinion in the constituencies, and finally putting down a vote of censure pressed in the terms of a most resounding eloquence !

" Anything less like Healy's way of doing business it would be difficult to imagine.

" I don't think he ever deliberately prepared anything—even a speech—in advance. Of course, he read widely and pondered deeply, but conduct in the House of Commons was guided by his instincts as applied to the situation as it developed at any given moment.

" His were the tactics of the sally and the surprise, the assault from the flank, or what I shall call the Method of the ' Red Herring.' He realized better than any other member of his day that the House of Commons is an unruly pack of hounds, with strong primitive instincts.

" The Party Whips may arrange a certain hunt, but once anyone comes along with the red herring and drags it across the trail, the hounds will follow his way and let the predestined fox go home quietly.

" There are hundreds of stories of his adroitness. The most famous of his stratagems is perhaps the way in which he managed to discuss the grievances of Irish farmers—for which the Nationalists had been refused a day—by making the whole of his observations perfectly relevant to the state of agriculture in Uganda.

" I can supply from my own experience a war-time instance of the Red-Herring Method which occurred when Healy was sitting in his last Parliament.

" I was, during 1918, told that a violent attack was going to be launched against me as Minister of Information, in the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Leif Jones. Many others were to join in the assault, and attack was fixed for 5th August.

" Having been attacked twice before in a brief period of office, I rather resented the injustice. The post was difficult enough in any case, and I had reluctantly taken it and did not want to keep it. The motive of the assault was apparently to be based on some charges made in the *Westminster Gazette* that I was ' a capitalist,' and that my heads of departments were ' capitalists.'

" Bonar Law would not take up the task of replying for me on the ground that our friendship was so close that his remarks might not seem impartial. He deputed the business to Stanley Baldwin, in whose parliamentary experience I had no confidence. As it turned out I was wrong here, for Baldwin made a very good speech in my defence.

" Feeling, therefore, thoroughly worried about the whole business, I wired to Tim Healy in Dublin to come over and help me. He reached

my country house on Sunday, 4th August, having kept me in suspense by wiring that he would arrive 'shortly after Mass'—a phrase which meant nothing to me.

"When at last he came, he gave me small comfort. I wanted to show him all the documents I had accumulated for my defence. Healy would not look at them—but continued to discuss my gardens and my children.

"I pressed him hard to discuss the matter seriously, and asked what line he intended to take.

"He brushed my defence aside.

"'Whatever line I take to-morrow,' he said, 'will have nothing to do with a prepared case. I shall watch the House and decide.'

"He laughed at my anxiety.

"'Lief Jones,' he said, 'is a teetotaller and can't hurt a fly. He's one of those who tried to stop the tot of rum to the soldiers in the trenches. I killed that move, and I'll checkmate him to-morrow.'

"'But how?' I inquired.

"'Well,' he said, 'Neil Primrose once was angry with Lord Loreburn, the Lord Chancellor, and felt sure he would force him to resign over the non-appointment of Liberal magistrates. As Lloyd George was behind Neil, Loreburn telegraphed for me as you have done, and laid all his cards on the table at breakfast before the debate came on, and though Neil had a good case, and many Liberals were strongly with him, I beat them, for Loreburn had stood by Ireland in the old days.'

"I got little satisfaction out of this and had to wait for next day.

"Leif Jones made his attack on the expected lines, and was followed with some pretty wild accusations by Mr. Pringle and Mr. Swift MacNeill.

"As a matter of fact, most of what they tried to lay at my door had happened when Lord Carson from the War Cabinet had general control of propaganda.

"Tim would occasionally interject, 'That was done in Carson's time,' which seemed to disconcert the assailant. Otherwise he did nothing.

"Both Mr. McCurdy and Mr. Baldwin made good speeches for me, but as the debate was going it was likely to do me harm, because if a whole debate turns on one man, more charges are made than can possibly be answered—and a kind of general bad atmosphere is created.

"When Mr. Baldwin sat down Healy struck—and utterly side-tracked the debate.

"He wanted to know what all this nonsense was about—£5 being spent on cigars and £20 on drinks on a mission to Dublin. Such a point was frivolous, and it was a waste of time in war. Anyhow, this was done by an emissary of Carson's, and if that was all Carson had done it would not have mattered much.

"But Carson had made his department an organ for anti-Irish propaganda and filled it with his nominees from Trinity College, Dublin. The result had been the absolute ruin of Irish recruiting.

"Immediately on this the vials of inter-Irish wrath were poured forth. Mr. Ronald McNeil intervened to defend Carson. Mr. Shortt, as Home Secretary, was technically responsible for this propaganda in Ireland and was brought up to make a lengthy reply on behalf of the Government.

"The debate was abruptly switched off from the discussion of my supposed iniquities, and a regular Irish debate ensued. By the time Mr. Devlin had summed up for the Nationalists all the earlier speeches had been com-

pletely forgotten, and the question of the Ministry of Information and its chief had faded out of the picture.

"Healy's performance was a perfect exhibition of parliamentary tactics.

"Sir Henry Dalziel (now Lord Dalziel) immediately afterwards gave me a highly amusing account of the proceedings.

"'Tim,' he said, 'was at his best in tactics and in debate. He turned the whole onslaught on you into a ridiculous debate.'

"Later Healy himself came to me at the Hyde Park Hotel and remarked characteristically enough, 'Get me some pea-soup and a steak, and I will tell you the fun.'"

During the War, side-issues were not pressed on Parliament save by Temperance leaders. The War Office Librarian, Hudlestone ("Burgoyne," page 199), jests: "The rum ration, according to a British Army doctor who gave evidence before a committee, had much to do with winning the War."

I wrote my brother:

In Train to Holyhead.
9th August, 1918.

There will be a General Election in November. Hayes Fisher, M.P., told me yesterday the electoral lists would be ready in October. There has been some change in the Government attitude this week towards Ireland, due to Lord Reading's return from Washington.

I was dining to-night with Carville at the Reform Club when Shortt [Chief Secretary] came in and sat near our table. Carville introduced me, and Shortt afterwards drove me to Euston on his own suggestion. He had been sent for by Lord Reading, and vaguely said there was "confusion," which I construe to mean that the Americans have sickened at the repressive Irish policy.

I also found from Moreton Frewen, when lunching with Lord Dunraven, that there is something on. Lord French is evidently a Home Ruler, and Shortt openly says he himself is. At the same time, the arrest of Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington is of evil omen. She was to have visited me to-morrow. . . .

The Party men (who now show me civility) agree with my view that the Government intend to concoct some scheme of Home Rule, giving the Ulstermen their own *fueros*. I said it was impossible we could accept it. Dunraven to-day was of this mind, but I could see Moreton Frewen was to the contrary.

Strange to say, in the Temple on Wednesday, I saw a man crossing the street to accost me. It was Carson, who showed himself friendly. I fear they are determined to reject any plan which would involve Belfast men coming to Dublin for discussion. Carson did not say this, but he turned down whatever I, on the spur of the moment, suggested as a concession to the Protestants. They seem resolved on having their own local control, and this is the key to the situation.

If they would be content to remain under the British Government the matter would be simplified, but they insist on a separate local administration which, in my opinion, would result in creating vested interests which would long be impossible to extinguish, and would be fruitful in breeding animosity. All signs of Ulster moderation depend on the surrender to six counties of a

separate statehood. I think this hopeless, yet I am informed Knox, K.C., is for it.

Large sums were raised in Ireland to help the movement to resist Conscription. The Mansion House Committee did not call them in as it was felt that defeat had already overtaken the policy of the Government. Ten per cent of the amount raised in each parish was earmarked by the Conference to sustain the families of the prisoners. Except in the case of Cork this was willingly forwarded.

Dillon wished to enlist the Conference in a propaganda for "unity" after Conscription had been beaten. Unarrested Sinn Feiners also wanted to keep it going for their own purposes. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
17th August, 1918.

The Mansion House Conference will be resumed soon, and we shall hear of the plans which Dillon has been maturing for his Convention to unify all Ireland.

The *Independent* story of his talk with T.P. and Bonar Law in the lobby is true, and I shall be surprised if the "Party" does not perform some dying wriggle.

CHAPELIZOD,
22nd August, 1918.

At the Mansion House Committee on Monday nothing was done. Dillon said he did not know if the American Address had reached President Wilson, as T. P. O'Connor had left New York beforehand. Alderman Kelly stated that a *Freeman* man told him that the American papers of the 4th and 5th July were not allowed to reach Ireland!

The Sinn Feiners recently surprised the sentries in Amiens Street Station goods-yard, shut off the electric light, and captured over a ton of gelignite. The Government suspended traffic and had thousands of police and soldiers hunting for it, without success. I believe the Sinns' intention is, if anything happens to the prisoners, to take reprisals.

Lord French made several efforts to conciliate those whom he knew were not pro-German. His Secretary, Edward Saunderson, son of the famous member for Armagh, called on me with a request that I would visit the Viceroy. I felt like a lady who was being wooed without the prospect of lawful espousal, and declined to visit His Excellency. It was a day or two after de Valera escaped from Lincoln Prison, and Saunderson told me how surprised the Government were. Knowing Lord French to be a cheery soldier, I said it might amuse him if he were told that a Sinn Feiner in the Four Courts remarked to me, "There's nothing wonderful in the escape. We sent over our Director of Escapes!" At this Saunderson laughed heartily, and said the Lord-Lieutenant would be

amused. I learned after the Treaty that it was Michael Collins who in person contrived de Valera's release from Lincoln Jail.

CHAPELIZOD,
6th September, 1918.

The sentence by a court-martial of two years' hard labour on some player for singing the "Felons of our Land," makes my blood boil. It has been sung for fifty years—since Arthur Forrester wrote it.

I had a letter from O'Brien saying that the decision of the Sinn Feiners to oppose our men everywhere at elections did not matter to him, as "my mind is long ago made up," yet that my case is wholly different.

I replied that I told the Sinn Feiners I would sink or swim in O'Brien's pond, and that I thought the seat in North-East Cork belonged to him if he cared to have it. . . .

The Castle Executive was never in such a plight as at present. French has quarrelled with Shortt, who is not admitted to his councils. The Crown Solicitor, Sir Henry Wynne, has been the power behind the throne, seconded by Samuels [Attorney-General]. . . .

Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington was here yesterday, and was very interesting on her American trip. There is evidently a strong anti-war party in U.S.A., and we get little truth from there. She says the Irish are as solid as ever for us, and that T.P. and Hazleton could not get a hearing anywhere, and never addressed a meeting in public in two years.

Party officials, like Ryan of Philadelphia, refused to meet them. From New York to San Francisco, she says, all the Irish are Sinn Feiners, including the priests.

Possibly my brother had done as much to help on the new Franchise Bill as any other member of the Speaker's Conference. He was acquainted with every decision on suffrage points in England, Ireland, or Scotland, as well as with the Statutes. I wrote him:

CHAPELIZOD,
10th September, 1918.

Whatever the Sinn Feiners do has been provoked by the Government, and I will not sit in judgment against them.

Carson and the Orangemen are the root of the trouble, and it is idle to argue against the developments they have engendered. The punishment of the Irish Party, and knocking it out of existence, is a reform in itself.

So was the downfall of the Czar, though great evils followed. If you think otherwise, you should not have been so active for the Franchise Bill.

CHAPELIZOD,
10th October, 1918.

I heard in London of Shortt's intention to introduce some kind of Home Rule to offset Conscription.

Horace Plunkett was there recommending the re-assembling of the Convention.

Lord French left without securing a definite decision from Lloyd George, who is furious against Ireland, though fearful of offending the Catholics

MAURICE HEALY, M.P. 1885.
(The Author's brother.)

throughout the world—only for which we should be made mincemeat of by the military.

Lord French, since the Bulgarian surrender and the cry for peace from Germany, admits that the Irish situation has changed, and that soldiers are no longer required as before. It now has been suggested that an Order in Council enacting Conscription should be laid on the table of the House *pro forma*, but that the Government will assent to the demand of the Irish members to annul it. This is to be availed of as another nail in the coffin of Home Rule.

Yet the military have everything in readiness to enforce Conscription, but they will be baffled by the politicals. There must have been awful slaughter on both sides in France last week. It has been the most terrible week of the War. I hope your boy and mine are alive.

The Mansion House Conference was still meeting at intervals, but its members knew that Conscription had been defeated. The War with Germany was reaching its last stages, yet the military in Dublin were anxious to grapple with the local situation by enforcing conscription.

The resignation of my seat in Parliament was tendered as a protest against the convictions for trivial causes by courts-martial. The Sinn Feiners desired to strengthen this protest by obtaining the withdrawal from Parliament of the whole O'Brien Party. I advised my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
11th October, 1918.

The Sinn Feiners sent two men to O'Brien yesterday to propose—on the lines of White's letter to Dillon—that the Independent Nationalists should resign in a body before the Dissolution.

Lloyd George has been to France collecting information as to the situation, and if he can announce the certain defeat of the Germans next week, he would get a thumping majority at the polls.

Lord Dunraven, who is staying with Lord French, called on me yesterday. I asked him no question, and never referred to the Viceroy, but as he was leaving he said there would not be "Conscription."

Dillon, at the Mansion House Conference yesterday, said that there would be neither Conscription nor Home Rule. I saw a draft of the scheme the Ministry had planned, which was mere "partition" grafted on the existing Home Rule Act of 1914.

Dr. Morrisroe, the bishop of Dillon's constituency, said this week that Dillon hadn't the ghost of a chance in East Mayo.

When returning home from the House of Commons for the last time, I met on the steamer Bishop Morrisroe, in whose diocese Dillon's constituency lay. His prophecy recorded in the preceding letter proved true, but it surprised me at the time. De Valera promised during the Mansion House Conference not to drive Dillon out, yet later that year opposed him personally. Dillon,

however, provoked this to some extent by trying to prevent the election of Arthur Griffith in Cavan after he had been arrested.

DUBLIN,
12th October, 1918.

The Irish Government to-day decided to arrest 270 more men, including Alderman Kelly, Professor MacNeill, and William O'Brien, the Trades Council delegate.

They are cramming Trinity College with military stores. The prohibition of motor-bicycles is to prevent communication when the Order in Council is law. Yet I don't think the London people will sanction the enforcement of Conscription. The *Daily Chronicle* would never write as it has done to-day if they so intended, as Dalziel is in charge. He knows the mind of Lloyd George, who is back from France.

Towards the end of 1918 a General Election on an extended franchise was approaching. I had then made my final appearance in the House of Commons, after being thirty-seven years there. I knew that it was not at Westminster that further dividends for Ireland could be won.

CHAPELIZOD,
7th November, 1918.

Dillon's taunt to the Sinns in Cavan, that they allowed their leaders to be arrested without a move, has rankled sorely.

John MacNeill gave notice to the Lord Mayor of a resolution at the Mansion House Conference in favour of "self-determination." Two men who are "on the run" [Collins and Boland] called on me last Sunday, and one of them suggested that, following the example of the Yugo-Slavs, *et al*, we should form a Provisional Government! They said they had 80,000 men to back us, and that they would force Dillon and Devlin to agree! This was spoken very menacingly as regards Dillon.

Anyhow, Dillon has secured a loophole for not acquiescing in the project of allowing the Conference to be turned aside from any purpose save resistance to Conscription.

My runagate visitors were friendly but, I thought, unpractical. Long after the truce Boland said to me, "We thought we could bluff Dillon and the Lord Mayor, but we knew we could not bluff you."

The military and political forces of the Government were slack when they should have been taut, and taut when they should have been slack. They had small conception of the political position. I told my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
10th November, 1918.

I saw O'Brien yesterday at the Mansion House. He has his retiring address ready to issue the moment the Dissolution is announced. Things may change up to the last hour for Nominations, with the probable release of the leading Sinn Feiners. I wish they were out, for I am afraid some of

their followers have the idea of compelling England to enter the Peace Conference with her hands dripping with their blood.

Unless restrained by good leadership they may get themselves shot down in some hopeless protest. Whether it " thrills " or not, it will be a sorrowful business. If Cork-men, as you say, are of less heroic mould, then the Dublin " jackeen " has at last come into his own in the city which John Mitchel in '48 peopled with " bellowing slaves and genteel dastards."

The Armistice was signed by Germany the day after the above was written, but President Wilson's publications had made it evident earlier that peace was in sight.

CHAPELIZOD,
23rd November, 1918.

I take the gloomiest view of President Wilson's proposed visit to France. His brother has pronounced favourably towards Carson, and the President never acknowledged our Manifesto against Conscription, while acknowledging Carson's.

Three months ago I wrote O'Brien forecasting a Wilson visit, and American journalists are here to glean every item possible for Partition.

Sheehy's rejection by the Meath Convention of Dillonites was due, I am told, to his having sat in court to hear me in the Portobello murder inquiry, and not having sufficiently pressed his daughter (Mrs. Skeffington) to employ another counsel! Within the last month Muldoon warned O'Shaughnessy [the Recorder] not to be seen speaking to me. O'Shaughnessy told me this himself.

The prisoners will not be released until after the elections.

DUBLIN,
29th November, 1918.

I met Archbishop Walsh in King's Inns Library yesterday and said I was delighted with his letter on the elections. " I am sure of that," was his reply. He seems quite well, but is deaf somewhat. He was reading up the law on Charities!

I have been asked to address a meeting in Rathmines for the Sinn Fein candidate, and although I have to give a lecture the night before to the National Literary Society on the Lough Neagh case, and don't like two such reappearances, I have consented.

At the General Election of December, 1918, the Irish Party was blotted out. De Valera defeated Dillon in East Mayo—a stronghold he had occupied unopposed for thirty-three years. Save for a few Ulster seats, the Party was no more.

Dillon, who felt bitterly his defeat, died unexpectedly in August, 1927. His last political acts were to send his son to speak against candidates of the Free State Government, and to draw up for Captain Redmond a manifesto to be read to the latter's followers after the Irish General Election of June, 1927.

Churchill at Dundee (10th December, 1918) revealed: " Before the War we (the Coalition Government) definitely reached an

agreement with the leaders of the Nationalist Party that Ulster was not to be forced."

The new Sinn Fein M.P.'s decided not to attend the House of Commons. The few Ulster Nationalists there might as well have imitated them for all the good they did.

De Valera, whose foreign name and aspect lent him interest, now became Ireland's leader. Born in New York, he was brought to Co. Limerick as an infant. When he opposed the Treaty of 1921 he boasted that he grew up in a Labourer's cottage there. As he was in youth ineligible for prizes under the Irish Intermediate Education Act, 1879, being an alien, the Christian Brothers of Charleville were moved to approach a local gentleman, brother to Her Majesty's Tory Attorney-General, John Atkinson (late a Lord of Appeal), to get the rule relaxed. An exception was therefore contrived, and the boy was treated as a British citizen.

When he entered College, it is said his father was described as "an actor." On finishing his course he applied for the post of Junior Inspector of National Schools, and circulated amongst Unionists appreciative testimonials testifying to his fitness.

He failed to secure preferment from the British and became a teacher. After the insurrection of 1916 he was sent to penal servitude and served eighteen months. In 1918, when Conscription was enacted, he was (as already stated) again interned.

The extended suffrage led in 1918 to the greatest electoral *débâcle* of my time. I described the situation to my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
29th December, 1918.

Practically not a single Cabinet Minister responsible for the war, except Lloyd George, has been re-elected ! Considering that, under the old franchise, Scotland was so much against Lloyd George that he could not return his man for Edinburgh [Sir George Macrae], the new results are extraordinary.

Devlin's Hibernians made a deal in East Down to secure his own seat in W. Belfast, and allowed the Orangemen to get in, though we had the majority. The Cardinal's arbitration decision counted for nothing with them Carson was made a present of three seats that could have been won by the Nationalists —South Dublin, North Fermanagh, and East Down.

Shortt is in favour of the release of the prisoners. Before Parliament assembles I think they will be out. Senator Lodge, the leader of the Republican Party in America, has endorsed the Irish demand, which is a serious business for Wilson and the Democrats.

Something will come out of present developments, as matters can't remain as they are.

East Down could have been won by the Nationalists but for the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Cardinal Logue had been invoked to compose the division between that body and Sinn Fein

respecting the allocation of seats in the North. His Eminence decided that East Down should be allotted to a Sinn Feiner and gave counter-allocations to the Hibernians. The latter defied his arrangements, and by a secret pact with the Orangemen, voted for a Tory there in order to secure Devlin's election in Belfast, where he was victorious, as the Tory was in East Down. I do not believe Devlin was privy to the defiance of the Cardinal or the defeat of the Sinn Feiner.

The position of the United States now became one of intense concern for Nationalists. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
27th February, 1919.

This last speech of Wilson makes it impossible for him to ignore the Irish case. It was an extraordinary pronouncement. His private secretary, Creel, who has been here, is favourably disposed. Senator Phelan got our Mansion House Address to the President printed by the Senate, and it was sent to me as a Congressional paper last month.

I think Wilson will either please the Irish or be smashed by them. The Republican Party in U.S.A. are inclined to take up the Irish demand.

I pressed F. E. Smith for the release of the prisoners, and gathered that they might soon be out. Lord French's illness alone, I think, delayed the release.

The military game in Ireland is to provoke disorder. I told F.E. more Secret Service money was now being expended here than in any previous time, and that it was cash thrown away.

During the Versailles Peace negotiations the Irish in America who had supported Wilson for President sent a deputation to interview him in Paris. Wilson obtained from Lloyd George permission for them to visit Ireland, including the jails where the Sinn Feiners were confined. By this time many of their leaders had been set free. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
11th May, 1919.

The stars in their courses fight in favour of the Sinn Feiners. Nothing that the wit of man could devise equalled in folly the raid of the military on the Mansion House.

Mrs. Duffy had a lunch yesterday for the Irish-American Envoys, and one of them remarked to me that they would have left Ireland without seeing a taste of "martial law" only for this performance, as all military presentations were hidden away on their visit to Limerick. There the soldiers sympathized with the people, and were not relied on by the officers.

In Dublin I saw from a tramcar the gathering of the soldiers in Nassau Street, and thought from their cheering and faces that they had been given drink. I had no idea what was up, nor did I think of Dail Eireann or the American delegates, but formed the view that some offensive was intended. The tram passed on and I telephoned that night for news. You saw the result in the Press.

Every fool seems to be in the employment of this Government.

Father Michael O'Flanagan said "grace" at Mrs. Duffy's lunch—a pleasant-faced young man, modest, but with some lack of jaw (not words). There also lunched with the American delegates de Valera, Griffith, and John MacNeill.

I heard that at Dail Eireann the day previous MacNeill devoted some time to praising *Stolen Waters*, and recommended every one to read it.

The three American delegates are, I think, lawyers. One of them, Dunne, of Chicago, reminded me that I met his father, P. W. Dunne, of Peoria, in 1881. Another, Ryan, was in the FitzGerald case, about which I visited America in 1906. The third, Walsh, is the central man of the trio. I had little talk with him, but on leaving he said he had always been an admirer, and was complimentary.

They have created a new situation, but I warned them that Lloyd George had no more power in England than Wilson had in the U.S.A. I suggested that perhaps he might remind England of the American concession of Home Rule to the Philippinos, but I don't know the terms of their Act. They are an able bunch, and the secretary, a man named Lee, is from Lismore! I think he is a Protestant. He told me they were received by the French Government at Havre with all ceremony and hospitality, and given a motor. . . .

Wilson's question to the delegates in Paris (from a Princetown professor), "Are you going to put me in bad?" is comic.

Samuels [Attorney-General] asked me to his cabin on the boat last week, and told me about some publication of the secret Press of the Sinn Feiners, called the *Volunteer*, which the Lord Chancellor referred to in the House of Lords. I have not seen it.

The report issued by the American delegates on Irish conditions angered the Coalition Press. I thought it overdrawn on one point, but I have forgotten what this was. I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
7th June, 1919.

The American delegates have alarmed the Tories. The *Irish Times*, *Mail*, and the Belfast papers are furious, while the London *Times* takes its revenge on Lloyd George over their passports.

It is hard to see how they can imprison Irishmen for demanding a Republic when they allow three envoys from America to visit Ireland for the purpose of establishing it! The Sinn Feiners have had some surprising stunts.

Being in 1919 retained for the defence of what were called the Silvermines prisoners, I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
17th June, 1919.

The conduct of the Censor in Ireland is worse than during the War. He recently said he was acting on "instructions"—an extraordinary confession. He would not allow mention of the Silvermines murder-trial in any paper for the last week. No reporters were admitted into court to-day, but we got an amateur to take a shorthand note.

The exclusion of the American delegates' report from the Irish Press is

comic, as it can be read in the London papers. The Executive are a lot of donkeys.

Northcliffe's action about Dominion Home Rule is plucky, and he has Lloyd George on the hip.

After the defeat of the Parliamentary Party at the polls in 1918 they were not without hope of resurrection, and their organs, the *Freeman* and *Evening Telegraph*, kept up a sniping campaign against the victors. In September, 1919, these organs collapsed and went into liquidation.

They were bought up by a Dublin merchant, the late Martin FitzGerald.

The *Freeman* ceased publication in December, 1924, and its premises and plant were sold on the 13th February, 1925, for £24,000 to the owners of the *Independent*. Five years before this I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
4th September, 1919.

The *Freeman* collapse came because Michael Hearne, M.P., had been induced to buy debentures, and then, feeling himself on a sinking ship, pressed to be rescued. He acted as anyone would have done.

Dillon, having given him a seat in South Dublin last year, supposed that he would bear the loss, but Hearne, after taking opinion on the debenture deed, moved in court, and quite rightly.

The bank stopped the wages cheque because the directors could not provide "cover." Dillon had given the bank a lien on the £7,000 of the Party funds, but that was exhausted. Now Dillon has little funds, no Party, and no newspaper.

In three years the *Freeman* lost the £60,000 "Rebellion losses" money, £10,000 from Maguire of Liverpool (who found £1,000 himself, and collected the rest from others), and £10,000 which T.P. sent from America, so that they have lost £80,000 in that time.

They have got leave from the Court to spend a "salvage" £5,000 in front of the debentures without a meeting of shareholders or debenture-holders.

It seems monstrous to put anything in front of the debentures without consulting them. I doubt whether, if resisted, it would be allowed on appeal.

I wrote O'Brien, as he holds £1,500 debentures, and their value has thus been reduced by one-seventh. It gives two months' additional existence to Dillon's politics, without hope of benefit to the stockholders.

The Liberals are in such low water that I doubt capital can be raised from them for the resurrection of the *Freeman*.

Dillon's funds are engulfed, and I don't see how he can raise anything. He and Redmond asked the man who was known as "Wyndham's trustee" of the *Freeman* shares for proxies to oust Sexton.

Its late solicitor, Scallan, was never at one with Dillon as to policy, and the *débâcle* came with the bank "squeeze." Possibly Sexton chuckles.

The fate of the *Freeman* was a flaming portent at the time in Irish politics. That organ had for a century controlled opinion in Ireland.

CHAPELIZOD,
8th September, 1919.

The *Freeman* Receiver is an independent officer. Tully printed a brisk account of the collapse in his *Roscommon Herald*, stating that the £10,000 found by T.P. in America came from the President's secret service fund. No denial followed.

The *Freeman* is now inclined to give Sinn Fein news. I don't know what will become of it, but think its continuance in decent hands would be best for the public.

President Wilson is trying to fool the Irish in America exactly as the Liberals have been doing with the Irish Party.

One of Dillon's late Party was in Dublin this week, and drew a comic picture of John waiting "to be sent for."

Sir Edward Goulding lunched here last Sunday. I agreed with him that his brother William should be an element in any conference. All the old Tories are practically converts to the idea of "self-determination."

It is painful that arson and slaughter should be an element in such change of heart, but Ireland is not an isolated example of this miracle. The plagues of Egypt won Pharaoh round! Reformers are only believed to be in earnest when they get killed or wounded. Then their theses are examined slowly!

Accept this alleged "*bon mot*"—arson and Carson!

It appears from the next letter to my brother that I visited Lord Beaverbrook in an effort to soften British politicians towards an Irish settlement:

LEATHERHEAD,
5th October, 1919.

I have been marooned here by the railway strike since Friday week. The Cabinet was prepared to fight even a general strike, and had all preparations made to meet the emergency. The troops and police were dependable, and they had tens of thousands of volunteers. No one suffered any inconvenience as to food, and the London public were against the strikers.

There is no early probability of an attempt at an Irish settlement. Statesmen are too full of their own business to think of Ireland.

I spoke strongly to F. E. Smith as to the treatment of the prisoners, to which I largely attribute "reprisals" in Ireland.

I heard that the Dublin detective, Hoey, who was shot, arrested the late Sean MacDermot, as he was shipping after the Rebellion, although MacDermot saved his life when Hoey was a prisoner in the G.P.O. Hoey knew that his own life was to be taken in consequence, and was a daily Communicant.

A Kerry policeman, who was fired at, called on me to intercede for him with the Government, so that he might not be sent out of the depot in Dublin, where he was given refuge for some months. I gave him a letter to an official, but they sent him forth. The decision to compel this man to undertake duty, even in Ulster, so soon, seems heartless, but he is a "Papist."

The policeman whose case I mentioned deserved better of the Government. Those who conspired with the notorious and dismissed Sergeant Sheridan to convict innocent men were given

pay and shelter at the depot. The man I refer to had risked his life in the discharge of his duty. Yet he was less generously treated than the wretches who connived at Sheridan's malpractices in maiming cattle.

On the political situation I next wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
1st November, 1919.

The Cabinet Committee on Home Rule is split! Walter Long and his friends, supported by Lord French, now favour two Parliaments in Ireland. The Liberal-Labour section proposed "county option," with practically Dominion Home Rule. Lloyd George is to decide between them, but will take Carson's instructions, and may propose a block-vote for the six counties, which he knows the Irish will reject.

The Government thought that the right thing done after the right time had sped, was as good as the right thing done at the right moment.

In August, 1919, Michael Collins risked much to contrive, as already mentioned, the escape of de Valera to America from Lincoln Jail. On the 6th February, 1920, de Valera in New York gave an interview to the correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* which had far-reaching consequences. He said, "Why doesn't Britain do with Ireland as the United States did with Cuba?" He little knew that Uncle Sam lands troops in Cuba to secure order and otherwise actively intervenes. So his American supporters charged him with "hauling down the flag." Resenting criticism, he committed a greater blunder. 1920 was a "Presidential year" in the United States, and Republicans and Democrats sought the Irish vote. Traditionally the Democrats were in sympathy with Ireland, while the Republicans were supposed to trend more to British views.

Both parties were soon to meet in Convention to select a candidate for the Presidency—the Republicans in Chicago, and the Democrats a month later at San Francisco. To the amazement of every one, the Republican "Committee on Resolutions" recommended the following "plank" in their "platform"

That this Republican Convention desires to place on record its sympathy with all oppressed peoples and its recognition of the principle that the people of Ireland have the right to determine freely, without dictation from outside, their own governmental institutions and their own international relations with other States and peoples.

If this had been accepted, every one knew that the Democratic Convention would be obliged to "go one better." De Valera,

however, hastened from Washington by special train to announce his rejection of the "plank."

Cardinal Mundelein assembled his suffragans with the ablest lawyers of his flock to plead with de Valera, in vain. That night an immense Irish gathering assembled in the largest building in Chicago to rejoice at the acceptance by the Republicans of the proposed "plank," but the "leader" declared he would accept nothing but the recognition of an "Irish Republic." Thanks to this folly, the Convention refused to adopt any "plank" in favour of Ireland. Naturally, when the Democrats met in San Francisco they took a like course. Then Lloyd George's advisers in Washington reported that the Irish cause was "down and out," and he let loose the "Black-and-Tans" on Ireland. Had the Chicago Convention been allowed to adopt the "plank" drafted by its Committee (which was a certainty only for de Valera) it would have been as notable a triumph as the Home Rule proposal by Gladstone in 1886.

De Valera returned to Ireland to hide his chagrin. Yet his supporters at home carried on unflinchingly in spite of his wrong-headedness. I wrote my brother:

DUBLIN,
18*th November*, 1919.

I am going to London on Saturday for the court-martial on Father O'Donnell on Monday before the Australian officers.

Lardner, who was in London lately, says the Government are determined to press their "settlement" of Home Rule.

CHAPELIZOD,
11*th December*, 1919.

I stayed over Sunday in London to meet a great man, but he sent word that the American Ambassador was lunching with him, and would I join? I did not.

Since then he sent for Judge James O'Connor, whose plan of "county option" had been championed by Secretary Shortt, but was lost in the Committee of the Cabinet, which adopted Long's Carsonite scheme of a separate Parliament for the six counties.

Lloyd George said that, if he could get support for a plan whereby the six counties would be left as they are, he would be ready to give the rest of the country Dominion Home Rule, free from Imperial taxation, and with control of the Customs and Excise.

The Ulster bishops assembled in Dublin on Monday under the presidency of the Cardinal, and believed the excluded area would soon join the rest under the bait of freedom from English burdens. The reason for L.G. being disposed to treat the matter seriously is the attitude of Earl Grey at Washington. He is said to have informed the Cabinet that he would not stay his twelve months there as he was powerless for good, owing to the universal sentiment in favour of Ireland, and that this could not be treated as a "pandering to the Irish vote," but was a national sentiment common

to all Americans, and threatened to make his views known as soon as he returned to England. This is said to have made up Lloyd George's mind.

I was told by one who little knows Lloyd George, that he is ready to throw over both the minority and the majority reports of the Cabinet Committee on Home Rule, if he could be promised support for this expedient. Looking at the matter as a means of getting free from the British Treasury and British budgets, it would be a plan we might swallow; but unless Lloyd George is determined to break with Carson and the Tories (which I cannot suppose), and defy the Treasury, I do not believe he would make such a proposal. Archbishop Walsh expressed himself in the same way as I did.

The American situation may have frightened the Cabinet, but, as I pointed out, we could not be asked to accept anything, or give any opinion about a scheme in the air, or until it reaches the Statute Book, seeing that the Act passed in 1914 has not been treated seriously by the Government.

Nothing was said as to the nature of the body which would be endowed with the new powers, but the six counties were to remain governed from London. Thus no Belfast intolerance could injure the Catholics in the excluded area, which would remain under Imperial control as regards military and police. The Orangemen pretend that this is what they want.

These criticisms and apprehensions written in private to a discerning man must not be taken to exclude " extenuating circumstances " on the part of Lloyd George. He was trammelled by the parliamentary system, for the apparatus of Lords and Commons is not one from which contentious legislation is easily squeezed. Although he disliked Irish Catholics as much as he did Welsh Churchmen, he often seemed to desire fair play all round within the limits of parliamentary possibilities.

After a long break in the correspondence I foretold the success of the Sinn Feiners:

CHAPELIZOD,
2nd July, 1920.

The secretary of General Smuts is in Dublin, and as far as I can glean, the Colonial Prime Ministers forced Lloyd George, despite the Lord Chancellor's speech in the Lords, to take steps to promote peace.

Lloyd George will wriggle for all he is worth, but in the result nothing less will be accepted than Colonial Home Rule with Customs and Excise.

CHAPELIZOD,
8th July, 1920.

There are military hold-ups on our road every day, examining motors, and we are expecting, if the railways are stopped, that the Sinn Feiners will commandeer all cars for food supply, which will be " pleasant."

The Government would be willing to improve their Home Rule Bill if the Sinns would give them any guarantees for peace, but they will not do so. The men who control them have been so harried in prison and so hunted out of it, that they are out for reprisals, and care little for the consequences of the disturbance they are creating.

The Derry Orangemen, who supported the recent slaughter of Catholics, got a bad hammering from the Sinns as soon as the Volunteers arrived, and

are, therefore, cowed. In Belfast some Catholics have rifles, and are not nervous.

I met Father MacKenna, who captured Tyrone County Council, a rustic sober little man with a wizened face, thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of "proportional representation." The "Mollies" tried to defeat him, and let the Tories retain control of the Council by starting candidates. This led to two election petitions, but the Tories cannot regain their ascendancy for a while.

Political secret societies are of the "rule or ruin" brand. They must be obeyed or defied. If defied they will help anyone, however antagonistic to their "principles," to attack their opponents. They are not headed as a rule by men of brains. Business interests and sordid considerations chiefly govern their action. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
16*th July*, 1920.

We had Father Bernard Vaughan to lunch, who said he admired all the clever things the Sinn Feiners did, except the murders, and he asked was there no hope of settlement. There were prayers in the London Catholic churches for a just settlement of the Irish question!

I have conveyed to the Sinns my opinion that unless they make some settlement this autumn, before the American elections, they will miss the tide.

I beat Dublin Castle in three cases this term, the Aliens' money case in the Lords, the kidnapping case from Tipperary, and getting back the money of the Sinn Fein Bank—£8,000

Disorders now took place in the North. Murders of the unoffending were committed. Yet no culprit was punished or even prosecuted. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
24*th July*, 1920.

The Belfast riots were organized to prevent a Home Rule settlement. Belfast first got up the Derry riots, but as the Sinn Feiners smashed the Orangemen there, the venue of slaughter was changed to Belfast. For four or five days in Derry the Orangemen had it all their own way. Then the Sinns concentrated on the town and drubbed them, so they squealed for British military.

More wanton aggression was never got up. Orange rioters depend on the War Office.

Lloyd George had ousted Asquith as Prime Minister in 1916 with the help of Carson and Bonar Law, and was praised to the Orangemen by Carson. Yet Lloyd George must be taken to have accepted his predecessor's Irish obligations. He was a man of the people, boasting love of the people. The Great War was over, and, thanks largely to him, in triumph. Yet under his premier-

ship the slaying of innocent men was carried out in Ireland by Crown forces without remorse. Asquith had granted an investigation into some of the excesses of 1916, despite military protests.

Under Lloyd George the importation of jailbirds to loot and burn Irish homes and factories commenced, in the hope of staying the vehemence of insurgency.

Many of the sufferers were Conservatives and loyalists, as General Crozier complained. Colonel Guinness, M.P., D.S.O. (now a Cabinet Minister), curbed "official reprisals" by asking, "How can you quell rebellion by burning a farmer's house worth £800 when he can burn a landlord's mansion worth £20,000?"

This glimpse of good sense helped to check the malice of the "Black-and-Tans." During the Great War, jails in England had been emptied to provide soldiers for Flanders. The convicts behaved gallantly in the trenches, but was it discreet to export them to Ireland on their return? They had witnessed dreadful deeds abroad, for war, as General Sheridan said, is "Hell." Patrick Mahon, the Belfast soldier, afterwards executed for a horrible murder, was let out of jail to take service with the "Black-and-Tans." Lord Hugh Cecil described him as a "typical Sinn Feiner!" He was not the only blossom of war's aftermath.

In December, 1925, a "Tan" ex-convict was sentenced by Mr. Justice Avory to ten years' penal servitude and a flogging for a crime against an English lady.

In February, 1926, the London "monocle" hero, also a "Tan," came to conviction after smashing the window of a Bond Street jeweller. When he had served his sentence he was re-arrested for conspiracy with a German to supply the secrets of British Services to a possible enemy Power. Blackguardism was embattled against Ireland. Local British military authorities were, in the main, fair, but they could not check the new imports.

A verdict of "wilful murder" against the "Black-and-Tans" was found by the military for the drowning of an ex-British officer, Captain Prendergast, at Fermoy. I was counsel for his widow, who was accorded compensation by the late Recorder of Cork (M. J. Bourke, K.C.).

Prendergast had been a Christian Brother, and retired from his Order to advocate the cause of the Allies in the War on recruiting platforms. Finding his appeals successful, he enlisted, and was wounded in France. Invalided home, he grew restless, and returned, to be made captain on the Italian Front. There he was again wounded. His hurts made his chance of service hopeless, and he was sent home to Fermoy. There he married a lady who

kept a restaurant. In the evenings he frequented an hotel where British officers resorted, to hear the news.

One night, while he was chatting with some of the garrison officers, lorries of "Black-and-Tans" descended on Fermoy. Their cargo was set down at the Royal Hotel (close to the River Blackwater). They demanded drink from the barmaid, but paid nothing. The usual soldiers' talk went on as to the War, and the valour of British and Irish regiments in the trenches was discussed —each side maintaining the superiority of its own men. As Prendergast was retiring, he was struck down. The "Black-and-Tans" dragged him by the legs, head hindmost, to the River Blackwater, which was in spate. Appeals for mercy were disregarded, and Prendergast was flung over the parapet into the foaming flood. His corpse was found at Clondulane, three miles below Fermoy, a month later.

The murderers returned to the hotel to demand more drink, and the frightened barmaid was forced to give it. Unaware of the tragedy, she asked them to lower their voices, lest "Mr. Dooley might report them to the police."

"Who is Dooley?" they inquired. Being told he was a saddler in the next house, they battered in his door. Upstairs Dooley was found with his wife, asleep. They dragged him also to the Blackwater, and flung him in.

More fortunate than Prendergast, he was thrown up on a mill-weir, and made his way to the workhouse for shelter.

The miscreants next set fire to Dooley's house, and when the British garrison turned out to quench the blaze, the "Black-and-Tans" cut the hose, and vanished in their lorries from Fermoy. No one was arrested, or made amenable, for these "incidents." The *Morning Post* denied the murder of Prendergast, and when the solicitor for his widow sent copies of the depositions taken before Recorder Bourke, it refused to notice them or publish his letter.

A crime equally unprovoked shocked Bonar Law. It was the murder of Canon Magner, P.P., in Co. Cork. A Government magistrate (Mr. Brady, R.M.) was driving a motor which broke down near Bandon. Canon Magner was on the road reading his Office, and the R.M. asked him to get a lad who was passing on a bicycle to push the car. The priest complied, and as the boy began to shove it, a lorry of "Black-and-Tans" drove up. They jumped out and ordered the priest to his knees, then shot him and killed the boy who was helping Mr. Brady to start the motor. Brady ran to a cottage, pursued by the murderers, and found a hiding-

place. The baffled "Tans" then flung the corpses of the priest and the lad over a fence, and went their way.

The magistrate, with the help of the cottager, then started his car, and on reaching Macroom made an entry in the R.I.C. day-book. The "Black-and-Tans," some of whom hailed from Belfast, on returning to their hotel in Bandon, sang songs in celebration of the slaughter of the priest.

The Cabinet were disturbed by the murder. Vehemently Bonar Law spoke to me about it, and vowed that the culprit should be executed. I laughed. Annoyed at this, he told me that the Commander-in-Chief, General Macready, would be ordered to attend in Cork for the court-martial, and would at once confirm the sentence, so that when the accused was convicted he would be shot out of hand.

I laughed again, and Bonar was vexed.

General Macready did go to Cork in order that prompt justice might be done. The court-martial, however (as in Captain Colthurst's case) found the prisoner guilty, but insane! I did not chaff Bonar on the result.

Provocation to Crown forces was great at this time, but why should the factory of an English firm, founded by English capital, at Balbriggan (Deeds, Templar & Co.), have been burnt because a policeman was murdered?

The "Black-and-Tans" first avenged the crime by taking suspect-prisoners out of the Police Barracks on the night of the murder and bayoneting them. Why should they also burn English property? Similarly, a creamery at Mallow, owned by a loyalist, Sir Thomas Cleeve, was cremated. The destruction of the Cork shops, Town Hall, and Carnegie Library followed.

Then a police inspector, Swanzy, who was alleged to have headed the force which slew the Lord Mayor of Cork, was murdered in Lisburn.

I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
23rd August, 1920.

The murder in Lisburn, in the heart of Orangeism, is more daring than anything that has taken place. Swanzy is accused of having organized your Lord Mayor McCurtain's murder. The Wexford District Inspector (an Englishman who used to drink) was shot because, it is said, he fired first at the Lord Mayor. Someone in the Four Courts told me that the police party who were brigaded to kill the Lord Mayor consisted of fourteen, and that the Sinn Feiners have their names, and intend to kill all of them. This is terrible, but explains many of the deaths of policemen scattered through the country, as they were removed from Cork, or were not stationed there.

I defended, at a court-martial in Belfast, the chauffeur who was charged with driving the party which shot Swanzy. He was convicted, but I wrote General Macready that an Orange jury would not have found him guilty, and he was reprieved.

The story is an unusual one. Leonard was employed in the garage of a Greek in Belfast. On a Sunday he was directed to take a "call" for a taxi to Lisburn. The previous Sunday, an Orange ex-soldier-driver with his taxi had been engaged in the same manner from a different garage. On the way to Lisburn the Orangeman was marooned in a field, and tied up. His car was retrieved near by in the evening badly damaged.

Much the same thing happened to Leonard, but the occupants of his car reached Lisburn, and shot Swanzy. That Leonard's car was driven to Lisburn was beyond doubt. A doctor's wife convalescing after illness saw it from her room, and scratched its number on the window-sill. General Macready, however, with merciful prudence recommended the Viceroy, Lord French, to reprieve Leonard.

As a rule, courts-martial composed of officers of the British Army make a fine tribunal. Some of the Belfast officers accompanied me nightly on the walk to my hotel (unasked), after I had pleaded before them on behalf of Sinn Feiners, lest Orange wrath should fall on me.

CHAPTER XLIV

North and South in Ferment (1920)

RIOTING was now rife in the North. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
27th July, 1920.

Lord French has been in effect superseded here by General Macready, who is against what is called Martial Law, and has told the Government they will require many more troops if it is to be made effective. These forces Winston Churchill wants in Russia or elsewhere! Yet he, with F. E. Smith and Long, are the opponents of larger Irish measures, while Balfour, Curzon, Bonar Law and Chamberlain are ready to back Lloyd George if he drops the Partition Bill for a better one.

The Ulster riots were got up to prevent this. Belfasters did not originally desire their city to be disturbed, for business reasons, so they set on the Derry lot to attack Catholics. There, the Orangemen having rifles, for four days carried all before them; but the Sinns got in a machine-gun, and under the leadership of a labourer named O'Friel, knocked them to bits. Next the Belfasters thought to start to help Derry. British soldiers coalesced with the Orangemen.

When the rioting ceased in Derry they had got wind of what was in store for them when the Catholic concentration was organized. The Orangemen then had all the roads to Dublin blocked for the 12th July. Motors were searched to prevent arms being conveyed to Belfast for the Catholics, in expectation that the pogrom would take place. It was postponed, because Carson was speaking that day in Belfast. If it were not for outside opinion and the Irish in America, '98 tactics would be in full blast. The Executive in Dublin means General Macready.

By this letter no reflection on General Macready is intended. He was in an impossible position between the London Government and the extremists. Long before this, Orangemen in Belfast tried to mob him and he can have had no prejudice in their favour. I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
4th August, 1920.

The clearances of the Catholics in Belfast are terrible. They are deemed lean provender, and all will go, if the slaughter proceeds.

The new Coercion Act can accomplish nothing. I told you how the Cabinet is divided. Lord Chancellor Birkenhead, Walter Long and Winston Churchill are against concessions. Bonar Law is prepared to support Lloyd George, with Balfour and the more responsible Tories.

I met Bonar Law, who was very fierce against Ireland, and he outlined that the new Bill would hang half a hundred of the Sinn Feiners. I hinted that, if so, he should ward Downing Street until he caught them. We parted "unfriends."

This quarrel was for me more than unpleasant. I knew Bonar Law's stubborn character and made up my mind that I would never speak to him again. Lord Beaverbrook was our host, and I told him this. His beautiful wife (now no more) interposed and asked me not to take Bonar's words to heart. For her sake a reconciliation was brought about. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
10*th August*, 1920.

The Archbishop Mannix hold-up on a liner will prove a score for the Sinns. The absence of Irish criticism in the Commons leads the Government to one idiocy after another.

The Labour victory in South Norfolk helps to close the Liberal chapter. Asquith has not figured since his return to the House, and his Party is done for. He is too indolent for an Opposition leader.

You and I helped to smash a gang who ruined the Irish Parliamentary movement and did endless mischief for twenty years. Their Sinn successors may do better. I was impressed with a remark of T. D. Sullivan long ago when the Party were at their zenith. "What a pity," said he, "that A. M. Sullivan and now myself and you should seem to have cut athwart the lines of the majority." Take this to heart, now that we are old. Our enemies are in the dust. Let us not needlessly make new ones when it can do no good.

I read last week in London, Dimock's preface to the State Paper edition of Giraldus Cambrensis. A fairer analysis or disquisition I never read. Dimock was a Yorkshire parson, and although Brewer, the editor of the State Papers, was his superior in the task, and tried to set up Cambrensis, every line Dimock wrote was dead against him, except where, by contrast, he praises Barry's accurate knowledge of animal history and birds. His appreciation of Cambrensis's abilities, the account of the dangers he ran on his visit to Rome to get made a bishop, his fight with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his friendly chats with the Pope, are extraordinarily vivid. He has also a sound estimate of Irish contemporary scholarship, to which he pays a dignified tribute.

This history was far away from the deeds of 1920. On returning to Ireland I got back to current topics, and informed my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
16*th August*, 1920.

Wylie, K.C., has behaved pluckily over the new Coercion Act, and resigned. Yet the Government desire to keep him, and that will explain any statement that may be made in the House to-day. The *Freeman* announcement of this was unpatriotic, and may stop its being issued.

I heard a police code was found on Lord Mayor MacSwiney, and that when he has been sentenced he is to be allowed to die on hunger strike.

The Government in London don't wish such vengeance, but they are powerless. Sir H. Greenwood has no control over the soldiers here. Their conduct in Dublin has been unprovoked.

Lord Curzon told the Cabinet that the state of things in Ireland is most injurious to the Empire, and demands a settlement. Austen Chamberlain, to facilitate this, said the Treasury would not insist on any contribution from Ireland and would give up Customs and Excise, but Lloyd George sticks to his two Parliaments for Ireland and says, "If Dublin is to be free from English taxation, why not Belfast?"

Father Madden stayed here on Friday, and got me to write to Dr. Mannix (in London). I found afterwards the Archbishop had consulted Holman Gregory, K.C., who advised that he had no case. True, he has an action for assault and false imprisonment, for being removed from the ship, but what use is that under "Dora"?

Lloyd George descried Dillon in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery last week and drew Bonar Law's attention to him, saying "There's Dillon, as saturnine and melancholy as ever!"

Then came the heroic protest of the Lord Mayor of Cork (Terence MacSwiney), whose mother was English. When arrested he was engaged in holding an arbitration between Irish and English litigants. An R.I.C. telegraph code *was* found in his possession, and his hostility to the Black-and-Tans was unappeasable. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
17th August, 1920.

The plucky stand of your Lord Mayor (MacSwiney) wins general admiration, but he will die.

Enclosed from William O'Brien may interest you.

The enclosure crisps up the situation of that time:

BELLEVUE,
MALLOW, CO. CORK,
14th August, 1920.

MY DEAR TIM,—

I am in agreement with almost every word of your *aperçu* in the *Express*. Even on the Anglo-Saxon hide your scorn cannot fail to "raise the three blisters of disgrace" which were the master-achievements of the old Gaelic Satirists. So far from the years blunting your intellectual weapons, they do but make them more effective than ever, in tempering them.

The "boys" deserve whatever cordials we of the "back billets" can give them in their most gallant stand. Articles like yours must go to their hearts like draughts of sparkling wine "of the good years."

The overthrow of Lloyd George is, of course, Article I in any conceivable treaty of peace. Thanks to Asquith and the Molly statesmen, he is bound to Carson by unbreakable bonds. His attempts to get the Cork and other Southern deputations to "organize the sane and moderate elements" that they may "come and speak to him" are a traitorous plot (probably concocted with Dillon, Bishop O'Donnell & Co.) to take the command of the situation out of the hands of Sinn Fein and so prepare the way for a further

betrayal. The A B C of the situation is that L.G. must go to the Sinn Feiners, and not the Sinn Feiners to him. If there is a spark of honesty in him, he would pledge himself unequivocally to New Zealand Home Rule, without reservations, and then put it to a plebiscite. Until he does so Sinn Fein is absolutely wise in ruthlessly ignoring him. . . .

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

Turning to the *Sunday Express* article (8th August, 1920) which O'Brien cites, I find it gave figures concerning "Black-and-Tan" methods which have never been gainsaid. They were: 7,684 arrests; 2,412 deportations; 26,602 raids (often accompanied by looting); 682 armed assaults by soldiers and police; 2,205 sentences; 532 Courts-Martial; 75 deaths; 53 suppressions of newspapers, and the burning of towns, hotels, creameries, places of recreation, Carnegie libraries, and business premises.

No "Great War" excuse for these excesses could be pleaded, as the Germans had surrendered in November, 1918. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
19th August, 1920.

Curzon insists that an Irish settlement is essential from an American standpoint. The Statute Book is not the sole harvest-barn, and time must be allowed to the new men. We limped forty years at Westminster, yet you are not leisurely inclined toward our successors! They have collected enough money in America to place the Irish Cause beyond anxiety, which alone is a great achievement.

I remember Captain Kirwan saying at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1877 that the salvation of Ireland would be a fund of £100,000. He added that he had just pawned his watch to pay his fare from Manchester to our meeting!

Our sons risked their lives in the British Army, and I could have nerved myself to their deaths for sake of the Irish Cause. Certainly I should shed fewer tears than if they fell for Belgium. No political movement can be a "sure thing," and must have an element of chance. What did the Right Honble. Alex. Carlisle achieve by his outcry against Coercion in the House of Lords? Yet did we not think the better of him as a Belfast Protestant?

I cannot tell what accretion is brought to the foundations of liberty by each tiny addition. Let everything go into the mash-tub. The downfall of the Parnellites is now in remote perspective, and does not weigh in my judgment. Something has been lost no doubt to-day in the loss of an honest Irish parliamentary representation in the House of Commons, but it is so far balanced by gain. I confess I should prefer both the Rapparee organization in Ireland and the parliamentary one at Westminster to shake the nerves of the Cabinet; but the Sinns are young, and the stench of Mollyism with the corruption of the Party is too great.

I don't think the R.I.C. can in future exist as an Irish force. The murder of the Lord Mayor, the destruction of creameries, town halls and Carnegie libraries by the "Black-and-Tans" finishes them. Attacks will bring about resignations, and non-recruitment.

The Government have placed a British officer in the Castle, who is apparently superior to the Inspector-General, to co-ordinate (blessed word) with the police and military forces. The result is that there is detestation of him amongst the police. A Protestant Conservative told me this. In our village the barrack is evacuated, and so is Clondalkin, which was burned, although Chapelizod was saved. Before evacuating Chapelizod the police set up a system of wireless with a telephone, and strengthened their defence with sandbags. Then they withdrew!

The D.M.P. across the Liffey remain in working order, and move about without anxiety. The fact that they are not provided with rifles leaves them immune.

Looking at the operations on both sides, tactical and strategic, as if they were in Poland or Russia, I must say that the Government are badly served, and that the Sinn Feiners outwit and out-general them daily. The British Army has no soldiers to spare, thanks to Churchill's proceedings in Mesopotamia and elsewhere. Movings to and fro are staged performances.

General Macready warned the Cabinet that he had not enough men for the work cut out for him.

Lord French, as appears from the letter of Sir Thomas Stafford which the Sinns captured, is adverse to the policy he is ordered to enforce. Wylie's resignation may appear at any moment, as he kicks at giving further assistance at Courts-Martial.

The soldiers will then have to fall back on Wynne and Greenwood for civil assistance. James Campbell is sick of this regime.

William Wylie (now Judge) won the esteem of the Sinn Feiners by the fairness with which he conducted their prosecutions in 1916. He was one of the Officers' Training Corps during the War. British Army head-quarters required that he should, for the wage of a captain (probably 6*s.* 8*d.* a day), prosecute Pearse and his companions after the Rebellion of 1916.

The Captain Kirwan referred to was Barry's organizer of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain. His regiment in New Zealand overcame the gallantry of the Maories in the 'sixties. Kirwan joined the French Foreign Legion in the war of 1870, and won fame.

The *Freeman* came under spirited management in 1920, so its new owners and editor were imprisoned for exposing the excesses of martial law. The "Black-and-Tans" raided its premises frequently and imperilled the lives of the staff by bombs and petrol fires.

When, a couple of months later, further murders of Catholics took place in the North, I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
8th October, 1920.

I was in Belfast for two days last week at Courts-Martial, but did not go into the destroyed districts. The treatment of the Catholics in Banbridge, with which I was concerned, was brutal. Yet no one was punished.

I met a man from Dundalk who said the police chauffeur shot there was killed by the police for looting, and stuff was found on him and his chum. What surprised me was the story that the house of a Protestant, Craig, was set fire to by British soldiers. I had attributed it to "reprisals" for the burning of the Catholic houses in Lisburn and Banbridge.

Dr. William Murphy applied to the Castle for protection against the "Black-and-Tans" who threatened the *Independent*. The Government sent eight soldiers! This prevented his effecting a "civil commotion insurance" at Lloyd's, as the London *Star* published the fact. Whence came the *Star's* information?

After the death of the Lord Mayor of Cork on hunger strike, Bonar Law informed me that the prisoner could have walked out of Brixton Jail at any moment without objection from the Government. He was kept alive for weeks by a device of which I told my brother:

IN TRAIN—LONDON TO HOLYHEAD,
14th October, 1920.

The Home Office have some plan by which they introduce into the drink of the hunger-strikers an imperceptible sustenance (glucose). Yet English people think the prisoners are being fed by their families and friends, and so are solid behind the Government. MacSwiney's survival so long is due to glucose.

Assured that the "Black-and-Tans" would cow the people, Lloyd George gave them free scope. The waste of money at that date on Irish appointments was lamentable. Sir Joseph Byrne, head of the Police, who has been since twice Colonial Governor, was "suspect" because he was a Catholic, and was sent off on sick-leave while in robust health for a year on full pay to allow the "Black-and-Tans" free scope. Few Crown officials in Ireland trusted one another.

I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
4th November, 1920.

It was thought that "reprisals" would frighten the Sinn Feiners, but those who said this no longer hold that opinion. John MacLoughlin described to me with great feeling how his son was driven from home through terror, and his brother, who served through all the years of the Great War, was handcuffed by the military, and his wife frightened away to England by their threats. His house has been inscribed with a notice that he will be shot. Yet he went home, on hearing this by telephone, last Saturday.

The military intend to close down the railways, forgetting that the roads will be torn up to prevent their lorries working. The Government appointments are bottomed on jobbery. First they drive out Catholics like General Byrne, and then Byrne's successor "resigns" to make way for an English General.

Of a murder in Co. Longford, I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
9th November, 1920.

I hear that Kelleher, the police inspector, who was killed in Granard, was not a victim of the Sinn Feiners, but of the Crown forces. He was popular in Granard, and was resorting to a Nationalist hotel to meet men friendly to the Sinns.

The *Roscommon Herald* has two versions of the inquest. They show that Paul Cusack, who was with the murdered man, and had been on the run in 1916, objected to the presence of the Press at the inquest, who were then excluded. That evening Cusack was arrested, and taken away in a military lorry. This leads me to speculate that he accused the Crown forces of killing Kelleher.

The parish priest assured the military that the people were innocent of the crime, and was promised no reprisals. Yet the town was speedily in a blaze. The dead inspector's father is a doctor in Macroom, and I should like to know to what he attributes his son's death. He attended the inquest, and heard all the gossip of the town. There is no quieter place than Granard, and the murdered man wrote to Eddie Magner that he had been given a "quiet post."

O'Keeffe (solicitor), Chicago, has asked me to send him MacDonagh's *Home Rule Movement*. I did so, and found it written from a Parnellite point of view—the earlier portion inspired by O'Connor Power. I never knew the genesis of the lie that we turned Parnell out of his seat after the Split, which MacDonagh, I am sure, did not invent. He assigns it to the occasion when you replied to Parnell months later, on the Sunday Closing debate, and reminded him that he shirked his challenge that you should both resign and stand again for Cork.

It is suggested that after the division in 1891 we hooted Parnell, and drove him to sit amongst the Liberals. No such incident occurred, as you know. The Liberals were on the same benches with us then, and the proceedings ended with the division. Moreover, the original lie was published a couple of days after the Split, and months before the debate on "Sunday Closing."

Chit-chat about trifles may relieve a gloomy chapter. Smoking achieved its hold at Westminster in the following way. The inner library of the Lords was regarded as a *sanctum sanctorum*. Few Commoners ventured to intrude on it. The thought of smoking there would have been sacrilegious. A commission on horse-breeding, over which the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) presided, met in the inner library, and the Prince, after some hours' work, produced a cigar. No peer dared object, and this led to a revolution, both in Lords and Commons. First the Commons subtracted a fine room from the Lords as a smoking-room. Then they demanded a third smoking-room, which was provided by an encroachment on the library where maps were a feature. After that, smoking was allowed in two other rooms of the Commons library. I saw cigarettes lit in the corridors before I left Parliament in October, 1918. Customs had greatly changed.

The House sat late, and we often met "casuals" on our way home. My brother and I found one night, in the rain, on the steps of our lodgings in Pimlico, a poor chap whistling "The Blackbird" —loveliest of Gaelic melodies. Maurice asked him, "Where did you learn that?" Quoth he, "From the Hirish, sir, in the Heast Hend." Another night, near Oxford Street, we came on a wretch who had been disturbed on a seat in his sleep by a policeman telling him to "move on." He exclaimed, as we gave him the price of a bed, "And this is Merry England!"

Maurice disliked "charity organization," holding that it was better for the giver to be imposed on than to inquire into the merits of the recipient. "Charity rewardeth the giver," he used to say, irrespective of the deserts of the receiver. Shakespeare had much the same notion. Sir Julian Goldsmith, M.P., twenty years before, presiding over a meeting of London cabmen, declared, "There is no truer form of charity than an extra sixpence to a cabman."

The late Harry Furniss, the artist of *Punch*, was a constant lobbyist. Born in Wexford, his father, manager of the local gas-works, married the governess to the children of a landlord, Mr. Cliffe. Furniss, in 1869, as a boy in knickerbockers, used to bring A. M. Sullivan cartoons for the *Weekly News*—marvellous for one so young. He illustrated the Dublin "Zozimus" in 1870. In the *Shamrock*, owned by Dick Pigott, he made sketches for the story of "Mick McQuaid," by Captain Lynam.

I told Sir Frank Burnand, editor of *Punch*, of Furniss's earlier efforts, and he asked me to obtain copies of the sketches drawn for Pigott, as Furniss denied any connection with Ireland. Donnelly, the foreman printer for William O'Brien (who took over Pigott's papers), got me the "Mick McQuaid" sketches. They were unsigned, and I never met Burnand again to learn the effect on Furniss of their resurrection.

A bull invented by the "Gallery" pressmen for a Kerry member was a good bit of journalistic craft. The M.P. was said to have declared of a local landlord, "so rapacious is he that if you placed him on an uninhabited island, within half an hour he would have his hands in the pockets of the naked savages!"

I sat once within earshot of an English bull of high pedigree. The Honble. Evelyn Cecil, speaking on foreign policy, claimed that he "had crucified the Government on the horns of a dilemma!"

In a divorce case, Bishop *v.* Bishop, in which James Campbell (now Lord Glenavy) led for the plaintiff-husband, it appeared that the couple lived together up to the day the writ was issued. On the previous Sunday they went to church with their little daughter.

I asked the wife in consultation before the trial, "Do Protestants say family prayers at night?" "Yes," she replied. "Is a prayer-book used?" "Yes, I have it at home." "Was your little child present and awake when prayers were read?" "Yes, she was." I asked her to bring the book to the consultation room.

On her return I searched the prayer-book, and found a touching invocation for peace and concord in the domestic circle in a night-prayer. Next day I cross-examined the husband, and asked whether, with these prayers on his lips on Sunday, he went to a solicitor on Monday to issue a writ. He confessed he did, and this finished him with the jury.

Other legal recollections may be worth recall.

In the early days of aeroplanes an adventurous flier was drowned trying to reach Dublin from England. He had sold to a London picture-dealer a painting of a lady by Gainsborough, and after his death it was alleged this had been abstracted from Burton Hall, Carlow. F. E. Smith, now Lord Birkenhead, produced, amongst other witnesses, the village carpenter, who was brought to London to prove that he saw the picture in Burton Hall. In his testimony he tried to invoke his mother's opinion to the same effect. This led to the usual objection against hearsay evidence, and after legal argument Judge Darling ruled against admitting it. "Well," said F.E., "I suppose we must only produce the woman herself." Her son in the box had remained motionless, like a grenadier beside a catafalque, during the discussion, while appreciating every point. At length F.E. asked, "What is her address?" The reluctant reply came, "She's dead, sir."

Duke, now Lord Merrivale, was counsel with me, and whispered, "A great race yours!"

The defence proved that the picture had hung in the study of a Protestant clergyman in Co. Cork, whose son boyishly fired an arrow or a pistol at it. Judge Darling caused the painting to be placed on the bench, and the mended hole appeared in the canvas. So defendants won.

When the Great War began, an Antrim barrister informed me that, in anxiety for news, he used to meet the post on the road and snatch the newspaper from the postman. Then he went to his gate-keeper's cottage to scan it. When Rheims Cathedral was bombarded he read an account of this with indignation to the gate-keeper's wife. She asked, "Was yon a popish church?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "and a building of great beauty and antiquity." "Oh, Mr. William," she snapped, "thon should never have been built!"

Sir James Dougherty, late Under-Secretary for Ireland, had been a Presbyterian clergyman, and was the Liberal candidate for North Tyrone in Gladstonian days. I was M.P. for South Derry in 1885–6, and he narrated that his first "call" after ordination came from the chief town in my constituency, Magherafelt. He had to preach two "trial" sermons to secure the approval of the congregation. After the first service, while unrobing in the vestry, filled with doubts of his oratorical or theological success, an elder came to him, saying, "Sir, might an old man be allowed to give you a bit of advice for your second sermon the nicht, as I liked your doctrine weel?"

"Certainly," said the candidate. "Weel, sir, it's this. Ye have a papish name—Dougherty. Some of them are suspicious, so when you're preaching the nicht, if I was you, I wad just tak' a wee birl at the Pope!"

The late Thomas Lough, M.P., narrated that, coming to an Ulster town on the 15th August (a Catholic holiday) when crowds were pouring from a church, he asked the car-driver what it meant. The answer was, "I don't know, sir. It's papish, and I believe the Virgin Mary is implicated in it."

Some of the Jesuit Fathers occasionally supplied priests at the holiday season, and if they were of a sporting turn, selected a parish where fish were to be hooked, or grouse shot. In a Galway area the altar boy came to one of them with the news that there was a salmon in Poul Gurm. With rod, line, basket and gaff, the Jesuit set out to the river. There he hooked a gallant salmon, which he played for nearly an hour before it was exhausted. Then he handed Patsy (the altar boy) the gaff, telling him to be most cautious. Patsy in his excitement cut the gut with the gaff, and away went the salmon. Jesuits are an Order trained to restraint, so without saying a word the priest gloomily reeled up his line and handed the rod to the lad. He discerned the priest's disappointment, and kept well behind him on the way back. For mile after mile this gap was maintained until they reached a stile near the village. Then, gathering up courage, the boy said, "Father!" The Jesuit answered, "What is it?" "Well," said he, "some of them Protestants, sir, that come here sporting are very well reared." "Indeed!" said the priest. "Yes, Father," said he, "*they* never blaspheme when they lose a fish!"

My brother, having to make the will of an old Cork priest, stayed with him for the night. Maurice was a teetotaller, and to make up for his failure to drink punch, started theological topics to entertain his host. As the night sped on, the conversation flagged

and as a last resort Maurice asked him why in the Cork Diocese there were no Jesuits. The old man paused, and having mused a moment solemnly said, "I attribute that, Mr. Healy, to the power of prayer."

A story of Lord Dudley's, who, in 1924, with Lady Dudley and Miss Edna May, paid me a visit, was that during his Vice-royalty in 1903 King Edward came to Ireland. An hour after his arrival the King's Irish terrier was found dead in the grounds. His German staff surgeon came crying, "Der hund ist todt" (the dog is dead). Lord Dudley, to make amends for the loss, promised that he would replace the terrier with another, which—to employ the words of Deputy Chichester to Cecil in 1611—would be "the fairest this island can afford."

The new dog was "Cæsar," which afterwards followed the remains of Edward VII to the grave. Cæsar, on arriving at the Lodge, was locked into a room where lay the Field-Marshal's uniform in which His Majesty meant to review his troops next day in the Phœnix Park. Morning came, and when Cæsar's door was opened it was found that he had eaten the Field-Marshal's boots! The King laughed, and reviewed his army in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet!

CHAPTER XLV

Truce and Treaty (1920–22)

IN December, 1920, Archbishop Clune, of Australia, was sent to Dublin by Lloyd George, with a guarantee from the Cabinet that he would not be followed by detectives, and would be allowed to find Michael Collins, without any attempt at molestation.

De Valera was in America, and Arthur Griffith in jail. The Archbishop had been Chaplain-in-Chief to the Catholic Australian forces in the War, and was backed by the Australian Prime Minister, Hughes. He saw Collins, who gave him the lines on which peace could be made.

Afterwards His Grace visited Dublin Castle and outlined to the officials there the conditions necessary for a truce. These were telegraphed to Lloyd George, who was asked to reply definitely whether or not they could be agreed to by the Government. The Prime Minister wired authorizing the Archbishop to accept them. So Cope (now Sir Alfred Cope) placed a Government car at his disposal in order that he might inform Collins that the Ministry agreed to what had been patched up. He saw Collins twice, and communicated the facts to the Chief Secretary, Sir Hamar Greenwood, who was more or less in the dark as to the peace proposals. Sir Hamar consulted General Macready, who informed the War Office. Archbishop Clune journeyed back to London breast-high in hope, thinking everything settled. Yet he was not allowed to see Lloyd George for a day and a half, and then only to be told that the terms he had negotiated with Collins on the basis that they had been approved at Whitehall could not be agreed to.

The late Field-Marshal Wilson had advised the Cabinet that no terms should be accepted without a surrender of arms.

The Archbishop then left London for Australia. He travelled via Rome, and at the Vatican he told the Pope (Benedict) of the treatment he had received. He arrived in Rome at a moment when intense British pressure had been brought to bear on His Holiness to issue a rescript against the Sinn Feiners. The revelations His Grace made changed the current of Papal thought.

Politicians acquainted with ministerial minds have since attempted a defence of Mr. Lloyd George. It is that he first believed that repression in Ireland would succeed (as did Forster forty years before), and wished not to yield anything beyond what Gladstone conceded in 1893. Then, growing alarmed at the effect on American opinion of the excesses of the Black-and-Tans, he retained Archbishop Clune to parley. After he agreed to the conditions of His Grace, counter-pressure was put on by opponents within the Cabinet, who had not been previously consulted. The Irish Solicitor-General, James O'Connor, had brought to London Father O'Flanagan, the Vice-President of Sinn Fein, to discuss peace terms. Lloyd George treated this visit as a hoisting of the white flag and Griffith's newspaper protested in vain against their intrusion, which resulted in Archbishop Clune being thrust aside.

Now the Partition Act of 1920 became law, but few Nationalists treated it seriously. The cue of the Orange Party was to pretend they did not want it, and that the measure was being forced down their throats. It was a fruit of the policy of abstention from the House of Commons by the newly-elected Sinn Feiners, inspired by the inexperienced de Valera.

The inclusion of Catholic areas within the ambit of Belfast jurisdiction in the 1920 Act was not made the subject of a prior Boundary Commission. Ulster had been "shired" on a "clan" basis three centuries earlier, irrespective of any question save shrieval jurisdiction. In 1920 six of its counties were compacted into a new territory wherein the descendants of the "planters" held sway. No Protestant zone could have been set up to justify the creation of a Belfast Parliament, except in parts of four counties. In Britain the transfer of a ward or a parish from one city or county to another for the minor purposes of local government would not be tolerated unless preceded by a public inquiry.

Material for comedy underlies the doings before the passing of the Partition Act. The Orangemen had sworn a "Covenant" that they would never have Home Rule, and imported rifles from Germany to resist it. Yet over an area which they selected in secret, they secured Home Rule for themselves two years before the Irish Free State was established.

Their decision condemns the Act of Union of 1800, which they were supposed to cherish, but which the rest of Ireland had resisted for one hundred and twenty years. Lord Carson, at Belfast in October, 1926, declared that he never desired the Act of 1920. Still the first inroad on the Act of Union came from its alleged upholders.

The refusal of de Valera's party to attend the House of Commons helped the Orangemen. "When the cat's away the mice will play," and the Ulster leaders prevailed on the Government to confer a Parliament on six of the Northern counties. Protestants surrounding Belfast had a majority in four counties, yet the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh, where the Catholics are in greater strength, were added to give dignity to the new enclave.

At that date three Northern members were members of the British Ministry—the Attorney-General (Denis Henry), the Solicitor-General (D. Wilson), and Mr. Charles Craig. Their Party asserted that the measure was forced upon them against their will and they abstained from voting for it, although there was an inflexible rule that Ministers must support Government measures or resign. This was stage-managed between Lloyd George and Sir Edward Carson. The latter in 1918 gave up his seat for Trinity College, Dublin, to become member for Belfast.

I wrote my brother:

LONDON,
11th April, 1921.

My speculation that there were some negotiations between Lloyd George and the Sinn Feiners has been confirmed by what I have heard. The Government refused to parole Duggan, solicitor, to conduct an appeal to the Lords, but I wrote pointing out that, under a recent decision of the Lords, it is the duty of the solicitor to instruct counsel as to all relevant statutes. So they have let him come in custody to London.

Attended by two plain-clothes Irish policemen, he was at the House of Lords to-day with his wife. The police shepherding him will allow no consultation with him outside the House of Lords, unless in Brixton Prison. Yet they have no law for imprisoning him in England.

The appeal referred to above concerned the right of the Crown to retain moneys found on an American who was convicted of seditious practices. The Irish Court of Appeal reversing the King's Bench, decided that the money could not be confiscated. The House of Lords upheld this view. On the general position in Ireland I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
23rd April, 1921.

We are gradually but surely tending towards a graver situation, unless some arrangement be arrived at. I heard some discussion about Lord Derby's intervention in Ireland (announced to-day most improperly by the *Freeman*), but regard it as a device to ensure a decent reception for the new Viceroy. Lord Derby is to meet the leading Sinns in a country house, and they can escape from their dilemma about the Republic by an arrangement to leave the question of a settlement to a plebiscite.

The situation has outgrown de Valera. I have not seen him since 1918 (during the Mansion House conference on Conscription), but I don't think

he managed the American Mission with insight, and he cannot have strength other than to say *Non possumus* to whatever approaches reach him.

Hence I believe things will go from bad to worse. The Castle bulletins are undignified and provocative—framed solely for English consumption. Their authors care little for bringing about a peaceful understanding between the two nations.

This was written because one of the police publications threatened an "appropriate hell" on this earth for those who opposed them. A little later I received a mysterious telegram of which I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
2nd May, 1921.

A telegram, unsigned, I got from Cork yesterday ran: "P.S. Hegarty is on de Valera. Shaun Hegarty is on J. J. Walsh. Extricate."

This is a plant, and I have written the Secretary of the Post Office asking to be furnished with the original message. Written in a Martial Law area, it must have been signed by someone, and I regard it as a preliminary to a raid on my house. I have, therefore, published it. . . .

It will surprise me if the new Viceroy, Lord Edmond Talbot, tolerates the present regime. He is a conscientious Catholic. The military tried to send Cope (Assistant Under-Secretary) to Mesopotamia, but he refused to go, and it was Cope insisted on thieves and murderers in the Crown forces being prosecuted. There is much less licence in consequence tolerated amongst them now.

The services of Sir Alfred Cope at that time cannot be overestimated. Sent to Dublin by Lloyd George, he soon grasped the situation and turned wholeheartedly from the ways of the Black-and-Tans. To him is due, perhaps, more than to any other man on the English side, the negotiations for the Treaty. I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
23rd May, 1921.

I went to Knox's funeral on Wednesday in Newcastle, Co. Down. The whole area was full of Ulster Specials. There was a meeting of Sir James Craig's in Newry, and the armoured cars to protect him were at least twenty, with lorries galore.

I see you have Curfew at eight o'clock in Cork—a dreadful arrangement. I can't believe the Government are a bit nearer to crushing the Republicans, who are growing bolder instead of being frightened. The Castle trick of dating one of their letters "March, 1921," in last week's *Irish Times*, when it was written by a man killed the year before, doesn't say much for their wisdom.

Lloyd George is huffed because the Republicans won't negotiate, but Lord Derby's visit is to be renewed, and Craig and de Valera will meet again after the elections.

I got no reply from the Post Office as to the bogus telegram.

By this time the Belfast Party grew insistent on the opening of their Parliament by the King. This created a difficulty for the

Coalition Government. Much as Lloyd George despised the Orangemen, he more disliked the Catholics; but his first thought was for his own political fortunes. The famous tag of Lord John Manners may be not unfairly changed to apply to him: "Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die, but leave us still our new democracy."

The Prime Minister had shown the highest courage during the War. He never flinched, quavered or wavered. Now he had to implement the Belfast arrangement by securing the attendance of Royalty to add glamour to the opening of its Legislature. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
16th June, 1921.

Things seem bad in Belfast. If Lloyd George dissolves this year, he intends to do so upon the Irish question—like Disraeli in 1880, and I hope with like results. There are to be doings in England to stir up Protestant feeling, which will be attributed to the Sinn Feiners. The English don't care what happens in Ireland, but it is expected (as the Yankees said) that by "waving the bloody shirt to stir the Northern heart," his blunders will be condoned. He may be right tactically.

My opinion is that, while he pretended to Archbishop Clune of Australia that others were responsible for the breakdown of the negotiations, he is the obstacle. It is said that his colleagues are not convinced that his tactics are correct, and think they would do better if they were able to boast of an Irish settlement at the elections, and may force one on him. His Irish war is costing forty millions a year.

Lord Derby is not coming back here, and the Sinns won't accept even a written pledge from the Cabinet, but say they will consider any Act placed on the Statute Book for Ireland, and if it is workable, will undertake to work it! In Dublin their forces seem bolder and more determined. . . .

There is great military activity for the past week, and the Sinns seem equally busy. Drury, the ex-police magistrate, told me on Wednesday that the Sinns have a camp of 2,000 in the Wicklow Hills, with machine-guns and anti-aircraft guns. This is extraordinary, if true. The *Irish Times* makes similar allegations about Co. Down.

General Macready told the Government he would require 100,000 troops to properly occupy the country. He told Dr. Murphy, of the *Independent*, he would not allow newspapers to be printed, or any Press messages or correspondence, if the fight continued.

Cope and Lord FitzAlan have worked hard to effect peace. Cope continually meets the Sinn leaders, including Michael Collins. The military desire trouble, for to crush is their job.

Gossip in Ministerial circles spread that there would be difficulty in securing the attendance of King George and his Consort unless something was done to make peace with the rest of Ireland. The fiasco connected with Archbishop Clune's dismissal had profoundly injured British interests at Rome and in Australia, so Lord

Derby was selected to bring an olive branch to Ireland. Some writers have tried to belittle Lord Derby's work. That judgment is mistaken. He secured the goodwill of Cardinal Logue, and his geniality and good-nature soothed the vanity of Mr. de Valera and enabled a meeting to take place between him and Sir James Craig. The result was that King George and Queen Mary opened the Belfast Parliament, with the implied assurance that what was called "Southern Ireland" would not be left out in the cold. This paved the way for the Treaty, but unhappily the wranglings over that instrument, although signed by Griffith and Collins, led to revolt, and postponed the attempt to enforce the Boundary Clause it contained for three years. When strife ended, the Coalition Government had disappeared, and three Prime Ministers in succession had succeeded Mr. Lloyd George, all unpledged to his commitments. Lord Derby's recognition, during his visit to Ireland, by English and Irish sportsmen in the hotel where he put up, was a misfortune which changed the course of history.

In July, 1921, came the Truce. De Valera previously went to London to discuss terms with Lloyd George on July 14th. Chastened by his Chicago experience, and being told that the demand for a Republic would not be listened to, he returned to Ireland and assembled his M.P.'s. Then plenipotentiaries to treat afresh with the British Cabinet were appointed. The fact that such negotiations were on foot led me to write my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
9th July, 1921.

The "misguided boys" have won.
Ain't the owners gay,
'Cause we brought the *Bolivar* out across the bay?

The Cabinet has decided to grant full fiscal freedom, and the control of all Departments, including the Post Office, to a central Irish authority. This is to embrace Customs and Excise. A tribunal is to be set up to consider what should be Ireland's proportion of the National Debt, taking all the years of over-taxation into account since the Union. I think the public will not jib thereat, in return for a settlement. There is to be no representation at Westminster, thank God.

The Northern Parliament is to retain its powers, subject to boundary questions. The details of the franchise of the Central Body, or the proportion of the Ulstermen therein, have not been discussed. In principle, Craig and Lord Londonderry are friendly to the arrangement. Lloyd George will no doubt try to whittle down these concessions, but the majority of the Cabinet would break with him if he does. He wished to go to the country on an anti-Irish cry, but his rivals prefer the cry of "Peace with Ireland" at the hustings.

In the weeks which preceded and followed this change hundreds

of the Sinn Fein party were released from prison. I again wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
27th July, 1921.

Victory has been achieved by the pluck and self-sacrifice of men who risked their lives. The names of those who have fallen will be held in honour when ours are forgotten.

If the Sinn Feiners are such fools as to allow Lloyd George to negotiate at Washington before the Irish Bill becomes law, he may trick them, but as they have shown judgment in their procedure heretofore, I don't suppose they will be blind to that danger. Barring this obstacle, I think the road is clear to a settlement.

My brother was never convinced that Lloyd George would yield anything, and thought all negotiation vain. So I wrote him:

DUBLIN,
29th July, 1921.

The terror you conjure up, that there will be an "aftermath" is probable, just as the Land League left its trail behind, but the abolition of landlordism was worth it. So the price we shall pay will be worth the tribulations. The result I take to be the fiscal freedom of the country, and its administrative freedom.

There will be pinpricks and bristles, but the main fact stares you in the face, that the Sinn Feiners won in three years what we did not win in forty. You cannot "make revolutions with rose water," or omelettes "without breaking eggs." If you read the judges' charges in the Tithe War, the murders were as terrible as those lately committed, and for what a petty result! One of those orations was so like our Serjeant's late deliverance that the Tories in the Law Library repaid him with the charge of plagiarism—which I thought unjust.

The position is that the Sinn Fein Cabinet have accepted the Government proposals in outline, and that a meeting has been arranged between de Valera and Craig in a few days. Mistakes of detail will be made by inexperienced men, and the experienced English Treasury will get the better of them on many points; but in broad outline they have got what was denied us by Gladstone, Asquith, and Bannerman.

Outsiders then little knew of the jealousies between the Sinn Fein leaders, but the accounts which reached me told of hopes of settlement.

CHAPELIZOD,
19th August, 1921.

From a visitor last night I gathered that de Valera at the private session of the Dail yesterday encountered the extremists in a statesmanlike fashion. One of the "intransigents," forsooth, is Erskine Childers, a British officer, who has only a drain of Irish blood in his veins.

The men who were the foremost in the struggle are the most willing to abide by the decision of de Valera to compromise. I infer that unless the British Cabinet denounces the Truce, the negotiations must be prolonged. The Sinns have tightened their girths in expectation of hostility, which,

after General Macready's denunciation of the decision of the Master of the Rolls in Wednesday's *Irish Times*, is not surprising. The counsel engaged in the case should bring to an issue the question whether ermine or khaki prevails in the land.

Lloyd George cannot visit Washington until he has settled with Ireland, and this is the only "pull" we have on him. Gladstonian generosity is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dillon, Muldoon and Condon met on Wednesday in the National League room as ex-M.P.'s and drew up a statement which Brayden filtered through the *Daily Mail*, that John stood in East Mayo on the basis which the Republicans will now be driven to accept. Oh, gee!

The jealousy of the defeated parliamentarians was treated as negligible. The Ancient Order of Hibernians remained opposed to Sinn Fein, but the British paid no attention to their captiousness. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
23rd August, 1921.

The military are trying to break the Truce and recommence the fight, but their measure has been taken. They love nothing but "threatenings and slaughter," and are without vision.

Walsh, the American delegate, lunched here yesterday and was pathetic over the downfall of President Wilson, which he attributes to Lloyd George's refusal to receive the Irish delegation in Paris. He said that if he had done so (as he received Hertzog), America would have accepted the League of Nations and the Versailles Treaty, and that there would not have been a throb about Ireland afterwards.

Walsh is a close friend of Wilson's, and never took up Irish politics until Lloyd George sent him here from Paris with instructions to "see everything for himself"!

Intertwisting of American relations with Ireland's was part of the politics of 1921.

We were expecting the return of William O'Brien when I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
26th August, 1921.

William O'Brien is back from France, and is concerned about the oath lately taken by the Sinns to hold out for a Republic. I replied that they will find some formula to "shuffle off that mortal coil," though I dislike trick circus-riding as much as himself.

Sir James Craig approved, in the document sent to Lloyd George, of terms which were omitted from the Government offer. A special envoy took the reply to Lloyd George on Tuesday night, but the formal presentation at Downing Street yesterday was part of the plan to give the Prime Minister a longer time for consideration than his colleagues. Lloyd George was solicitous that the answer should be first delivered to himself.

I have just got de Valera's reply, which I enclose. The reason the British can afford to take the Sinns patiently is that, if there was disarmament after the Washington Conference, it would save England, in decreased taxation, hundreds of millions a year.

Lloyd George made it clear, orally and in writing, to de Valera that negotiations could not proceed on the basis of the recognition of an Irish Republic, or the separation of the two islands. After a tedious and fruitless correspondence. the Prime Minister went to Scotland.

I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
30th August, 1921.

Lloyd George has been recommended to enjoy his Scotch holiday and let Ireland simmer down for the next fortnight. He won't go to Washington for the opening meeting, as there will be only preliminaries for some time.

The contrast you draw between Parnell's and de Valera's methods would be a complete condemnation of the latter had Parnell's succeeded. The result of Parnell's diplomacy was Gladstone's conversion, and Parnell's approval of a small Home Rule Bill which led to defeat in the House of Commons and at the Dissolution of 1886, owing to the British public being startled. This left us thirty-five years without Home Rule.

I am not saying these tactics were wrong at the time, but if Lloyd George and de Valera practised them the Tories would be seething with rage; whereas the rejection of the offer has left even the *Morning Post* dumb.

I agree that the tactics will provide grounds for taunts when the final "climb-down" is made, but the taunts will come from powerless people; whereas, in the other event, the storm would have been brewed by men able to give effect to their indignation. Not that I believe de Valera and his friends ever considered the question!

They seem to me to resemble a battle-aeroplane, which must leave and take the ground at seventy miles an hour, as otherwise it would be wrecked!

The Cardinal is in touch with de Valera as to Ulster, and did not respond to the Latin telegram dispatched by a Cork bishop recommending a meeting of prelates to accept Lloyd George's offer. The Sinns, of course, got hold of the telegram!

The situation within the Cabinet is obscure. Lord Birkenhead may be contemplating a bolt from Lloyd George. He is designated as the next Tory Prime Minister by the group who ousted Balfour from leadership.

A crisis was organized in May within the Cabinet which would have succeeded, only Winston took Lloyd George's side. I warned one of the Sinn Fein leaders of the instability of Coalition politics, and that they should "close" while Lloyd George is in the saddle.

The Ulster "Partition area," and the question of Free Trade with England, are the stumbling-blocks in the negotiations. F.E., as a total abstainer, is a more formidable politician. He has completely dominated the House of Lords, and there is no one there to touch him.

If we could get the Catholic parts of the six counties away from the Belfast jurisdiction, I should be disposed towards the acceptance of compromise for the moment.

Nothing was accomplished as regards the plan of confining Protestant rule in Ulster to the areas planted by the Scotch in the reign of James I. Hundreds of thousands of Catholics were

pinned under the new jurisdiction of the Planters' descendants by the Act of 1920. I wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
21st September, 1921.

The correspondence tends to show that Lloyd George has been laying a booby-trap for the Sinn Feiners. Apparently, his plan is to get them first to drop their extreme claims, then, having discredited them amongst their own extremists, to allow his "offer" to be whittled down in Parliament by hostile amendments. While at the outset he may have been sincere, his American advices since then have not been hopeful for us. I fancy Dillon has been gingering Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* into criticism of the Sinns.

I met Denis Henry [Attorney-General] on the boat on Monday, and he said thousands of Catholics in Tyrone and Derry voted for the Tory. I said, "They must have been the A.O.H.," and he agreed.

Wexford town remains Redmondite, but they are losing elsewhere.

At a Dissolution there can be no Nationalist opposition to the Sinn Feiners. In England the Labour Party will be increased, and the "Wee Frees" will not gain strength. Lloyd George is tired, and reluctant to face the prospects of a bad Budget, which seems inevitable in 1922. This must affect his dalliance with de Valera.

With regard to your complaints about injustice by extremists, the temper of the central authority, and its desire to administer justice (if allowed) is the determining factor for an honest judgment. That the English Government included murder in their reprisal plans seems admitted by the correspondence in the *Morning Post*, and Mrs. O'Callaghan's replies. Crozier's revelations are to the same effect.

The sins of ignorant youths without experience or training are to be judged differently from those of an organized administration preaching law and order in the King's name, and with talk about "German atrocities" on their lips. The Sinns at least don't pretend to rob or kill victims for their good.

My brother was always sceptical that anything would be proffered by the Coalition Cabinet. I wrote him:

CHAPELIZOD,
26th September, 1921.

Your comments on the Sinn Fein anomalies lead me to say that we have to endure them while a native system is being built up and legalized. Youth is apt to be over-logical.

The people are determined to oust British jurisdiction if they can. They have largely succeeded—by methods which you and I would never have had the courage to undertake. History will judge them by their success, and by no other standard. Objectionable incidentals will be forgotten, or ignored, or excused.

Lloyd George, tired of verbiage, called a meeting of the Cabinet in Inverness to denounce the truce and break off parley.

A letter of rupture was framed, but while it was being typed the late Edwin Montagu came to the ante-room where Cope was

waiting. Cope begged Montagu to ask his colleagues for a hearing. This was granted, and the Cabinet letter, under the pressure of Cope's arguments, was re-drafted so as to leave a loophole for further negotiation.

Faced with an intractable situation, de Valera determined to throw the responsibility for compromise on his comrades, declaring that "he was not a doctrinaire Republican." On 16th September, 1921, he nominated Griffith, Collins, Duggan, Duffy, and Barton, on whom the Dail conferred plenipotentiary powers, to meet the Cabinet. Erskine Childers became secretary.

A few members of the Dail were for tying the hands of the plenipotentiaries, but de Valera declared that he and his colleagues would resign if this were attempted. I had warned Collins not to go unless de Valera also went, but he was too unselfish and unsuspecting to refuse. The personality of Collins had a profound influence on the negotiations.

In October, 1921, the plenipotentiaries proceeded to Downing Street, and found that their chief difficulty lay in the Partition Act of 1920. This stumbling-block was the offspring of their policy of abstention from attendance in the House of Commons.

I often urged that abstention was a blunder after their victory at the polls in 1918. The reply made was that the oath of allegiance forbade attendance. I pointed out that they could haunt the corridors and lobbies, sit in the Strangers' Gallery or on the Cross Benches, and make crashing demonstrations against Partition.

John Martin, M.P. from 1871 to 1874, did not take the oath, but his presence on the Cross Benches made mute protest. Nor need the Sinn Feiners have kept silence, while their presence, even if they held their tongues, would have impressed British Parties, and contact with them would have moulded opinion. Such a course would not have violated their no-oath principles, while it would have prevented the Orange triumph. The new men, however, did not understand the *terrain*, and could not forecast the effect of the tactics I recommended on Ministers, to whom they were strangers, and whose psychology they had not plumbed.

The effect of the presence in the House and its precincts of an organized brigade of eighty, whose tactics could never be calculated on, and who were all under military obedience, was not realized by their leaders. The House could expel them, of course, as a nuisance, but without their assent no Partition Bill would have gone through.

When the Treaty negotiations began I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
24th October, 1921.

I was in London yesterday and saw the Prime Minister, after discoursing with the Sinn Fein delegates at their request. Both sides were gracious.

At the Grosvenor Hotel I was introduced to Liam de Roiste, who said he had been at an address I delivered at the Dublin Mansion House for the Catholic Truth Society, with great profit.

My impression is that things will come right.

The Prime Minister sent for the Attorney-General to consider a proposal I made. He asked me to stay to advise the Sinns! I did not tell this to them, as unless invited, I could not do so.

The worst that can be said of my visit is that I have kept things going. Griffith and Collins were kindly.

On my returning to Dublin, Austin Stack came to invite me to attend a conference in the Mansion House to consider a constitution for Ireland, which was to take effect when the Treaty had been signed. I went, and found de Valera in the chair. He foreshadowed that a compromise was pending. I said roundly to the grumblers that they had as much chance of getting a Republic as of being taken up to heaven in chariots.

The parleys lasted two months. During that period I again visited London. On the 6th December, 1921, the Treaty was signed. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
6th December, 1921.

The peace terms will vex Belfast. The North is to be given a period in which to accept a Central Parliament, and if they refuse, then a Boundary Commission will decide how much of the six counties should be allowed to join us. The "Free State" is to be the status of the rest of Ireland. It is a victory for the Sinns, and their extremists won't, I hope, give trouble.

The Irish garrisons will be withdrawn. The Cabinet have acted well. I don't possess the patience Lloyd George always displays. I found Gavan Duffy and Barton meticulous. Collins, Griffith and Duggan showed a wiser spirit. I hope there will not be friction amongst them, as an aftermath.

The Dillonites fervently wish a breakdown. Dillon wrote T.P. that he and his friends should abstain on the "vote of censure" in the Commons, but they refused. Lloyd George described T.P. to me as "a futile person," which is not quite my aspect.

Next came a struggle in the Dail. The signatories to the Treaty were novices in machine politics. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
13th December, 1921.

I am afraid the vote in the Dail may be closer than was first anticipated. On Sunday I was told de Valera would be heavily beaten. To-day all that was claimed was a majority. The fighters are for peace, with the exception of de Valera, Stack, and Cahal Bru. I am sorry for Bru. Stack, too, suffered more than any other in the bunch, and saw the inside of a dozen prisons.

Yesterday, as I was driving to the Four Courts, I met a broken-down motor in which were Collins and O'Sullivan, their "adjutant-general," and I gave them a lift. They told me John MacKeown agreed with them, and I know that Mulcahy does. So, too, do other fighting men of the I.R.A. It is the pedants who are making trouble, such as Erskine Childers and the like. Ninety per cent of the population would support the settlement, but the pundits will take care that the utmost prejudice to the country shall first be done.

After this I had occasion to go to England, and wrote on the way:

MAIL BOAT TO HOLYHEAD,
15th December, 1921.

Your apprentice, Kevin, made the best speech to-day in the Dail, and although hitherto friendly with de Valera, he laid into him brilliantly, and told him his hasty action was the cause of the trouble, and that he had been appealed to again and again not to send out his condemnation, especially as, until the previous week, he had been in full concord with the delegates. It seems to me as if professors, as a class, don't make the best "presidents"!

The Cork members were served with threatening notices warning them of the consequences of "treason." This was publicly exposed and condemned, and drastic measures promised. Some, I heard, came to Dublin to intimidate Collins.

To-day the chief Cork military leader came round against de Valera upon his admitting that a Republic was untenable, and that he was only a critic of the Treaty on minor points. I hear the majority may be twenty, but the debate will continue over to-morrow, as twelve speeches on each side have been arranged for.

Although John MacNeill is ineffective as Speaker, he made a good argument to-day for the Treaty. This, you will say, is in line with the "president" taking part in the turmoil of a deliberative assembly!

All the women are on the extreme side. Mary MacSwiney's address was long. Kathleen Lynn, the Presbyterian's daughter, sent a violent appeal to each member. Mrs. Pearse canvassed all she knew. The fighting men, except Cahal Bru and Stack, are on the peace side. Sean MacEntee, who applied for a commission to the British in the Great War, and got Devlin and the solicitor for the Treasury to give him a character before Lord Cheylesmore's court-martial, is now a tremendous fighter!

Sir James Craig sent a protest to Lloyd George against the Treaty, especially as to the appointment of a Boundary Commission. Leading members of the Cabinet met to consider a reply. That reply was a defiance and Craig kept it secret. For de Valera then to hinder the immediate functioning of the Commission was most harmful to Ulster Catholics, and his wrangling and obstruction in the Dail had the worst effects. I knew, having sat for two Ulster seats, that popular interests were endangered. Sir James Craig's protest was intended to influence the nomination of a chairman of the Commission. I therefore hastened to Dublin,

thinking that if de Valera got an assurance that an impartial nomination would be made, he might relent.

I telegraphed Duggan to meet me at Westland Row Station, and explained the London situation. He took me to Michael Collins, who was working in the Gresham Hotel, although it was Sunday, and very early.

I told Collins that the Coalition Government could be relied upon to behave honestly as to the chairman of the Commission, and he asked me to see the Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Byrne, and beg him to bear this news to de Valera. I visited His Grace that morning, and his answer impressed me. Sadly he said, "I will do what you ask, though I have already seen Mr. de Valera, but I cannot even understand the dialect he speaks."

The Dialectician soon after headed an outbreak which prevented the Boundary Commission being constituted for years, and destroyed the hopes of Ulster Nationalists. No step to give effect to the Boundary Clause could be taken while the Free State itself and the Treaty were in jeopardy.

I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
22nd December, 1921.

I am in doubt as to the decision of Dail Eireann. Ninety-nine per cent of the people favour ratification of the Treaty. I thought Collins's speech worthy of a lawyer as well as a politician. It was big enough for a trained statesman. I was surprised by its precision and detail, and absence of rhetoric.

There seems to be a brooding unreality in the minds of a few of our successors!

CHAPELIZOD,
Christmas Day, 1921.

The Treaty will be ratified by much the same majority as carried the adjournment. Your comments agree with my feelings.

The R.I.C. will be disbanded and the military withdrawn by St. Patrick's Day, and a Provisional Government established immediately the legal ratification of the instrument takes effect in Dublin, before any Bill is passed at Westminster.

Generals Tudor and Macready, in the meanwhile, will have been promoted elsewhere, and you will have Collins and Griffith in control before the spring is over.

The London Cabinet is determined to be rid of responsibility for Ireland, and to leave matters in the hands of the natives for good or ill.

I was glad to read William O'Brien's letter. I tried when in London to get him to visit the Plenipo's as he was there, but he refused, as he had not been invited.

I thought, as he had been a friend of Griffith's, that he might come along, if only to say an encouraging word. It is true the Sinns suffice for themselves, but I always thought they were glad of encouragement. Their councils

were divided, both in London and Dublin, for envy and jealousy are the main human frailties.

On the 27th December, 1921, William O'Brien made this appeal in the Dublin *Independent*:

While fully alive to certain objections of the gravest character to the Treaty, objections altogether apart from those raised by the strict Republicans, an old comrade in the fight for Ireland may, perhaps, be permitted to appeal to the Dail not to refuse to try what the administration of the country during the next twelve months by a Provisional Government nominated by the Dail themselves may bring forth.

The power of handing over peaceful possession of the country to a native Government thus constituted is one that has never before fallen to the lot of Ireland. It ought surely to be exercised with general consent by the Dail. At the worst, the experiment will put the good faith of Mr. Lloyd George to a conclusive test.

Above all, let me appeal to the honoured leaders of both ways of thinking, whatever may be their legitimate differences of judgment for the moment, to explore every possibility of agreement rather than to do anything that might break up the present magnificent solidarity of the young men of Ireland.

That is our greatest national possession. They are the men to whose heroism we owe everything. So long as their solidarity can be preserved unbroken all else is safe for the future. The young men have only to show as much wisdom and self-discipline in preparing the way to peace as they shown gallantry in making war, and their names will live with imperishable honour in the history of our nation.

This was ignored by de Valera. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
6th January, 1922.

The numbers to-day are calculated as 58 for, and 57 against, with 7 doubtful. If the Treaty is rejected, we shall see the converse of the Parnellite Split. There will be a broken movement, an Orange triumph, the withdrawal of the best elements of the fighting men, a dissatisfied population, and a gradual wearing down of a despairing people by brute force and courts-martial.

CHAPELIZOD,
10th January, 1922.

I don't think you make sufficient allowance for de Valera. He is "down and out," by the acceptance of his resignation, but consider his record. In Easter week he was a poor professor thrust into military command. Yet he acquitted himself fairly without any experience or training. Instead of taking his ease when released from jail, he threw himself afresh into the struggle. He proposed the Mansion House Conference with the parliamentarians, to oppose conscription. Then he was again arrested, but escaped from prison and visited America, where he came in contact with extreme opinion.

We now see him apparently embrace it. He returned to Ireland, and, living underground for a year, can he be expected as fitted normally to under-

take negotiations with the English Cabinet? No man ever had less suitable training or experience for such a job. Beset with wild women and wild men, he resents touchily the supposed slur on his position. It seems like something out of dreamland when we remember old times.

As far as I can gather, Cahal Bru, Mary MacSwiney and Erskine Childers are responsible for his attitude. His manifesto was written for him by that editor of the late Cork *Free Press*, Gallagher, who was a penance to William O'Brien!

The minority resemble the Parnellites in their tactics, and in some cases are better card-players than the other side. Shaun Milroy, in the debates, a plain-spoken, rugged individual, was the last man one would credit with making vital points. Yet it was he disinterred and disembowelled "Document No. 2."

CHAPELIZOD,
11th January, 1922.

The minority played their cards more cleverly than their opponents, but were worsted by the facts. What mischief small men can make, in responsible positions!

Childers and Barton, whom no one a year ago would deem worth reckoning with, have probably injured Ireland more than any others. If de Valera were not hounded on by them and the women, he would be reasonable. Extraordinary, that men who would not, in a pious sense, claim any high religious character, can trot out their "scruples" about the Oath and their "consciences" in the nude fashion to which we have been treated!

The most shameful rumours were spread about by enemies jealous of Collins, and they actually broke into his office for the purpose of discovering proof of the supposed cheque given him by Lloyd George! Griffith was also slandered.

DUBLIN,
12th January, 1922.

Lardner, K.C., says the de Valera Party, in spite of the interview to-day, doesn't intend to obstruct Griffith. Childers is un-Irish and inept for this situation.

Griffith had a majority of several hundred at the Ard Fheis, but it was natural that they should wish to postpone the elections to give time for excitement to cool down. Yet J. J. Walsh, of Cork, warned them the night before that it would be fatal. Now the English suppose that it is fear of de Valera and of defeat that led to the compromise. . . .

I helped to prevail on Bishop MacKenna, of Monaghan, to buy Clogher Palace and grounds for £20,000, as it was the ancient seat of St. Macartan, patron of the diocese. This enraged the Orangemen, and as it is within the Tyrone border, the day after the Bishop took possession, it was commandeered by the Belfast Specials without notice! To bring an injunction the Bishop would have to sue in Belfast, and they have got a military authorization, *ex post facto*. The malice of this is deplorable.

The creation of the six-county area condemns the policy of abstention from the House of Commons. The smallest criticism there would have shown its monstrosity.

On Monday, 16th January, 1922, Lord FitzAlan handed over Dublin Castle—the Norman stronghold, seven centuries old—to Michael Collins, who took it over on behalf of the Provisional Government. However, instead of occupying it, Collins was deterred by the outcries of his opponents from making it his head-quarters, so he immediately withdrew, and left everything there as before. The Black-and-Tans for weeks after made merry before glowing bonfires, destroying their archives in the Castle Yard. It was the first and last time Collins visited Dublin Castle.

He was to have presented himself there on the previous Saturday, but forgot the appointment, being occupied trying to avert a railway strike. When he remembered his engagement with the Lord-Lieutenant it was too late, so he motored to Granard to visit his sweetheart. Collins's forgetfulness to accept the surrender on the appointed day becomes almost epic when we recall what "the Castle" meant to Irish minds. When Collins did not attend as arranged on an occasion so historic, the Viceroy, Lord FitzAlan was naturally puzzled and surprised. The telephone was set ringing, and explanations were tendered. Then the Lord Lieutenant quietly adjourned the proceedings, with his accustomed phlegm and courtesy. Until 1923 the Free State Government did not take full possession. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
23rd January, 1922.

Some Sinns have been out at my house since the Treaty. Collins, Duggan, Boland, Staines, Macartan, Stack, etc. I met the Plenipotentiaries in London two or three times, but I have not seen them since the Provisional Government was formed.

It was bold of Collins to handle the proposal for a Boundary Commission without, I assume, consulting Griffith, which might be calculated to lead to the same friction as arose with de Valera when they signed the Treaty without finally consulting him.

I suppose there was no time to see Griffith, but I assume, as Duggan and O'Higgins were in London, these were consulted. Taking off the Belfast boycott by the act of a single individual was also a bold stroke, but Craig will be as much criticized from his side as Collins from ours.

The Irish Unionists are taking things with resignation. If the blackguards who rob banks could be caught, we could endure with equanimity the performances of idealists. De Valera yesterday in Paris announced that Ireland is as firmly attached to the principles of a separate Republic as ever! Seeing that the mass of the people never cared a straw, this is a profound truth! Where is the "*n*th" dimension?

The Protestants are anxious about their charitable investments in England, and so should the Catholics be, as, if Ireland is no longer part of the United Kingdom, they would lose the remission of income tax for charitable purposes. The Protestant Archbishop called on Collins last week, and he undertook

THE SURRENDER OF DUBLIN CASTLE.

Viscount FitzAlan, the last Viceroy, leaving Dublin Castle for the last time.

to do his best to make them secure. It would be a simple matter to provide for, if the British Treasury were agreeable.

CHAPELIZOD,
8th February, 1922.

I am going to London on Wednesday to see Winston Churchill about the Dublin police. The younger policemen threaten to strike, and if such a calamity came to add to other troubles, the Free State would not endear itself to the citizens.

For the sake of securing electoral peace Collins made some sort of agreement with de Valera, which had a bad result in England.

CHAPELIZOD,
24th February, 1922.

I heard that Bishop Fogarty "read the Riot Act" for de Valera in Collins's presence, and this had some effect. There was a meeting of Northern delegates the night before the Ard Fheis met, and the priest who convened it invited de Valera to take the chair. Father Phil O'Doherty protested, and left the room. De Valera got such a cold reception that he was chastened.

Still, his pact with Collins has alarmed the London Government. General Macready has been going about preaching that the evacuation should be suspended, and has nearly been successful. He fears the pact means that they will proclaim a Republic as soon as British soldiers have left.

I contradicted this to a high personage yesterday, knowing the hatred between the factions, and I am to see Collins to-day.

In spite of the so-called pact over the elections, a meeting of Collins's in Cork was fired upon by supporters of de Valera's party.

CHAPELIZOD,
6th March, 1922.

De Valera and Cahal Bru are breathing "threatenings and slaughter." In Limerick their confederates are behaving in Spanish-American fashion.

With Belfast and the North in the condition they are, that patriotic men can so act shows the demoralization which afflicts Ireland. It is a throwback to the Parnellite Split, without its provocations.

When, after the Truce, Collins and Boland called on me I learnt from Boland that they were my Sabbath visitors in 1918. Boland seemed a joyous soul, and remarked with a chuckle, "We knew d—— well we could not bluff you then, but we hoped to fool the Lord Mayor and Dillon." He and Collins laughed merrily. Before the next year ended each had been slain in an obscure conflict in which they took opposing sides as to the merits of the Treaty.

In no crisis did Collins lose his sense of humour. During debates on the Treaty he asked a friend to "tally" with him a list of the members so as to forecast the result. A Cork name came up and someone canvassed the side he would take. Collins muttered, "*Against*—dishonestly against." Then he drew breath and laughed, "Or else dishonestly for."

CHAPTER XLVI

A Sunburst and Clouds (1922)

THE outgoing British garrisons, embarrassed by this civil strife, unintentionally bred trouble for the Free State. Their officers had been harried and kidnapped and many of them slain, so no friendly feelings towards the incoming authority could be cherished. Munitions and barracks were handed over (unwittingly) to foes hostile to the Treaty in some cases. The departing regiments knew little of the political hue of their successors, and gave up places of strength, undiscerning differences of politics. To no fault of theirs was due the case of Limerick, where the question of the control of the Castle of King John and other barracks led to civil war. The outgoing British commanders asked extremists to take charge, and were refused. Collins therefore requested a Clare battalion to fill the gap. This aroused jealousy amongst the logicians who had declined responsibility.

When the Clare contingent marched in, the opponents of the Treaty mustered supporters from all parts of Ireland, and threatened fight unless the Castle was entrusted to them. They could easily have been dealt with, but so reluctant was Collins to spill blood that he gave them control. A few shots then would have spared Ireland two years of strife.

Having triumphed in Limerick, the mutineers thought that bluff would succeed elsewhere. The censorship (now native) misled public opinion by hindering knowledge of the truth. De Valera told the Dublin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* that "his army" would put the Provisional Government out in a month, and emphasized this prophecy by banging the table with his fist.

I had crossed to London at this epoch, and on my return wrote:

CHAPELIZOD,
20th March, 1922.

I met Bonar Law yesterday, and I could see he is bitter against any change being made in the Ulster Boundary. If Lloyd George resigns, Bonar will be Prime Minister, and will hardly appoint a friendly umpire of the Boundary Commission.

The Government have agreed to Lord Shaw acting as the "Rebellion Losses" chairman. Duggan wants me to appear at the inquiry as counsel.

At the request of one of de Valera's friends, I called at his office to remonstrate with him against stirring up armed resistance. Beforehand I saw Collins, who told me it was useless. Still, I went, and gave my brother the following account of the visit:

CHAPELIZOD,
25th March, 1922.

I saw de Valera on Thursday and tried to reason with him. He was very civil, but I could see their plan is to stop the elections. In this they will be defeated, except in a few districts.

Then they will become like the Parnellite faction thirty years ago, only worse. Harry Boland kept the door of de Valera's room, and I left sensing tragedy.

I begged de Valera to discountenance a conventicle of his army "chiefs" who were about to meet in Dublin. Griffith proclaimed the gathering an "illegal assembly," but de Valera protested to me that he had nothing to do with the "army."

I told him he would be a sorry man in twelve months' time if he lent himself to force. He replied he didn't think so. I remarked, "I am an expert in 'splits,' and believe I can forecast the result better than you." He smiled. I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
27th March, 1922.

De Valera's military clique met yesterday at the Mansion House to capture the Army, but made a poor display in point of influence and numbers. Yet they will give trouble, as jealousy is always potent.

Collins's speech in Waterford was excellent. He sent a man to consult me about the Belfast "Specials," an illegal force, I think, unless appointed by the Competent Military Authority under the Restoration of Order Regulations.

CHAPELIZOD,
31st March, 1922.

In arranging for the Treaty, blundering has led to the present uncertainties. If the British had provided for a continuation of their occupation until an election enabled a lawful Government to be established, we should not be in the mess we are.

Their treatment of the police, both in Dublin and in the country, has taken all the heart out of the preservers of order, and the wonder is that there is not a greater rampancy of crime. I suppose it is the "dole" to the unemployed that is keeping the poor quiet.

In this village, the distillery is closed owing to the heavy whisky tax, and hundreds are out of work. Yet I have not heard of a single theft, nor has the number of beggars calling on me increased. I wish the rest of the world were as quiet and orderly as Dublin, although we have two hostile armed forces coping with one another.

De Valera affected to believe that the British evacuation was a sham and would never take place. The Provisional Government therefore urged the War Office to hurry off the garrison. The cunning of their opponents lay in the hope that their "resolutes" could fall upon the raw levies which were all that Collins and Griffith had at their command.

When Griffith proclaimed illegal the meeting of de Valera's army chiefs in Dublin, I besought Collins to disperse them. Good nature again, as in Limerick, prevailed over good sense. For three months little was done to check the mutineers. Patriotism was played upon by futile "negotiations."

The *Freeman* published, on 26th March, an account of the secret debate of the mutineers supplied by the Provisional Government, whereupon Rory O'Connor sallied from the Four Courts and smashed its machinery. He had been levying toll on the civil population for weeks. On the day he entered the Courts I implored Collins to drive him out, which then could easily have been done.

He was son of the Solicitor to the British Congested Districts Board, and a Corporation official. Seizing the Courts began the Civil War. He also put a garrison into Kilmainham Jail, where a few British soldiers remained, but when General Macready notified him that he would attack unless they withdrew, they left. The Ballast Office, too, was "taken," but its employés, thrown out of work by the commotion, assembled to jeer at the entrants, who then skedaddled. The difference in morale between the insurgents of 1916 against the British and those of 1922 against their own countrymen showed that the new forces had no heart in the contest.

In June, O'Connor arrested General O'Connell, of the National Army, and this at length determined Collins to end the reign of lawlessness. The impatience of Mr. Churchill led him into a telegram which made it arguable that he was the instigator of attack.

Before this (28th June, 1922) de Valera's forces turned machine-guns on the National troops in Wellington Barracks, Dublin (formerly Richmond Prison—now called Griffith Barracks). One of the Irregular leaders was inside at the time arguing for a compromise, and deplored the fusillade as certain to bring about unhappy consequences.

A general election had meanwhile ratified the acceptance of the Treaty, despite violence. As a last resort against disorder Collins, after negotiating for two hours, shelled the Four Courts.

Rory O'Connor, on being called upon to surrender, issued this defiance:

9 a.m., 28*th June*, 1922.

At 3.40 this morning we received a note signed by Tom Ennis demanding on behalf of "The Government" our surrender at 4 a.m., when he would attack.

He opened fire at 4.7 in the name of his Government, with rifle, machine and field pieces.

The boys are glorious, and will fight for the Republic to the end. How long will our misguided former comrades outside attack those who stand for Ireland alone?

Three casualties so far, all slight. Father Albert and Father Dominic with us here.

Our love to all comrades outside, and the brave boys especially of the Dublin Brigade.

(Signed) RORY O'CONNOR,
Major-General, I.R.A.

Four Courts.

It was an overture to an inglorious symphony. After a feeble resistance "Rory" hoisted the White Flag without the loss of a man. Before the surrender he laid land-mines, filled with explosives timed to burst two hours after. Up to that, the Four Courts was little damaged, and the Record Office, with its precious historical collections, lay intact. The mines went off, when he and his braves were safe in prison. They shattered the fabric of the Courts and destroyed the Record Office. Twenty Free State soldiers were maimed, many for life, yet no punishment was exacted for this treacherous breach of the rules of war.

On the 4th July, 1922, the National Army G.H.Q. deplored such unsoldierly conduct:

Other traps were laid with the intention of slaughtering our troops after their occupation of the building, but this was the only one that succeeded. One of these traps was a mine concealed in a typewriter cover.

In a letter dated 30th June, addressed "O/C 5," Mr. Oscar Trainer, a leader of the Irregulars, wrote: "Congratulations on your bomb. If you have any more of these, let me know."

A conversation is also recorded between an officer and an Irregular, who expressed sorrow that more soldiers did not suffer, yet the *Cork Examiner*, seized by "Republicans," described the defence as another Verdun!

De Valera now began a new offensive. Business premises in O'Connell Street, Dublin, were occupied by him and his abettors. The seizure of Government buildings might be palliated, but why merchants and hotel-keepers should have their houses ruined over a political dispute is unsolvable. Men who would disdain to pick a pocket were found ready to destroy the undertakings of traders and deprive their employés of work in a futile struggle as to dia-

lectics concerning the difference between the Treaty and "Document No. 2."

To uphold his contentions, de Valera seized the Gresham, Granville, Hammam, Edinboro' and Moran Hotels. When the first-named premises went alight under gunfire after three or four days, he withdrew by a back-way. His colleague, Cahal Bru, fought to the end, and tasted death, firing his last round. However mistaken, he was a gallant soul.

Captured letters confessed de Valera's weakness. He wrote that he was sorry for not repudiating Rory O'Connor, while F. Aiken, Chief of Staff, bewailed that "we always thought the enemy would not go so far." I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
7th July, 1922.

We have heard nothing from Cork or the country except the meagre paragraphs in the Press.

The Great Southern Railway is cut in several places, but I am sending this because I was informed by the Post Office that there is communication with Cork. Our telephone was restored to-day.

It is better for me to make no comment on the events of last week. The Four Courts explosion shook this house, although miles away. It must have represented an awful quantity of dynamite.

The destruction of the Record Office was abominable. It contained parchments reaching back to the Danish invasions, including a grant from the Danish King of Dublin of the lands of Kinsealy to provide candles for the altar of Christ Church. Many of the Gaelic decrees of the Brehons also went up in smoke. It was largely founded, or at least chiefly arranged, by Sir Samuel Ferguson, the Ulster poet, whose noble versification of Gaelic themes delights the Irish heart. He could not foresee the sad sequel for Ireland as he sang of the day:

"When Terror heads Oppression's rout
And Freedom cheers behind!"

I wrote Maurice:

DUBLIN,
8th July, 1922.

I was glad to read to-day that the "Cork area is quiet," but whether this is the peace of Republican domination or of Free State rule, is not explained!

The fact was that Cork City and the surrounding areas were held by the Republicans, to whom the Cork Barracks had been handed over by British officers, unacquainted with the divisions in the hitherto serried ranks of Sinn Feiners.

CHAPELIZOD,
13*th July*, 1922.

I am glad you are safe. Jasper Tully was with me last night and says the Republican tactics will be to retreat when attacked, and that he was told this by an officer of theirs.

Yet they can't go on retreating, as it would demoralize their men and encourage their opponents. They don't show fight as far as the news which is allowed to reach us indicates.

In the Gresham Hotel, Archbishop Byrne in vain implored de Valera not to keep up the conflict. His Grace visited the hotel with the Lord Mayor.

It has been comparatively peaceful in our neighbourhood, but in King's Inns I heard shots close by.

It is so schoolboy-like! The Republicans would rather have the English back than put up with the Free State. Their disregard for the comfort, convenience, liberty and happiness of the public is saddening.

I still marvel after six years how the champions of the Treaty won—with Griffith dead; two of the signatories doubtful, or asserting that their approval was obtained by duress; and Collins forced to take up arms against the violent aggression of its assailants, and soon himself to be slain. Of the difficulties of that time I commented to my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
15*th July*, 1922.

Carson's statement that only "loyalists" suffered in the Dublin fires is beyond anything. The Catholic Truth Society's office was destroyed, and J. & G. Campbell's wine-place burnt.

So the notion that the mutineers "picked and chose" is impossible, even if they had a mind.

The Hammam and Gresham Hotels were the haunts of Nationalists, and before the outbreak, Collins and Duggan made the Gresham their headquarters. These "went west" too.

CHAPELIZOD,
8*th August*, 1922.

We were disturbed yesterday to read of your "deportation" by de Valera, but you are right in treating it as you do.

If I had the least notion you were to be in London on Saturday, I should have stayed there. Your wisest plan is to come here as soon as you have seen Stratford-on-Avon.

My brother was put on a steamer at the point of the revolver because he advised the merchants of Cork that income tax demands, if paid to the Republicans, would not release them from liability to the Free State when the City was retaken. For this advice, or for the two months' absence from his business which it cost him, he never asked the customary six-and-eightpence!

The office of the *Cork Examiner* was seized, and a governess of the owner's children (Miss Mary MacSwiney) was installed as

editress. Her "war correspondents" congested the paper with accounts of glorious Republican victories.

Levies on Cork banks and the local Custom House took place. Jewellers impressed Republican "hall-marks" on silverware. The burning of Cork the year before by the Black-and-Tans had so upset the population that no one knew on which side truth could be looked for.

De Valera was driven out of Cork by a handful of Free State soldiers. Before he abandoned the City the pier at Ballycotton was wrecked to prevent a landing of troops. He retreated to Mallow, and at Childers' behest the railway viaduct there was blown up. De Valera quartered himself on the house of the assistant County Surveyor, Richard O'Connor, who implored him not to allow this, but he answered, "It will save thousands of lives!"

Childers planned the economic bankruptcy of Ireland—a country less his own than it was de Valera's.

An attempt to destroy the Mallow road-bridge across the Blackwater was foiled by the pluck of the clergy, Catholic and Protestant. They assembled the people, who held it *en masse*, defying threats.

Then de Valera, hunted towards Tipperary, occupied at Cahir the house of Colonel Charteris. He stayed there a fortnight, and on leaving inscribed his name in the Visitors' Book!

Meanwhile, the Castle at Mitchelstown was destroyed. The attempt on the Duke of Devonshire's seat at Lismore failed. No act of heroism to the credit of the insurgents is known to me save the stand of Cahal Bru. If I knew anything in their favour, in spite of their destruction of thirty millions' worth of property, I should set it down. When the Free State Government gave them an amnesty, they declared they regretted nothing, although the murder of Dr. O'Higgins (father of Kevin O'Higgins) in the presence of his wife was included in their slaughters. Never before in the history of Ireland was a movement towards peace by the power which occupied the country for 750 years received with warlike protest. The Catholic Emancipation Act was faulty. The Franchise Acts were faulty. The Land Acts were faulty. The Judiciary was imperfect for centuries. Yet the first measure which England resolved upon to give powers larger than those enjoyed by the States of the American Union for three-quarters of the island was greeted with Civil War. True, the country was partitioned, but that had been legalized a year before the Treaty was signed.

I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
22nd September, 1922.

It is two weeks since you left Cork, and I have not heard from you. I received a bundle of letters to-day for the first time, but nothing from you. As this letter may not reach you, or may be read by others, I shall not say much.

On Saturday night I slept at Chester, and was next day motored to Devonport's in Wales, and arrived home on Tuesday night.

A beautiful telegram from Rome reached me from Max. He and his family saw the Pope, who sent my wife, through him, a crucifix, and the kindest messages for both of us.

Then came a fortnight's anxiety about my brother, as to whom no tidings reached me. At length I heard from him, and replied:

CHAPELIZOD,
7th October, 1922.

Your letter of the 10th September came on 3rd October. What a feat!

A week ago, a message came from Donegal from Mrs. Blackham, wife of the former editor of the *Sunday Independent*, asking me to secure her husband's release. I had heard some hazy account of his arrest, and as I had him to lunch here last year, was anxious to befriend him. To my amazement, when I tried to get him freed, I was shown a mass of propaganda which he composed, including stories about my conversation, to be published in the *Irish World*.

He attributed to me conferences with Griffith, whom I haven't seen this year. I replied mildly, as his wife must be in ignorance of his performances. He is an English convert.

The Coalition Government resigned in October, 1922, and Bonar Law became Prime Minister. A dissolution followed. I wrote Maurice:

MAIL BOAT,
20th October, 1922.

The *Morning Post* to-day attacked Cope, while Sceilig in the *Catholic Bulletin*, in an article on Collins, treats him as the "serpent" in the late terrestrial paradise.

President Cosgrave made to-day the suggestion which I told you of as to myself. He said the proposal would astonish the Republicans. I don't know if Bonar Law would object. My journey to London has nothing to do with this, and relates to the Bank of Ireland stock-register of British Funds which the Treasury wish to abolish.

A proposal had been made that I should become Governor-General of the Irish Free State. I wrote my brother:

1 TEMPLE GARDENS, E.C.
23rd October, 1922.

I spent the week-end at Cherkley, and told Max what was proposed as to myself, and he was satisfied it would be ratified. Yesterday Bonar Law called, and Max told him.

Bonar, I think, was favourable. I had a talk with him on the Bank

register. He called me, as usual, "Tim." I don't write explicitly, lest my letter should be opened or go astray.

I saw Cope to-day, and he informed me he was told officially to put up my name.

The late Coalition leaders blame the Irish settlement for their breakdown, whereas what killed them was Chanak, Smyrna, and the Greek rout by the Turks.

If Lloyd George had dissolved instead of resigning, nearly all his Under-Secretaries and two Cabinet Ministers, Baldwin and Boscawen, would have resigned.

After the Carlton Club defeat Chamberlain would also have retired, and Lloyd George could only have gone to the country with a beaten host.

I think Ireland will not suffer from the change of Government. Of course the Boundary question is ticklish. I should not be surprised if the new Government compensated all the loyalists who have suffered. They were doing this as regards losses which were "pre-Treaty," and if they include "post-Treaty" losses it would be a considerable benefit.

When I returned to Dublin, I wrote Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
26th October, 1922.

The news I brought from London pleased the Provisional Government, who said that if the proposal is carried, it will strengthen them and discourage their opponents.

The new Secretary to the Colonies told the head of his Department that it was a proper thing to do, and that he would recommend it to the Cabinet.

We may lose Cope, as Lloyd George is tempting him to quit the Civil Service and act as secretary to himself.

The *Daily Mail*, after helping to drive out the Coalition, is now critical of the new Ministry.

The sale of *The Times* to Major Astor and Walter will divorce it from the *Daily Mail*, which is to the good.

There are no Irish negotiations such as the papers rumour, though Dr. Hagan of Rome tried his hand while here.

A big contingent of Free State troops left for Kerry yesterday, which doesn't look like peace.

The de Valera papers just published were captured from his secretary in her office.

Ulster Nationalists, unaware of the project to make me head of the Irish Free State, urged that I should stand for a Tyrone seat in the British Parliament. Had this come from a Convention instead of through private friends, my inclination would have been to accept it. I wrote my brother:

CHAPELIZOD,
29th November, 1922.

I am surprised you did not receive the letter in which I enclosed the Cardinal's and Father Phil's letters urging me to stand for Tyrone. They will edify the Irregulars, who, I suppose, seized them!

If you get *The Times* you will see what was rumoured about myself. I have not heard anything beyond what you know. The *Daily Sketch* yesterday had pictures and paragraphs treating it as a certainty.

The smashing of the Queenstown electric works shows great bitterness, as the local people alone are injured.

The tone here is hopeful. A priest from Roscommon yesterday told me his county was absolutely peaceful.

As regards the Bank of Ireland "stock register," Bonar Law had not even heard of the intended change, and was quite against it. The thing is the work of a civil servant who has been transferred to India. That such a proposal could be initiated without consulting the Prime Minister shows "with what little wisdom the world is governed." Bonar had no knowledge of the intention to make a change! The Bank of Ireland is not free from blame for letting the matter pass without agitation, as every prospectus of Government stock they issued bore on its face a guarantee that the stock would be registered in that Bank in Dublin.

The ability to acquire riches, and the ability to protect them when acquired, seem to be two distinct faculties. One depends on individual effort—the other demands organization.

The rumour spread that I was to become Governor-General of the Irish Free State, and I advised Maurice:

CHAPELIZOD,
30th November, 1922.

I am again bound for London to-morrow. I have been asked to call at the Colonial Office at 10.30 on Saturday morning. A Free State officer stayed here last night, by order of the Authorities, without any request from me. He says the Irregulars in this district are no good, and that all the fighters are dispersed. He showed nothing but contempt for them, and says they are throwing away their weapons, and that Childers's fate frightened them. While he doesn't think they would hurt me, it is possible they might kidnap me.

From the document read yesterday by General Mulcahy it is plain that destruction of property is the Irregulars' chief reliance.

Griffith, his heart strings outworn, died in 1922. Collins was slain in an ambush prepared by his former comrades, who thought that by killing him they could exact terms from Britain larger than he had won.

The father of Kevin O'Higgins was murdered on the 11th February, 1923. Kevin himself was spared until July, 1927, when he also was assassinated.

The looting, burning and murdering continued until 1st July, 1923, when de Valera told an American reporter "the war is over." A month later he denounced "the mad attempt to form a Government," and prophesied that its members "will never cease to live in fear and trembling" (3rd August, 1923). He renewed the latter threat in the *Dail* in 1928 after he had taken the Oath of Allegiance.

On the 6th December, 1922, I was sworn in as Governor-General of the Irish Free State at my home in Glenaulin, Chapelizod, by Lord Chief Justice Molony. Though I clung to the house I had fashioned, I was requested by the Executive to take up residence in the Viceregal Lodge.

I shall end with some account of that Mansion and of the Phœnix Park.

The Lodge fronts the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, which, until the reign of Henry VIII, bounded the English "Pale." The story of the Park (told in Carte's *Ormonde*, Howard's *Revenue Exchequer*, and the *Ormonde Papers*) holds much of interest.

About 1170, Strongbow (Earl FitzGilbert, or Pembroke) invaded Ireland and claimed the island for Henry II. That King granted the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem the estate of Kilmainham, near Dublin, with a fishery in the Liffey. This foundation throve for four centuries. Henry VIII, in 1542, despoiled it and confiscated the Knights' property.

When the counter-reformation under Queen Mary came, she made restitution to the Knights, but her step-sister, Elizabeth, expelled them for ever. Their lands lay profitless until the restoration of Charles II in 1660. In 1662, the Duke of Ormonde, as Viceroy, bought large scopes of ground to add to the Knights' late premises in order to form a park. A wall was made for a couple of miles from Dublin to Chapelizod to enclose them, under a bargain between Ormonde and Sir John Temple (Speaker of the Irish House of Commons). To reward Temple he was given the acreage outside the wall. The *Ormonde Papers* show that Temple also received £200 in cash—the equivalent now to £2,000—and set forth the names and wages of the masons.

After the Park was stocked with deer, Charles II, in the gallantry of those days, made it over to one of his ladies, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland. Ormonde demurred, and to his firmness, which cost him sorely, Dublin owes the preservation to its citizens of that expanse of beauty. Barbara Villiers and the favourite, Buckingham, then sought Ormonde's downfall.

On the night of 6th December, 1670, according to Carte (vol. ii, page 421), or seven years earlier, according to *Pepys's Diary* (1st June, 1663), the Duke was attacked in St. James's Street, London, when returning to his mansion in Piccadilly from a Corporation banquet to the Prince of Orange. (This house afterwards became the seat of the Dukes of Devonshire until 1924.)

After a struggle, Ormonde was rescued, but lay long abed of his hurts. His assailant was Colonel Blood, a disappointed Crom-

AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE WITH HOMER BUCKLEY, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION OF ADVERTISERS, AND KEVIN O'HIGGINS. 1926.

wellian, who intended to force him to Tyburn and hang him on the gibbet there. A year later Blood attempted to seize the Crown jewels in the Tower. Ormonde, after his recovery, was coldly received at Court. When he tried to kiss the King's hand he was only given the tips of his fingers. Blood, however, despite the affair at the Tower, was examined by the King himself, through the influence of Barbara Villiers, instead of being tried by the ordinary courts. Although he confessed that, when he attacked Ormonde, he had a rope ready in his pocket to hang him, an estate in Ireland was conferred on Blood worth £500 a year. Yet Charles II, who set such a sad imprint on Irish affairs, left the American Colonies a noble memory by fostering toleration and representative government.

Ormonde's Ranger of the Phœnix Park, Nathaniel Clements (ancestor of Lord Leitrim), built a mansion on the site of the present Lodge. Its colonnade was adopted as a model for the "White House" at Washington. Ormonde erected for himself a huge brick structure at Chapelizod (the village whence Tristan's *Iseult* came), which was demolished about 1900.

The Lodge was offered in 1782 to Henry Grattan by the Irish Parliament as guerdon for his vindication of Ireland's legislative independence, but the place being in ill condition, he declined the offer.

In 1904, a Blue Book of the Irish Board of Works reports that the lands outside the Park (across the Liffey) were, at my suggestion, repurchased by the Crown for public use. Lesser areas had been alienated permanently to afford sites for the Royal Hospital and for railway purposes.

George Wyndham, who loved the Park, helped in this re-acquisition. But for the War, much more would have been made of it, to pleasure the people.

Had I preserved my brother's letters as he did mine, these pages would not have lacked lustre. When he was expelled from Cork, his health gave way. On his return, his house was burnt "officially," and then came his death, which left me forlorn of more than a critic.

THE END

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